Liberty

APRIL 1, 1944 10c

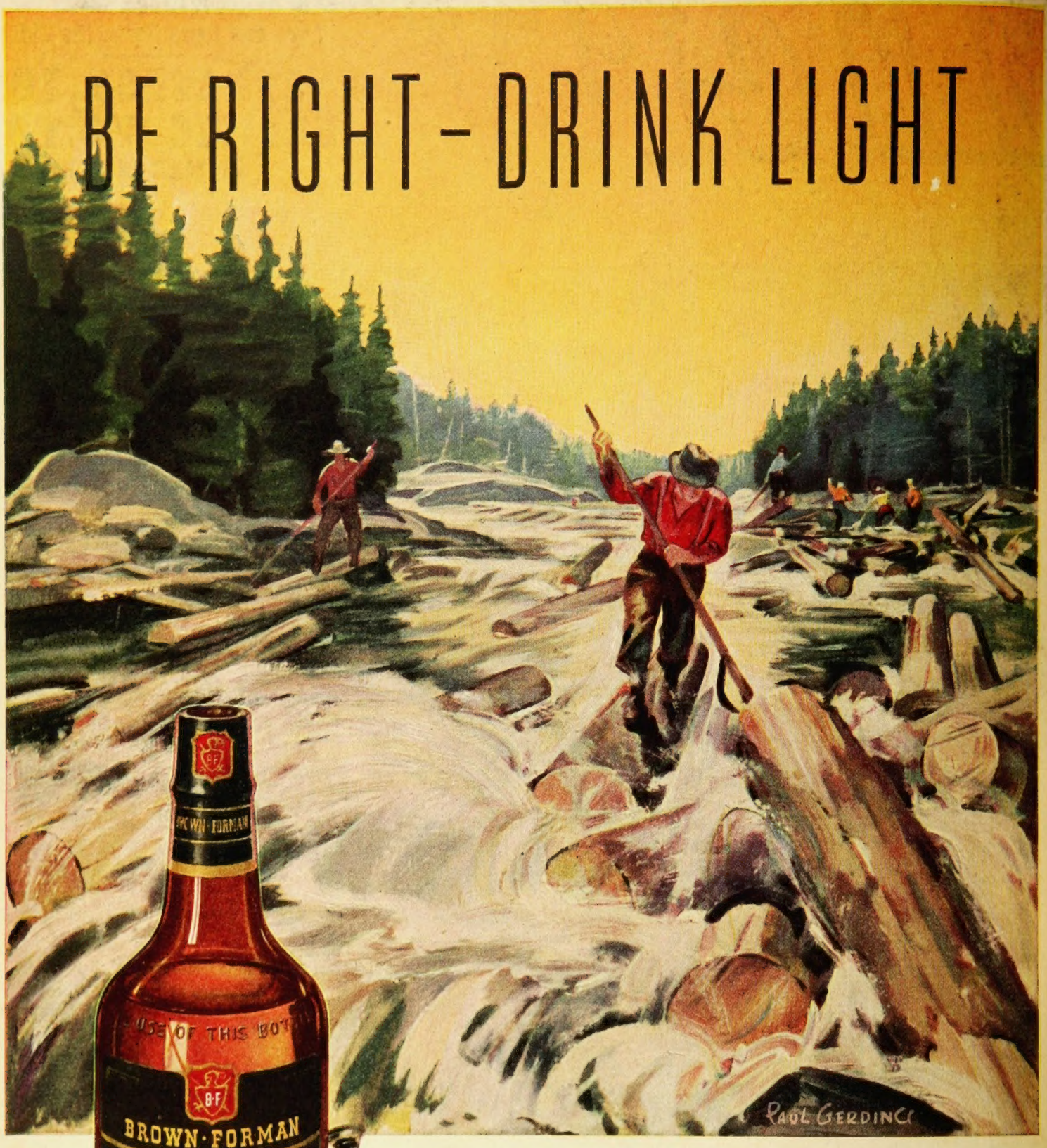
BOOK:

DUEL IN THE SUN
Love and Banditry in the Old West

STRATEGY FOR PACIFIC VICTORY
BY MAX WERNER

MAJOR GENERAL JAMES (JIMMY) H. DOOLITTLE

BE RIGHT-DRINK LIGHT



KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL

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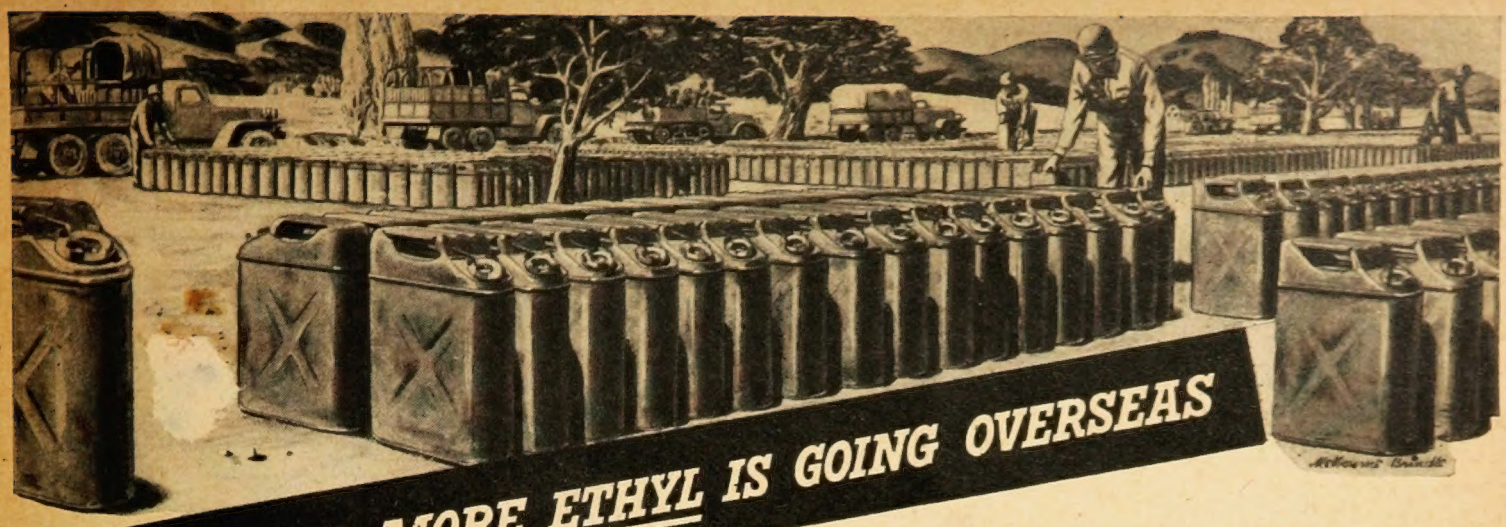

MORE AND MORE ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS

5 reasons why government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use

Can you "GUESSTIMATE" the answers to these questions?

Nobody could expect you to *know* all the answers—but they give you some important facts on today's gasoline situation. See how closely you can "guesstimate" before you look at the correct figures at the bottom of this page.

1. How many times greater are the gasoline needs of this war as compared with the last?

10 15 20 80

2. How many gallons of high-octane gasoline does a 1,000-plane raid on Berlin require?

25,000 350,000 1,600,000 2,000,000

3. A light tank weighs about 12 tons. How many miles per gallon do you think it will give?

1 3 5 8 10 15

4. How much 100-octane gasoline would you need to power a squadron of 18 Navy planes for an average day's operation?

1,205 1,450 3,260 11,160

5. How many gallons of gasoline does it usually take to train a pilot for the American Air Forces?

500 2,800 15,600 12,500

Not only does fighting the war require oceans of gasoline, but our Army and Navy must have the *very best*. That's why the antiknock quality of every gallon of their fighting gasoline is improved with Ethyl fluid.

The petroleum industry is doing a magnificent job of meeting the ever-mounting requirements of our own Army and Navy, and our Allies. It is to help oil companies meet wartime needs that government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.

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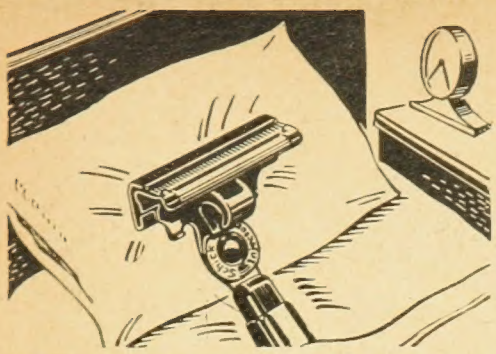
ETHYL CORPORATION

Chrysler Building, New York City

ANSWERS:

1. 80
2. 1,600,000
3. 1
4. 11,160
5. 12,500

The statements in this advertisement have been submitted to the Office of Censorship, and it has no objection to their publication.



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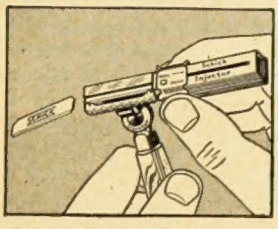

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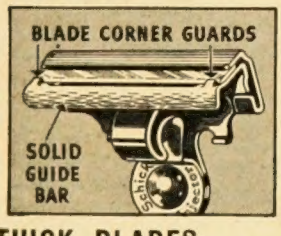
. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.

P.S. Spread the good word that these blades are back and—if you own a spare Schick Injector Razor pass it along to a friend. He'll thank you for real shaving comfort and ease. We'd like to introduce him to the Schick Injector Razor ourselves . . . but we still can't get the material to make new ones.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

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Cover: Major General James (Jimmy) H. Doolittle
Painted by McClelland Barclay

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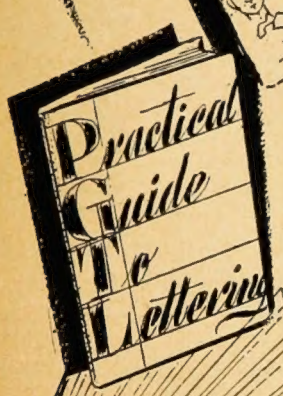
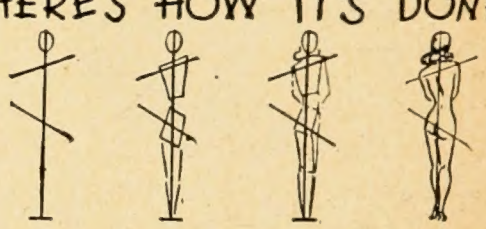


HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE!



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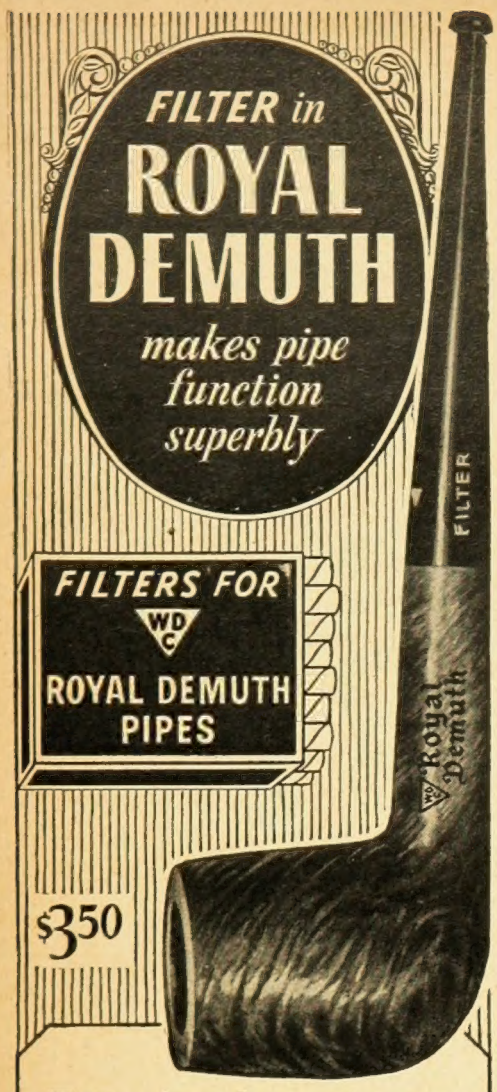

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

TAX TALK

AMBRIDGE, PA.—Rudolf Flesch's article, Unfair to Readers! (February 26 Liberty) is certainly true. Why didn't you give Liberty readers a real break and have Rudolf explain Income Tax Form 1040 throughout in plain English? A copy of his article should be in the hands of every person connected with writing tax forms in our government.—*Jack J. Gerson.*

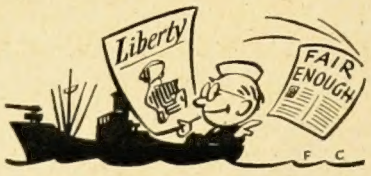
NO FRIEND OF SHANE'S!

OAKLAND, CALIF.—A few years ago I subscribed to Liberty, but under Macfadden's editing. I got sick of the dirty sexy stories, so I quit. Lately I had a chance to subscribe to it again.

I am a crossword puzzle fan, and my indignation at finding Ted Shane's nasty puzzle with its Bowery lingo and impossible solutions is unbounded. I am so sorry I wasted my money on the subscription and refuse to even read the magazine. I never read *any* magazine that has anything by Ted Shane in it.—*Mrs. A. Andersen.*

GRATEFUL GOBS!

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—Thanks for the plug for the U. S. Merchant Marine in Liberty's February 12 editorial. I am



one of the youngest seamen afloat, sixteen years old, and too young for any other service. So you can see I am not in to dodge the draft, as people seem to think.—*Henry Rippe.*

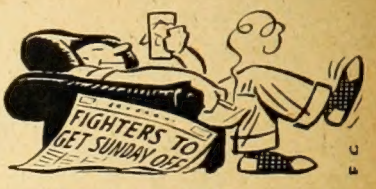
SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—You're a godsend, after Pegler trying to make me feel like a heel and draft dodger for all these months. I'm forty-five—no good to the Army or Navy. But I sailed the ships before, sail them now, and will sail them after the war—no matter what. Funny—but, you know, Pegler wasn't interested in me when the pay was thirty dollars a month.—*Art Summerville.*

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY . . .

EVERETT, WASH.—The article Production Man (February 26 Liberty) leaves me cold. If greedy, ambitious go-getters are willing to give up that needed one day of rest in seven, more power to them. I maintain that efficient production can be obtained with three eight-hour shifts and a day off each week. Most go-getters drop dead from heart failure, passing on ten or twenty years too soon.

Arthur Brisbane, Walter Camp, Florenz Ziegfeld, Irving Thalberg were all go-getters. Chauncey Depew, who died in his early nineties, remarked that he got his exercise by acting as pallbearer for his friends.

A six-day, seventy-two-hour work



week under certain circumstances might be necessary, but a seven-day, eighty-four-hour week is unreasonable and unnecessary.—*Paul Bigelow.*

THE MARINES TELL US!

AN ISLAND, THE SOUTH SEAS—We're a little late in our comment—but then, we got the issue late. Sinatra? We'd rather hear Andy Devine sing! Pluggingly yours—

Sgt. Maj. W. S. Clancy, U. S. M. C.
PFC. Irwin J. Naus, U. S. M. C.
Corp. Richard R. Seaton, U. S. M. C.
PFC. Harry L. Andrews, Jr., U. S. M. C.
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DARKNESS AT NOON?

NOME, ALASKA—With reference to the article Alaska, the Land Up Over (February 5 Liberty), the picture at the top of page 17 is titled "Fairbanks at high noon," and leaves the impression that it actually gets totally dark during the noon hour—yet during my fourteen months' service there I did not once witness total darkness at "high noon." It is true that on June 21 the sun is visible for twenty-four hours, but there is no such thing as twenty-four hours of darkness in Fairbanks.

Another thing (I happen to be a photographer) is the picture itself. Now I've seen the same print reproduced in several different magazines, but it

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seems to me that this reproduction is the result of trick photography. Here's my point: If the white blot is supposed to be the sun, then that sun would produce enough light to eliminate total darkness. My guess is this. The picture was taken on a crystal-clear night with a full moon shining.—*Cpl. Roy L. Henley.*

LIBERTY GETS AROUND!

INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—I've read with interest in Vox Pop about the girl friend who typed a copy of a story printed in Liberty and sent it to her soldier in North Africa. Also of the lady crossing the country by train who kept the service personnel aboard entertained with your book condensations.

I'd like to tell you what I have done with my weekly copy of the book condensation. For months I made Manila paper covers with pretty girls for deco-

rations and the printed title you put on the cover of Liberty pasted in the upper left-hand corner. These were then turned in to the Red Cross, to be given to wounded servicemen in hospitals.

Lately I've been removing the condensations from Liberty and folding them in thirds so that they just fit in a business envelope. Then with 9 cents postage (18 cents air mail) I send them to a brother in the Aleutians—or to another brother in the South Pacific. There they are read to ribbons by as many as fifteen to twenty boys.—(*Mrs.*) *Bertha Jones.*

PIECE SPEAKER

ORANGE, TEX.—Why doesn't Liberty get together on its viewpoints?

After reading How Is Life in Japan? in the February 26 issue, the editorial on the National Service Act in the same issue would seem a little foolish. Our soldiers aren't fighting with the same methods the Japs use and they are doing a swell job, so why regiment our civilians as the Japs are doing?—*R. P. McGuffin, Jr.*

THE SOUTH SPEAKS

JACKSON, MISS.—Since I have lived in south Mississippi most of my life, I can appreciate what is being done to educate the Southern Negroes, especially at Piney Woods School.

Some Southerners might object to the author calling Lawrence C. Jones "Mr.," but I do not. A person that has done as much as Lawrence C. Jones to improve the health, working, and living conditions of this race deserves the title of "Mr."

I hope more articles of this type will be written, as I think some Northern people feel that we do not treat Negroes fairly.—*Bourdon Harry.*

HEARTFELT THANKS

UTICA, N. Y.—We wish to congratulate Liberty upon its February 26 cover design. It is the most remarkable reproduction of the Purple Heart we have ever seen.—*Gordon Davenport, Military Order of the Purple Heart, Mohawk Valley Chapter, 102.*

THOSE WERE THE DAYS
By Edward Ringwood Hewitt
Liberty's Book Condensation

His grandfather was Peter Cooper, one of America's greatest inventors and first tycoons. His father was Mayor of New York City, iron- and steelmaker, friend of Lincoln, supplier of Grant's army.

Edward Hewitt played golf with Carnegie, helped Hiram Maxim in his experiments with the flying machine, watched America grow up.

This is his story, told with delightful humor and pleasant simplicity.

WHERE HITLER LOST HIS WAR
By Mark Gayn

The story of the war's turning point, based on original Russian material. Last summer, before Kursk, the Nazis threw their Sunday punch—and failed. Since then their course has been straight downhill.

QUICK, HENRY, THE DDT!
By George H. Copeland

The cootie and all his insect pals are on the run in this man's war—thanks to new and deadly chemical weapons which mow 'em down.

GOLDWYN'S GOLDEN TOUCH
By Edward Hutchings, Jr.

Sam Goldwyn's fame rests on more solid ground than the sayings he's famous for. He's a serious artist, too, with a genius for making good movies pay.

WE'LL STILL USE SHIPS
By Curtis Reed

Sure we're in the air age—but there will still be freight and passenger traffic to keep our new ships busy after the war. Come down to earth and look.

THE TURBO BOYS AND THE MAGIC HOTBOX
By Keith Ayling

It's just a gadget that puts our planes on top—and keeps them there. Here's the story of the turbosupercharger and the boys who keep it twirling.

CAJUN LOVE STORY
By Moran Tudury

The coming of the Coast Guard brought romance to Suzette—but it took a six-bit love charm and the threat of danger to get her what she wanted.

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FOOD FOR '44

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

A look ahead at America's pantry and what's apt to be in it this year. The picture is good in some spots, bad in others. But we'll still eat

THE American stomach this year will be annoyed, but it won't gnaw. It won't get as much food—or as appetizing food—as it did in 1943. Its menu will be on the starchy, beany side, with less red meat and more "lunch" meats. It will get limited butter and tons of oleo, less cheese, and fewer cooking fats. We'll become champion egg eaters. And probably by war's end we won't want to look a chicken in the eye. In spite of all this, ours will continue to be the best fed stomach in the world today—if that means anything.

Military demands for food continue to rise as more men go overseas—men whose food reserve must be *tripled* after they leave this country. Foreign allotments are rising every day, based on the prospect of lowered production by Allied countries and destruction of farms and food plants by the retreating Germans. Civilian needs in liberated areas continue to grow also.

After military and foreign requirements are met, total food supplies for American civilians in 1944 are likely to be somewhat under the 1943 total. Actually, however, our per capita food consumption, in bulk, will be as high as in the 1935-39 period—the "abundant" years we like to dream about. The difference is that this year more of us are working harder and need more food, more have money to spend on food, and rationing has made it necessary to share equally what we have.

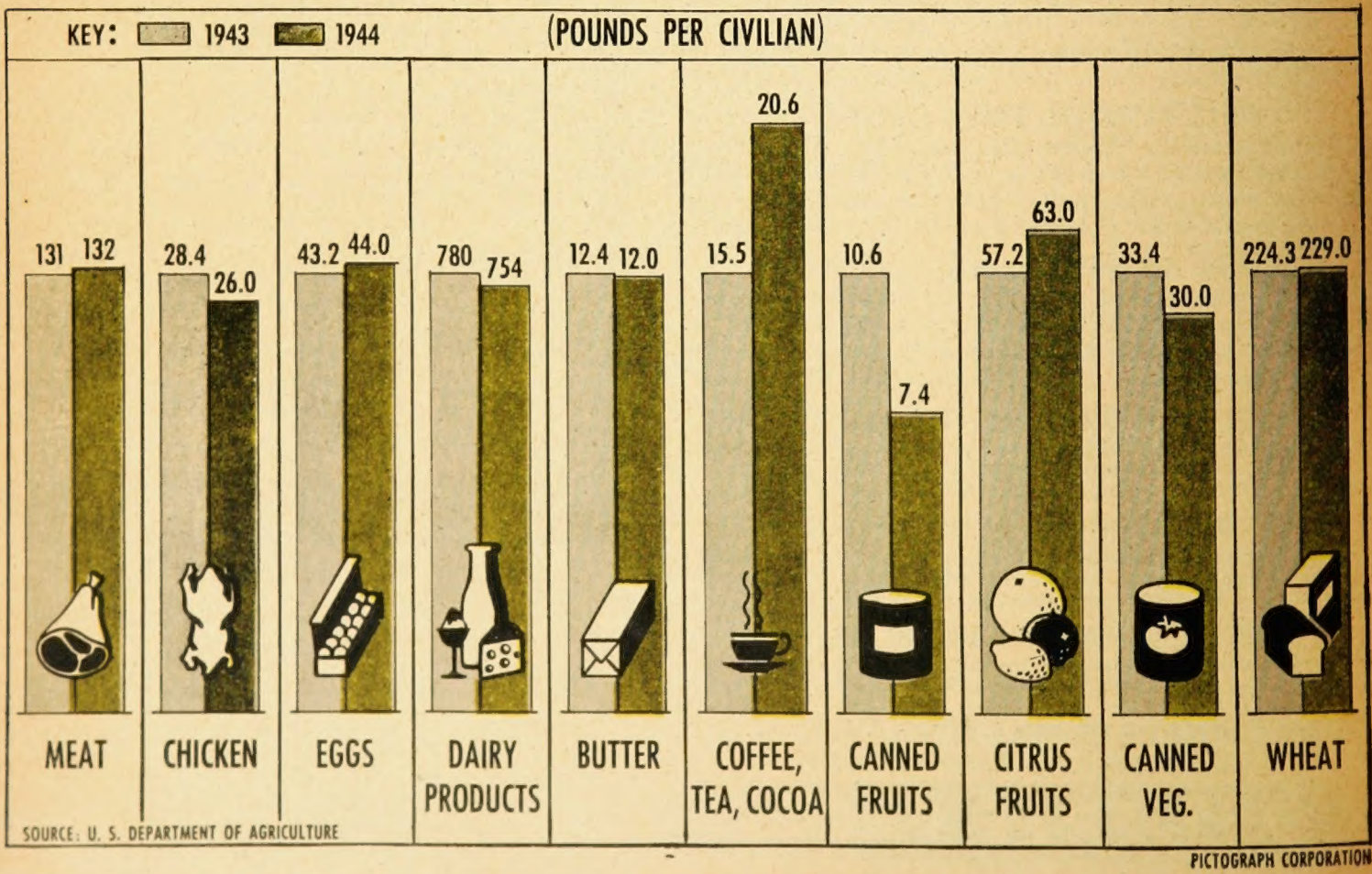
Government figures show that when low-income American families come into the money by way of better jobs they step up their food consumption in this order: first, fruits; then meat; then dairy products; then vegetables and eggs. Cereals, paste products, and bread they increase very little because they're already sick to death of them. This accounts, in some measure, for the "scarcities" in the first three items named. The real pinch will be felt this year by those who have always eaten exceptionally well. The rest are somewhat used to it.

There will be plenty of shortages which, if the weather lets us down, could become critical. The only real scarcities in sight, however, are in fancy fresh fruits (which won't travel far from their trees and bushes), canned fruits, olive oil, onions (until Texas comes through in the late spring), lentils, corn meal, hominy grits (a blow to the Southerners), bananas, chocolate, corn syrup, and dried milk. And we'll be regarding coconut, pineapples, sage, thyme, celery seed, cinnamon, and black pepper as something akin to gold nuggets.

The final story, of course, is in the hands of the weather gods, and of the farmers, who are facing stiffer handicaps than ever because of shortages of farm equipment. But we were up against equally big *ifs* last year, and came out with a food-consumption record very little under 1942's.

Supply will be about 15 per cent under demand, or the quantities asked for by civilians, War Food Administration estimates. The important question is, how will what we *get* stack up against what we *need?* Civilian Food Requirements Branch of WFA has measured, down to grams and milligrams, such nutrients as proteins, fats, carbohydrates, minerals, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin, and finds us still well above minimum requirements. They see no sharp shift in our national diet in 1944. Chief swing will be from foods expensive to produce—expensive in terms of agricultural resources and manpower—to those more economical to produce. That's why we won't be wolfing strawberries and thick cream, come spring, unless we produce them with our own hot little hands. And

(*Continued on page 68*)



The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

It carries you back—does Old Grand-Dad—to the place where it was born. Because there's the warmth and the mellowness of Kentucky's sunny fields in every drop. But now the supply is limited, as the only available stocks are those laid down before the war. We are trying to keep a regular, steady amount of Old Grand-Dad going to your dealer. It is, necessarily, a smaller amount than he would like to have, or is accustomed to receive. When a bottle comes your way, prize it, guard it—and enjoy it.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Production zooms upward on the assembly line of the Douglas Aircraft Company as busy crews make installations of C-47 cockpit enclosures.

Bigger and Better

Information on the Army's new super-Flying Fortress will continue to be meager until this huge airplane gets into combat and the Army lifts the present tight restrictions, but you should identify it in your mind for the first news announcements, which will come in due course.

It is the B-29, designed and built by the Boeing Aircraft Corporation, Seattle. But a number of other big plants are also being utilized to speed production of what is destined to be the bomber pride of the Air Forces.

We have in combat right now two four-engined bombers, the Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress, and the Consolidated-Vultee B-24 Liberator. The B-29 is the next step upward in size, and the Army has announced that full production has been started.

The super-Fortress will have a much greater bomb load and much farther flying range. It is also faster than its smaller predecessor.

Since production has been under way only a short time, it can be presumed that the No. 1 target of the B-29 will be Japan, even though some of the planes may see action in Europe. But for Japan the B-29's range will be ideal.

General H. H. Arnold, commanding general of the Army Air Forces, says the Liberators and the Fortresses are "the last of the small bombers." Which may give you an idea about the B-29 which, he says, will see action in 1944.

And Steadily Growing

Officially revealed figures show the sad state of our Army Air Forces when war began. When the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor our combat aircraft strength "was little better than a corporal's guard of some 3,000 airplanes," to use A. A. F. language. Of these 3,000, only 1,157 were actually suited to combat service.

We had 159 four-engined bombers—a pathetically small fleet for a world war. At bases outside of the United States we had only 61 heavy, 157 medium, and 59 light bombers, plus 636 fighters—a total of 913 combat planes.

Out of all of our combat planes, 526 were strategically located to meet possible attacks on the Hawaiian and Philippine islands. Within a few hours the Japs reduced that number to 176.

The Axis considered our Air Forces would be the weak link in our chain of battle. They were correct in analyzing our pittance of aircraft late in 1941. But how they misjudged our ability to produce airplanes and to train almost 3,000,000 men for the Air Forces in two years!

Tactical Air Force

If the Italians and the Germans had used their air strength properly in Africa, the Axis probably would have moved on into Egypt and the story of the present war would have taken a different turn. Our own Air Forces has now told the story of how the Italian commanders misused their aerial strength and taught our own airmen some very fine lessons that were later put to good use.

It all revolves around the concept of the tactical air forces. The Italians used their tactical forces "in penny packets" to protect their own sectors or to help advance small detachments. The Royal Air Force, with a handful of obsolete aircraft, employed its fewer planes in concentrated mass, as a true air force should be, and bit by bit whittled away the entire force of 1,100 Italian planes. Our own conception of the tactical air force was tried and proved in North Africa in the heat of the desert campaigns.

The *tactical* air force works in partnership with all the other components of air power, but basically it is intimately concerned with the battlefield itself. (*Strategic* air forces go after long-range targets behind the lines.) Our A. A. F. says it is misleading to say merely that the tactical air force provides support to the ground troops. The word "support" always makes people think of air power as an ancillary weapon of the Army or the Navy in a land or sea operation. Fortunately for the Allies, the Axis also had this narrow conception.

It is actually an independent weapon closely co-ordinated with the ground forces. Air and ground commands of both the British and the United States were fully integrated. The ground commander and the air commander lived side by side in the same camp, ate together at the same mess, planned and operated on equal terms in the closest possible manner. First the Axis was knocked out of the air and then left with the choice of being driven into the sea or surrendering. They surrendered.

In a recent A. A. F. report it was significantly stated that the Germans had been ordered to fight to the last man, to eat the last biscuit, and fire the last round. "They did fight well and bitterly. However, when it became clear to them that they would lose the battle, they gave up at once." The A. A. F. observes that this "might well hold significance for the not too distant future."

Postwar Model

A four-passenger pusher-type "family" airplane for use in the postwar period has been designed by Lloyd Stearman, well known designer who is now chief engineer of Harvey Machine Company's aircraft division. As early as 1936 veteran Stearman designed one of the first "foolproof" planes, the Stearman-Hammond, which many persons took off and landed on their first flights.

Stearman now plans a 200-horsepower plane which will carry the pilot, three passengers, and 100 pounds of baggage. Of twin-boom construction, the ship (which will average fifteen miles a gallon of gasoline) will have a 600-mile range, cruise at 150 miles an hour, and land at forty miles an hour.

Stearman, however, doesn't go all out in predicting that millions of Americans will fly immediately after the war. He predicts a "good demand" for private planes—"comparable to the speedboat rather than the automobile market."

Odds and Ends

The largest domestic air line in the world is not in the United States, but in Brazil. It is operated by Panair do Brasil, an affiliate of Pan American Airways. Recently 40 per cent of the stock of this air line was sold to Brazilian nationals.

MEET YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR . . .

Hallicrafters is the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of short wave radio communications equipment. • Today, Hallicrafters is engaged in war production only . . . the 1st exclusive radio manufacturer to receive the Army-Navy Production Award for the 3rd time. • Tomorrow, Hallicrafters will build YOUR radio!

BUY MORE BONDS!

Far away places and strange customs seem that way only because of the limitations of travel and communications. Just as the rapid development of air travel made the world smaller, so is radio breaking down the traditional barriers of languages and ways of life. In the postwar world, short wave radio will be of utmost importance to everyone. Hallicrafters will *again* be the name to look to for the most advanced developments in radio.

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HER BIGGEST JOB IS WAR

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For there are more Long Distance calls than ever before. More are in a hurry, particularly the urgent calls of war.

Calm in emergencies, capable and courteous, the telephone operators are earning a nation's thanks for a job well done.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

When you're calling over war-busy lines, the Long Distance operator may ask you to "please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help more calls get through during rush periods.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

I'LL GO MY WAY

To live happily ever after was the dream they clung to for the duration. But must the new interests a girl finds while her husband is at war be thrust aside on his return? A compelling new serial of tomorrow by the author of It's Time to Say Good-by

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN EWING

EVERYBODY in the Bower Literary Agency adored Miss Corliss. Even Miss Sadie Monaghan, Miss Corliss' secretary, albeit ten years her senior, adored her. Miss Monaghan had remarked to Miss Sitzer of Auditing, "Whoever thought that *I* would *like* working for a woman? But she's not like a career woman. I mean, she never goes around with her hat on in the office and she doesn't try to get everybody's job out from under them. Of course it isn't as though she intended to go on working. I guess that's what makes her different. She's just working until her husband comes home from the Army."

And this morning, as Miss Monaghan dusted Miss Corliss' desk, her round plain face was filled with happiness, though a happiness tinged with sadness. Because today was the day when Miss Corliss' husband was coming home.

"They told him," Miss Corliss had announced proudly, yesterday, "that he'd done his share. Wounded twice," she had remembered, "and six months in a German prison camp, and three months in a hospital in England. He's getting an honorable discharge."

"How long has it been since you saw him last?" Kitty Price, one of the Bower Agency's most important clients, had asked gently.

Miss Corliss was looking at her husband's picture, and when she spoke, her voice hadn't been quite steady.

"Two years, Kitty. Two long, terrible years."

And indeed they *had* been long and terrible. There had been the weeks when there had been no letters and no word of any sort; the countless mornings when Miss Corliss arrived at the office red-eyed and hollow-cheeked after a sleepless night. There had been the terrible days when telegrams arrived from the Secretary of War, telling Miss Corliss her husband had been wounded in action; and the time he was reported missing; and the time they told her he was comparatively safe as a prisoner of war. And now for Casey Corliss the nightmare of all that was over.

"Of course, Jerry was all against my going to work in the beginning. He wanted to send me down to Texas, where his parents own a big ranch; but, goodness, when a girl is married, she's married. If she can help it, she doesn't want to go back to live with her parents or go to live with her husband's parents. Besides, I wanted to work so that I

could save some money for a home of our own. Not that I *have* saved anything! New York is *the* most expensive place to live in, really!"

Miss Monaghan admired her tremendously and wished she could be more like her. She reached down now and lifted Captain Hayes' picture with gentle and reverent hands. His tunic was strung with campaign ribbons and his narrow handsome face had an engaging grin on it.

"For Casey," Jerry had written across the face of the picture, "with all the love of her favorite captain. Jerry."

Casey was such a cute name, and it fitted Miss Corliss, who explained that the name had been hung on her at Vassar. Only Mrs. Corliss, with whom Casey faithfully spent every other week-end out in Scarsdale, New York, ever called her Kathleen. All the smooth, successful, attractive men who revolved around Miss Corliss' exciting days called her Casey.

"Casey my love," they said, when they popped their smooth heads in at her office, "did you forget I had a date with you for luncheon? I've been cooling my heels at the Ritz for an hour."

Miss Corliss was always instantly and charmingly contrite. "Darling, *do* forgive me! I got involved in a manuscript and never *dreamed* it was so late!"

"If you loved me," the nicest one, Mr. Bennett Rider, would say in hurt, reproachful tones, "you couldn't possibly be so neglectful of my welfare."

"You know I adore you, you altogether charming wolf; but you know perfectly well that Jerry is the only one I love. The only one I'll ever love."

"Ever and never," Mr. Rider had remarked, "are awfully big words for such a little girl to use."

Miss Corliss and Mr. Rider had looked at each other, and then Miss Corliss had said quietly, "I know their meaning, Ben. They're both in the marriage ceremony somewhere, I'm sure."

Miss Monaghan replaced the picture. A slender silver vase stood before it, and each morning Miss Corliss would bring a fresh red rose to slide into it.

MR. BOWER'S voice brought Miss Monaghan out of her reverie. "Miss Corliss *is* coming in today, isn't she?" Mr. Bower's myopic eyes consulted his watch. "It's half past nine, you know."

"Oh, yes, she's coming in. She's only planning to stay half a day, though. She has a luncheon date at the Stork at one o'clock with some girls who are coming in from Scarsdale. Then a massage, a facial, hair and nails done, and check the caterers to be sure they'll be at the apartment before five. She's giving her husband a perfectly wonderful welcome-home party."

Mr. Bower hated to admit, even to himself, that this entire business of Jerry Hayes' homecoming was deeply disturbing. Why did it have to be the husband of the most valuable assistant Harry Bower had ever had who was coming home before the war was even over?

He walked over and dropped a bulky manuscript on Miss Corliss' desk. "If Miss Corliss can spare us a few minutes of her time today, I'd like her to read this. It's another story about the soldier who comes home and he and his wife find they're strangers to each other. You'd think," Mr. Bower said, "that the Army was sending home a lot of schizophrenics or something."

Mr. Bower brooded out the window, his hands clasped behind his back.

"H'mpf," he announced at last, "here she comes now. All done up like a bride."

Miss Monaghan joined him at the window. Yes, there she was, wearing her new black suit with that stunning white blouse. She walked as though there were springs beneath her feet, and even from here you could tell she was smiling. Her happiness seemed just an added reproof to Mr. Bower's misery and it made him truculent.

"If she's still working for me, you might ask Mrs. Corliss-Hayes to come into my office for a minute when she gets here."

MRS. CORLISS-HAYES was vaguely aware that she was half an hour late and beautifully undisturbed by it. This day had no similarity to any other day, living or dead, in her life. This was the day that, as Mag Landon, who was Casey's apartment mate, had remarked at breakfast might be known as The Return of Young Love.

"Of course it's wonderful that he's coming home," Mag had gone on, "but you ought to come down out of the clouds and be realistic about it. You love your job, for one thing, and if I know Jerry—and those letters you've been reading to me for the past two years have made me fairly well acquainted with the young man—the first thing he's going to want you to do is give up your job and go back to Texas with him."

"Mag," Casey had said, "do you think he'll still love me? Do you think I've changed much?"

"Eat your grapefruit," Mag had said, defeated. "It's probably the only nourishment you'll have for the next twenty-four hours."

But Casey wanted to talk. She wanted to tell Mag all over again how she and Jerry had met.

"And everybody thought we were crazy, of course, knowing each other for three months and then getting married. I never really liked Stevie Wilson until that week-end she took me out to Dix with her to visit Bill, her husband. Jerry was Bill's best friend out there. They'd gone through Officer Candidate School together and they were inseparable. Of course Stevie was a drip, crying all the time, and Jerry would look at her red eyes, and I could just *see* him thinking that he'd never do that to a girl—marry her while there was a war on."

Jerry had said soberly, "I wouldn't do that to any girl—leave her to cry her eyes out over me. It's pretty rotten for the girls who are left behind. Especially when you think you might be leaving them with babies to raise."

Casey had already decided that Jerry Hayes was for her. She liked everything about him. His slow deep Texas drawl, his brown eyes, his lean hard face, the way he cocked one eyebrow when he grinned engagingly down at you. It was love at first sight for her and, as she learned later, on her honeymoon, for him, too.

"Of course I was crazy about you. What man wouldn't be? But I just never wanted to put you through what your friend Stevie was going through."

"Well," Casey told him sensibly, "you never will, because I'm not like Stevie. While there's a war on, you'll go your way with nothing on your mind, and I'll go my way, taking care of myself as a woman should do with a husband out fighting a war. You'll never have to worry about me, darling. And when it's over, we'll find a rose-covered cottage and bury ourselves in it for life."

"No," he had said, "a ranch. I've always been crazy about the West, though the old man did get me East for four years at Dartmouth. He was bound and determined to make a lawyer out of me, and then the war came along and—well, here I am."

"Mmmm," Casey said. "Am I prettier than any other girl you ever knew, Jerry?"

That had been their honeymoon, at Spring Lake. That had been the exciting knowledge that Jerry's broad slippers reposed intimately beside her satin mules beneath the bed and that she could pin Jerry's insignia back on his tunic when it was returned from the cleaner's. That was being married, and being married to Jerry had been as wonderful as she had dreamed it would be.

"Just wait until you know he's going over," Stevie had warned. "You won't be so happy then."

"Of course I won't be. But I'll keep busy."

And she had kept busy. Her job at the Bower Literary Agency had been new and exacting, and Mr. Bower—whom she could now refer to casually as "Harry darling"— had been no cinch to work for, nor had some of his female authors been exactly fun. But work had been a wonderful thing through all those terrible days when there wasn't even a letter or a cable.

She had even been a little proud of herself for carrying on so well when people thought she would collapse and when she herself had even thought so.

PUSHING gaily through the revolving doors of the Industrial Building this morning, pushing in with dozens of other young, brisk, bright women like herself, Casey felt again that slight glow of pride in herself and in all the women who, left behind by their men who'd gone to war, had picked themselves up and gone out and gotten jobs.

Even the office seemed gala to her. It was amazing how she had come to love this place. It was funny, the little feeling of nostalgia that tugged at her heart as she opened the door and remembered how she'd crept in here so timidly the first time to ask for a job.

"I suppose," Mr. Bower had remarked, "that you edited the college paper and you've read a lot and you've always wanted to work with people like editors and writers who are so clever and so exciting."

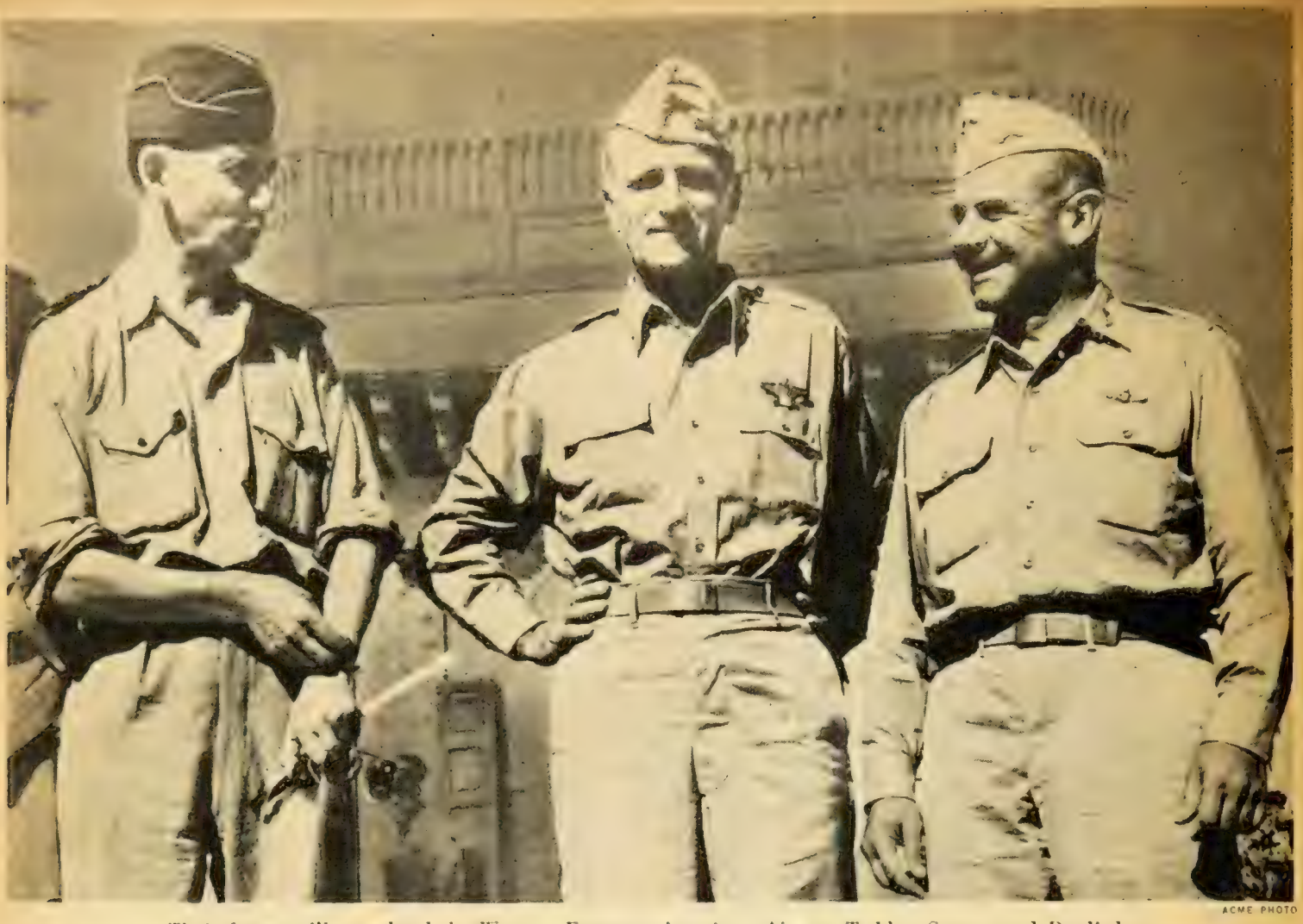
"Why, yes," Casey had said, amazed. "How did you know all that? Did Miss Price tell you?"

"Thousands of people have told me," Mr. Bower had said. "Thousands of nice attractive young women sitting in the same chair in which you are sitting now have told me that. But running a literary agency takes a special sort of knowledge. I don't care how much Chaucer you've read, but I'd like to know what current magazines you read and what you think makes a good story and what makes a bad one." Mr. Bower had looked suddenly tired. "But you don't know that. Nobody ever does."

Casey had gotten angry then. "Now, see here, Mr. Bower, you don't have any idea of all the things I know! I've typed lots of Miss Price's manuscripts —that's how I got to know her when she was living in Scarsdale last summer with her son—and I've told her lots of

(*Continued on page 59*)

asey uttered a small scream, and the edheaded man leaped out of the chair.



ACME PHOTO

Their forces will spearhead the Western European invasion: Airmen Tedder, Spaatz, and Doolittle.

GENERAL DOOLITTLE, FLYER'S FLYER

BY MERRILL "RED" MUELLER

NBC War Correspondent

IT was hot that day in Santiago, Chile, and the airport was dry and dusty. The Chileans had become bored with a local air carnival. Word had got around that the feature attraction, the stunting competition, was out. The American entrant, in a moment of daring with some friends, had fallen out of a hotel window and broken both ankles. To appease the crowd, the late great German pilot, Ernst Udet, was to perform some tricks with a new foolproof sports plane.

Udet had no more than taken off, however, when the crowd noticed a small fellow, both ankles in plaster casts, being boosted into the cockpit of an American plane. The engine roared to life; the plane bounced madly along the field in clouds of dust to the takeoff position. Then, wobbling a little, it howled past the crowd. Almost as soon as it left the ground the plane's antics ceased and it climbed as swiftly and as surely as a bird

Jimmy Doolittle was up where he belonged

He had had to do a lot of fast talking to get there, what with those damaged ankles. But the future blitzer of Tokyo and Europe never was the silent type He had taken a job to demonstrate American planes in South America, hadn't he? Just because he had slipped on a hand-stand stunt didn't mean he couldn't do a thorough job.

Ernst Udet must have been a very startled pilot when, the next moment, a biplane with an American accent started snarling all over him. And as the crowd gaped and gasped, Jimmy Doolittle put on a show of acrobatics around Udet that forced the German ace right back onto the ground.

What Jimmy Doolittle did that day in the '20s, he is doing again today—with a more deadly purpose. As the new commander of the United States Eighth Air Force, based in Britain for the preparation and support of the invasion of Europe, he is smashing Germans back, not onto but into the ground. And this time he is giving the opposition no handicaps. He is playing for keeps.

In Africa, Sicily, and Italy, before he left to assume his new command in England, I had many occasions to work and sometimes to relax with General Doolittle. I saw him whip an odd assortment of air units and a weirder conglomeration of planes into one of the best air striking forces in the world. I should have been amazed, but I wasn't, because I had met Jimmy Doolittle many times before.

People too often think of Doolittle as "that speed pilot." He's much more than that. Actually, he is a somewhat shy, dignified man with a background rich in research. He has pioneered much of the flight path that has made America the world's outstanding air power today. It takes more than just the ability to stunt-fly to rise from the rank of a reserve major to a major general in less than four years.

December, says Doolittle, is a great month for him. He was born December 14, 1896; he was married December 24, 1917; and he was given his new all-important command on Christmas Eve last year.

The first of these big events in his life, the birth of James Harold Doolittle, occurred in Alameda, California. But Jimmy's father, a carpenter, decided to try his luck at prospecting in Alaska, and Jimmy started his education in the grade schools of Nome. Neither carpentering nor prospecting panned out very well, so the future flyer got his first assignment when he wasn't much more than six years old. It was piloting a dog-sled team around the township to deliver washing.

Life in what was then a very tough community was hard on a small youngster, but Jimmy learned how to take care of himself and in later years was a much better than average boxer.

His family eventually returned to California, and while he was at the University of California he married Josephine Daniels, his high-school sweetheart. That was the day before Christmas in 1917. The country was at war and Jimmy already had made several attempts to get into the scrap, but had been persuaded to continue his education.

In 1918, however, the determination to serve his country and the itch to fly won out, and he quit college to enlist in the Air Corps. Josephine had been forewarned by his mother that it was inevitable that he would fly. The mother had seen it when he was a child flying kites and building models of the Wright brothers' famous plane. Once while they were watching some birds the youngster had said to her: "I can do that, only I wouldn't know what to do with my feet." And, as the father frowned disapproval, she had helped him waste lumber in building a flying machine that never flew.

Second Lieutenant James H. Doolittle was very proud of the wings they finally pinned on his chest, but he was also very much disappointed. He couldn't get overseas. Once he did get as far as Hoboken for a quick look at a troopship and the Atlantic, but some one changed Doolittle's orders and he finished the war as an instructor.

YOU had to be good to be an instructor on those old World War I training crates, and Jimmy was so good he won for himself a place among the few flyers in the peacetime Air Corps. In that way was launched a career that was to win him world renown, but it also stamped him in the minds of most people as a "trick" flyer instead of the scientific airman he is.

To test Army equipment, he became a stunt flyer. Never one to do anything halfheartedly, he became so adept that the Army sent him on exhibition tours to win public support for the Air Corps. In 1920 his first solo exhibition at San Diego left the crowd jabbering excitedly.

Soon after, he became the first pilot to do an outside loop. It was reported as a new stunt, but it had been devised deliberately to test the strength of a new fighter. Then in 1922 he dashed coast to coast in a special Army racer in the record time of 21 hours 19 minutes, and the Army awarded him the Distinguished Flying Cross, its highest Air Force decoration. To this later was added the Oak Leaf Cluster for his outstanding experiments in aviation as

You're wrong if you think of Jimmy Doolittle as "that stunt flyer." Here's a close-up of the amazing airman who will boss the skies when Europe is invaded.

chief test pilot at McCook Field, Dayton.

His Army superiors liked him as an officer—his magnetic personality, quick smile, ready wit, and his sportsmanship. They had also come to respect his mental prowess as well as his flying, and they sent him to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he was graduated as a Fellow of Aeronautical Engineering with a Master of Science degree.

He used his new knowledge well to prepare the Army racer which he flew to a new record in defending the famous Schneider Trophy at Baltimore in 1925. The next year he won one of the nation's highest awards, the Mackay Trophy for aeronautical advancement. His scientific education was paying dividends to the Army, the aviation industry, and himself.

He was sent to South America and represented us with great distinction from 1926 to 1928. He became the first pilot to cross the treacherous Andes, and in doing so came to the conviction that means must be devised for pilots to fly safely without seeing their route.

When he returned to the United States, he persuaded the Guggenheim Foundation to sponsor his experiments in "blind flying." He designed and supervised the building of a set of flight and radio instruments and installed them in a small open biplane. Then, with another pilot in the front seat to correct dangerous mistakes, he operated the plane from the hooded rear cockpit, taking off, flying a prescribed course, and landing safely. He had proved his theory.

IN 1930, after he had completed his assignment to build Floyd Bennett Airfield, he retired from the Army with the rank of major to enter commercial flying, announcing: "I'm resigning because of my advanced age." He was then thirty-three!

Almost immediately thereafter he was awarded the Harmon Aeronautical Trophy for his work in blind flying, and then turned to faster business. He slashed the transcontinental speed record to 11 hours and 15 minutes, winning the Bendix Trophy and $10,000 in prizes. The money he gave to his wife and their two sons, Jimmy and John.

In 1932 he won the Thompson Trophy race at Cleveland with a world record speed of 296.2 miles per hour. On his way to that average he pushed his specially built plane to 306 mph and, finally, to 309 mph. Then, having demonstrated that speeds above 300 miles per hour were possible, he grinningly announced his retirement from closed course racing.

"Mrs. Doolittle," said Jimmy, "has made up *our* mind that the time has come to give up racing."

But that didn't keep him from breaking records. As aviation expert for Shell Oil, he popped up all over the place with a Shell Racer and bettered a number of inter-American speed times.

Doolittle was never one to waste time, as witness the story about the time he was scheduled to make a speech in Cincinnati. The dinner chairman repeatedly

(*Continued on page 53*)

Off for Tokyo! General Doolittle's plane lunges into the air, first to leave the Hornet's deck on the epic raid.

The DOG TAGS

Lieutenant Warren was often irritated by his gunner Gribowski. But one day he saved his crewmate's life at a cost to himself he never knew

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY RICHARD HUBLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

"IT is difficult to describe the worship of a radio gunner for his pilot," said Retenu. He was the smallest and the oldest Marine sergeant. His rugged face held a slight frown. A half-burned cigarette was in his mouth.

"The gunner in a TBF, that sleek torpedo plane that carries a ton of destruction in its womb, lies on his belly in the bottom of the plane. He is prisoned like a mad dog in a tunnel."

Retenu fancied the fullness of his similes. He enjoyed the selection of the unusual to illustrate his feelings. He went on:

"His sole defense is a small .30-caliber machine gun.

"He must endure seeing the dregs of battle only. It is his job to shoot down the crafty enemy fighter that comes from behind and below. Not knowing where he goes or into what danger he is being hurled by 1,700 horsepower, he puts his life literally into the hands of his pilot.

"The gunner is usually a sergeant like myself. The pilot is nearly always an officer—most often a second lieutenant, sometimes a major."

Retenu lit his cigarette again.

"Gribowski," he said, "was a sergeant of Marines. He was a squat, dark man with broken Polish speech. He was jolly and had a booming voice. It was plain that he adored Warren.

"First Lieutenant Chester Warren of the Marines was his pilot. He was in no possible way kin to Gribowski. He was tall, thin to the bone, and had blond fine hair which was rather sparse. His face was serious. He came from Haverford, just outside of Philadelphia. His family had lived there almost since William Penn's time.

"HE had no particular affection for Gribowski. Little things about the sergeant annoyed him unreasonably. He tried to avoid or ignore him. Ordinarily, as you know, in the Marines there is a good deal of opportunity for the commissioned officers to dispose of the noncommissioned officers. But not then—not at Guadalcanal in the days of destruction, the middle days of November.

"Those were the days when the Japanese were hurling bombs and shells into Henderson Field by the scores of tons. Their navy moved along off the beach and pocked the field with 14-inch shells. Their armadas of Aichi dive bombers and Zero fighters clouded the sky."

Retenu lifted his eyebrows in delicate recollection. "Warren was sent out against the Japanese Kongo class battleship that lay wounded and tipsy miles off the coast of Guadalcanal. It was his job and the job of his squadron to sink it.

"Three times he, with Gribowski and the turret gunner, a man named Adams, carried torpedoes through the barrage of antiaircraft fire that spat upward from the circling Japanese destroyers and from the battleship itself. Three times he made his runs and dropped his fish. Twice he scored hits."

Retenu tossed away his cigarette.

"In the tunnel below, Gribowski was busy. He set the torpedoes to the proper propulsion depth, armed them by jerking free the arming wire, and saw them away. Twice he fired long bursts at Zeros that came swooping up under the tail of the TBF. Once he saw one of his targets smoke, slowly flame, and suddenly explode. It would sound well to say he was proud then, but it wouldn't be true. There was no time for emotion.

"Three times they came back. The order came for a fourth mission. But when Warren, haggard with fatigue, came out to his plane, Adams the turret gunner was missing.

"'Where's Adams?' he demanded. Gribowski shrugged. 'Don't ask me, boss,' he replied meekly. He grinned in the camaraderie of battle. His nerves were untouched. Warren drew back his lips until they were tight. He disliked Gribowski more in that moment than ever before.

"'No time to hunt him,' he said brusquely. 'We'll take off and I'll attend to Adams when we get back.'

"'Get yourself in a jam,' said Gribowski mildly.

"Warren stared at him with such a blind fury of hatred and exhaustion that Gribowski was abashed at last. He was going to tell Warren that Adams had given up under the strain of piercing the screen of antiaircraft fire and had hidden in his tent, but he didn't. Perhaps he was afraid; perhaps at the last moment a sense of repugnance at the betrayal even of a coward rose between him and his doglike devotion to his pilot.

"Gribowski climbed into his cubby. Warren got slowly into the cockpit. The TBF took off.

"The torpedo that Warren delivered that last time hit the Kongo class ship just under the bridge. Gribowski saw a geyser of foam and débris rise higher than the turrets of the immense gray superstructure. It was a deathblow.

"Then they were fleeing for home. They went at 280 knots. But that was not enough to escape one Zero.

"The Japanese fighter climbed up under Gribowski. Its 20-millimeter cannon fire chewed away at the under side of the TBF. Gribowski fired desperately, and at last the Zero fell off reluctantly in smoke.

"Gribowski felt his side grow wet and warm. He was hit, but he said nothing. In his tight-fitting cavern there was no room for first aid. But he said nothing."

Retenu lit his fresh cigarette at last.

"Warren slowed down a little on the way home, and landed at an almost leisurely speed. When the TBF taxied to a stop, he climbed out and looked, from force of habit, for Gribowski.

"Gribowski was unconscious. He had got halfway out of his tunnel and was hanging head downward. He was soaked with blood. Warren stared at him, this time in amazement, then ran and dragged the Polish gunner free.

"The blood was still pumping from a gaping wound in his right arm. The stream was quite feeble now. The tunnel was filled with blood.

"Warren saw at a glance that there were no corpsmen handy. There was no time to call them. Swiftly he knelt and wrenched at the metal identification tags around his neck. He broke the leather thong they were attached to and tied it around Gribowski's arm. The blood stopped. Warren jumped up and signaled.

"GRIBOWSKI was in the hospital when the strafing Aichi dive bombers came over. The Japanese planes dived for Henderson Field and, despite losses, came on. Warren started to run for shelter, but he was caught in a hail of bullets."

Retenu shook his head slightly to knock off the ashes of his cigarette.

"A corpsman picked Warren up," he continued slowly. "Blood was pulsing rich and red from his thigh. He had already lost a good deal of it. The corpsman tied on a tourniquet and shouldered Warren under a tarpaulin. There he got a doctor.

"The doctor looked at the pale face of the unconscious Warren. 'Transfusion,' he decided. 'Plasma gone. Get his dog tags.' The corpsman fumbled around Warren's neck. 'Not here, sir,' he said anxiously. 'Got to have them,' said the doctor. 'Only place we can get his blood type.'"

Retenu put out his last cigarette with a gesture of finality. "They never found them. Not until it was too late. Warren died. Gribowski, with only half a chance, pulled through.

"As I say, explaining the worship of a radio gunner for his pilot is an impossible task. It should never have been tried. But now that it has been, one final note might be added.

"Gribowski wears four dog tags now. Two are his own, two were Warren's. They may cause confusion, of course, perhaps death for Gribowski if he is wounded again, but he doesn't care.

"'My rosary,' he says quite seriously—and no one laughs. Gribowski is a strong man as well as a faithful one."

THE END

"Warren stared at him with such a blind fury of hatred and exhaustion that Gribowski was abashed at last."

STRATEGY FOR PACIFIC VICTORY

BY MAX WERNER

Tightening the ever-closing ring around Nippon. American troops landing on one of the isles of the Kwajalein atoll.

A gigantic pattern of strategy is shaping to strangle Japan. An expert forecasts how the ring will close on the Nips' homeland

TO bring Japan to abrupt and final defeat we must co-ordinate our oceanic war of movement in the Pacific with a big land war on the Asiatic mainland. We must reach and capture that zone along the Chinese coast from Canton to Shanghai whence decisive fighting against Japan can be accomplished. This zone of decision must include the hinterland and adjoining waters. It must be approached from two directions at once—from the Chinese mainland and from the Pacific Ocean.

A turning point in the war against Japan is at hand. From a military point of view this war, though already in its third year, is still in its preliminary phase. But as our forces concentrate in the Pacific it is being waged with intensified strength and, most important, with a new type of operations. The anti-Japanese coalition is turning from a war of attrition to a war of military decision, and from local thrusts to a war of movement.

To calculate how the decision in the war against Japan will come about we must employ realistic imagination. This war is without precedent and cannot be waged according to any existing pattern. Never before has a war been fought in such gigantic spaces as those from Burma to Hawaii and from the Aleutians to Australia. Nor have modern war technics ever before been used in these areas. Everything in this war is new and unorthodox. Thus it demands a new kind of operational skill.

In 1944 American aviation is making tremendous strides. Our growing shipping resources are becoming available for the war in the Pacific. Our sea power, with new and modern warships, is being turned increasingly in this direction. When the war in Europe ends, the greater part of the Royal Air Force and the British Navy will be transferred to the Far East. American and British divisions seasoned on African and European battlefields will be hurled against the Japanese forces. We may assume that by the end of 1944 the United States and Britain will have twofold naval and fourfold aerial superiority over Japan. Our ground troops will be better equipped and our available reserves will be greater.

However, mere numerical superiority in the Pacific will not suffice. What matters there is not only the sum total of our strength but also the "how" of its deployment. And this "how" includes on the one hand the type of operations and on the other the "where"—the direction of the main blow.

Out of the specific conditions of the Pacific war theater there have developed special kinds of tactics for every arms branch. These are being perfected and are reaching a high point of efficiency.

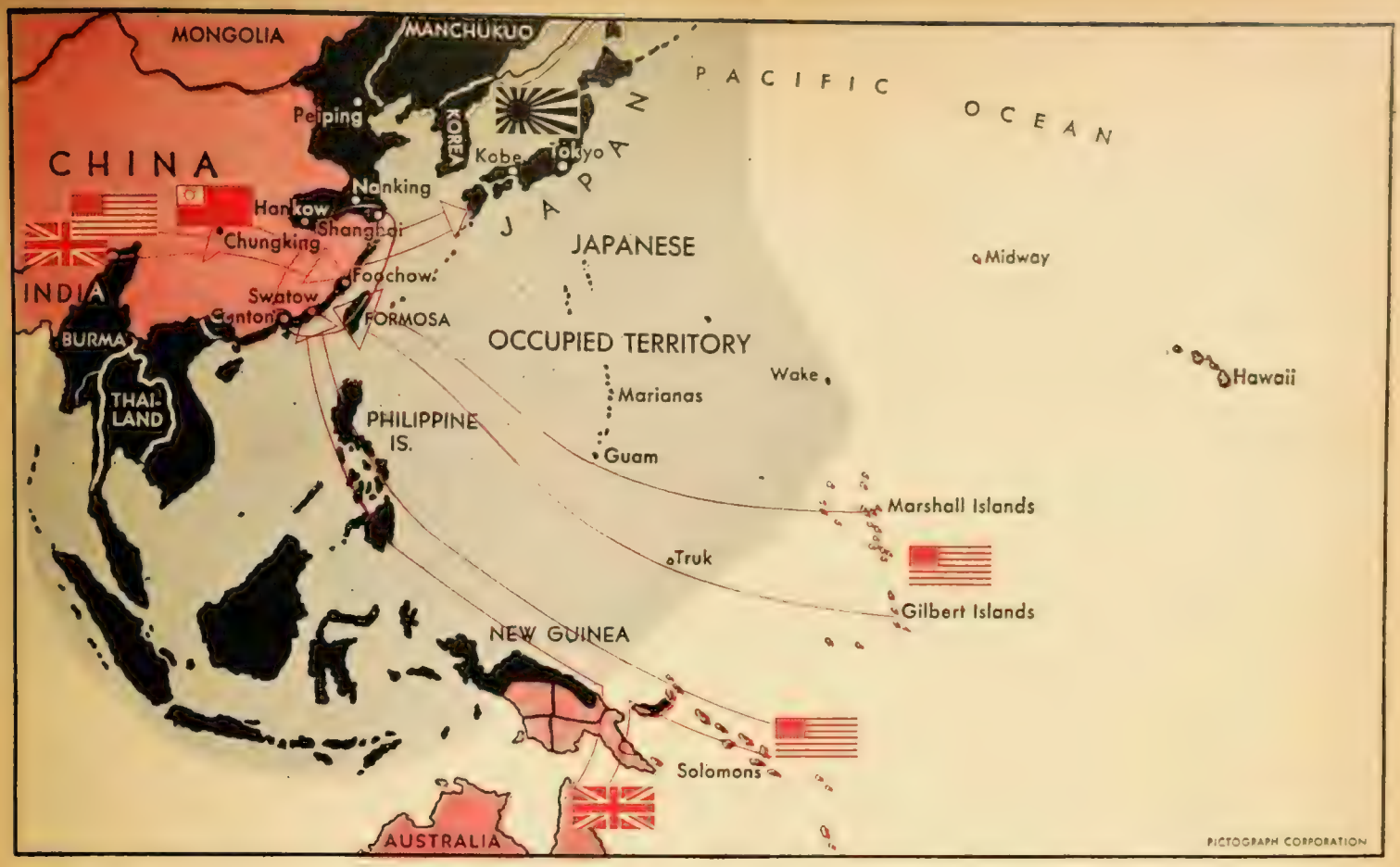
As instruments of the war of movement, air and sea power have the task of bridging spaces and of accelerating the tempo of operations. Combined with these into a unified war machine is land power, which acquires speed from sea and air power. Troopships carry an army which moves on the water with naval and air coverage of its own—a floating army with wings. Close collaboration of the various arms branches establishes a three-dimensional war machine in the Pacific which can float, fly, march on the ground, advance on wheels, and fight under any conditions. Its teamwork must be perfect: ground forces capture bases for the air and naval forces; sea power becomes a floating bridge for land power; the air force extends the zone of action of both land and naval forces.

The decisive operations in the Pacific are the landings. Without them sea and air power are able only to carry out naval raids and attacks from the air. It is the ground forces which will pin down the ever-closing ring around Japan in firmly fixed positions, and force decisions at short distances until they land on the Japanese isles.

From the Chinese coast, with the adjoining waters of the South China Sea, the Formosa Strait, and the East China Sea, the whole war theater against Japan can be dominated. True, if the anti-Japanese coalition were to hold the whole line from the Aleutians to southeast Asia, running through the tip of Kamchatka and the Russian coastal provinces to the Chinese coast, the war could be brought closer to Japan and finished more quickly. But for the time being we must count on only those positions which are today politically and strategically within the realm of possibility.

The Chinese coast is a springboard for the attack against Japan and from its shores we can control the enemy's vital communications. It offers the anti-Japanese coalition a broad continental base for operations against Japan from the direction where she is most vulnerable. From this point the entire Japanese defense system can be unhinged.

The Chinese coast can give us naval and air bases from which to wage war against Japan from short distances. Formosa is Japan's Sicily and the Chinese coast is her Algiers. Here the junc-



Mr. Werner's strategy calls for capture of the Chinese coast, from which decisive operations against Japan can be launched.

tion of the Pacific front and the Asiatic land front against Japan can be effected. Seizure of the Chinese coast line will make possible a steady flow of supplies and troops to China and hasten the military decision there.

Capture of the Chinese coast also would break the whole Japanese Co-Prosperity Sphere in half. The Japanese Isles would be cut off from the vital raw materials in the south and also from the outlying southern defense positions of the new Japanese Empire, especially Singapore. The Japanese troops throughout southern Asia would be cut off from their supply bases on the Japanese Isles.

Thus the "metabolism," the life-and-energy-sustaining process, within the Japanese Empire would be disrupted. It depends on two streams, raw materials going one way, military supplies the other. As Admiral Nomura put it in December, 1943: "Japan cannot exist by herself nor defend herself—her existence and defense are dependent on co-operation and interchange of material in the East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere."

A GLANCE at the map shows the state of Japan's land war in Asia and the possibilities such land war offers the anti-Japanese coalition. In China, Japan has *not* attained her major strategic objectives. She has no highway across China, even from Shanghai to Canton. The lands she holds on the Asiatic continent are not connected. The Japanese armies throughout Asia must rely on sea routes that are exposed to attacks by ships, submarines, and planes. Burma, Thailand, and Malaya are islands, as far as the Japanese-held regions in China are concerned, accessible only from the sea.

On the other hand, the Chinese forces are fighting against their Japanese opponents from short distances. The Chinese stand close to Hankow, Nanking, Canton, Hong Kong, and Swatow—that is to say, close to the country's big railroad, administrative, and strategic centers, ports, and air bases. They all lie close in front of the Chinese and just behind the Japanese lines. The Japanese Army has been unable to throw any deep safety zone around these positions. The Chinese need only advance relatively short distances, from 40 to 200 miles, from some points they hold, and they will recapture all of the country's vital military centers.

The mediocrity of the Japanese Army in large-scale fighting has been demonstrated in China. What it did not do proves what it cannot do. In the five and a half years of war since the occupation of Hankow the Japanese have chalked up no further successes worth mentioning, despite their hundredfold industrial and technical superiority. Their tactical skill has been inadequate and the war plans of their leaders have been based on miscalculations.

The opportunities and tasks of the coming campaign in Burma thus become clearer. This campaign is to establish direct contact between the Anglo-American forces and the Chinese Army. While Lord Mountbatten has the task of outflanking the Japanese in southeast Asia, that of the Chinese offensive will be to break through to the three China Seas. If the Chinese Army alone was able to stop thirty Japanese divisions (almost three times as many as Japan has stationed throughout southeast Asia), it will be able, in co-operation with the Allied fronts—even if it should receive only limited arms supplies—to take the offensive. The recent successful battle of Changteh showed what China's troops can accomplish with American air support.

A war of movement against Japan is possible everywhere, in the Pacific as well as on the Asiatic continent. The vast, overextended Japanese possessions can be attacked from any point where counter-forces are concentrated. A Fortress Asia or a Pacific Wall, as counterparts of Hitler's Fortress Europe and Atlantic Wall, are nonexistent. There is no dense Japanese defense within narrow confines. The Japanese defenses offer exposed flanks everywhere. That is especially true of the Pacific area. But on the Asiatic continent, too, positional warfare is not inevitable. At present a kind of equilibrium is maintained there between the Chinese and the Japanese forces. But if Anglo-American forces enter the picture, that balance will be upset.

IN a certain sense, the anti-Japanese coalition will repeat the Japanese offensives in reverse. It will proceed from China's interior to the Chinese coasts and from the periphery of the Pacific to the Japanese Islands. What will matter, however, is not the recapture of territory but the military result—the collapse of Japanese defenses. Japan sought economic conquest, not an ultimate military decision. Anglo-American strategy, in contrast, must seek a military decision, which would automatically bring in its wake the liberation of all areas robbed by Japan. To knock out Japan militarily, we do not need everything Japan holds. Nor do we need everything Japan needs militarily. We have to wrest from Japan only what we require for our advance in a chosen direction—which means air and naval bases. Therefore the struggle will be waged for a limited number of objectives picked by us.

The anti-Japanese coalition will hit Japan with everything it has: direct military blows, destruction from the air, and attrition of Japanese shipping and aviation. We will have powerful bombardment aviation in 1944, with

(*Continued on page 58*)

BETTY THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL

BY
ELIZABETH WILSON

ONE day in the spring of 1941 B. G. De Sylva, executive in charge of executives at Paramount, became suddenly aware that the tenth on the studio contract list was pounding on his desk.

"Listen, boss," shouted Betty Hutton, the jitterbug specialty act he had recently brought out from New York on a six-month deal, "my agent tells me you've bought the life of Texas Guinan! I want to play Texas!"

Mr. De Sylva looked painfully surprised. Miss Hutton pulled her mink coat, seven installments still due, tightly around her and pounded again. "I look like her, and I talk like her, and I act like her!" she bawled. "I climbed the hard way, same as she did. We both sang in gyp joints. I'm a natural for Texas Guinan!"

De Sylva patiently explained that the life of Texas Guinan was going to be one of the big budget productions on the lot; that the studio was trying to borrow Barbara Stanwyck or Ann Sheridan for the important dramatic role; that Betty Hutton had no name draw. After all, what had Betty Hutton done? Only a small supporting role in The Fleet's In.

"You don't quite dig me," said Betty. "I'm going to play Texas Guinan. All right, you want a star. Keep it on ice, boss—I'll be back."

Betty Hutton wasn't kidding. She does things in a hurry. She takes showers instead of baths because baths take too long. If she doesn't go to sleep in three minutes, she takes sleeping pills. She hasn't time to let natural sleep catch up with her. She doesn't eat desserts; not because she doesn't like sweets, but because she doesn't want to sit at a table that long. After Star-Spangled Rhythm the studio sent her to Arrowhead Springs for two weeks for a much needed rest. She was back the next day, in a hurry to start her next picture. "That terrible quiet set us," she explained. "It drove me nuts."

In one year Betty Hutton catapulted from small parts and jitterbugging to dramatic stardom. That's not easy in a town stuffed with talent. But Betty took the roles handed her by the studio, never complained, never asked for favors, and worked harder than any [illegible] in Hollywood. Instead of [illegible] her stint for the day was done, she visited sets where the big names were emoting. She haunted wardrobe, make-up, still, and camera departments. Today, at twenty-three, she is a star in her own right, with a salary frozen at $1,250 a week.

She is one of Paramount's most valuable properties. Her fan mail, a large part of it from men in service who have met her at the many Army camps where she has entertained, runs around 7,000 letters a week—highest on the lot except for Alan Ladd's. When Buddy De Sylva saw the first rough print of The Miracle of Morgan's Creek, in which Betty gives a comic yet tender performance, he called her up. "O. K., Betty, you win," he said. "Texas is yours. Take off some weight and brush up on your riding."

Betty Hutton has erupted all over Hollywood since she hit town. Here's how a sweet stick of dynamite got to be a howling success

The Incendiary Blonde, based on the life of Texas Guinan, went before the cameras in October, 1943. Whether it's good or bad will depend mainly on its star—Betty Hutton. "Now I've got it," she says, "wouldn't it be funny if I'm a flop!"

Betty never met the dynamic, flamboyant Texas who clipped the suckers royally in the New York night spots of the not-so-good old days of prohibition. When Betty arrived in New York in 1937 with the Vincent Lopez band, Texas, who had died in 1933, was already a Broadway legend. But Betty was fascinated by the stories she heard about the fabulous woman whose luck charm was a padlock. "She sounded just like me in pep and vitality and liking to have fun." When Betty met Tommy Guinan backstage at the Casa Mañana one night, she kept him talking until dawn about his famous sister. She discovered that Vincent, her hairdresser, had also done Texas' startling blonde hair-do in the turbulent '20s, and Vincent obligingly shouted his favorite Guinan stories to Betty under the dryer.

Texas had formerly been a cowgirl in the movies, Vincent related, and was boasting one night in her club that she had done twelve pictures in six months in Hollywood. "How did you find that many stories?" sneered a reigning cinema queen.

"We always used the same story, just like now," said Texas with a hearty laugh. "We just changed the horses."

When informed that Al Capone had been incarcerated, Texas remarked, "He should be in jail. He's been carrying concealed weapons for years." When she read a magazine article about herself that said she liked carrots and slept on her left side. Texas quipped, "How in the world did that guy know I liked carrots?"

When Texas, all gussied up in black velvet, was greeting the customers with a lusty "Hello, sucker!" and charging them twenty-five dollars for a bottle of phony champagne at the Club Guinan in the lush prohibition era, Betty, a towheaded, freckled-faced kid, was singing her lungs out for nickels and dimes in Detroit's beer joints and blind pigs. Betty was born Betty June Thornburg, in Battle Creek, Michigan, February 26, 1921. When she was six and her sister Marion was eight, her mother moved her small hungry family to Detroit where she could find work in the automobile factories. Mr. Thornburg vanished into thin air when Betty was two—just walked out one day and never came back. While Mom was sticking tacks in the upholstery of Chrysler cars, Betty picked up twenty-five cents an hour by "minding" the offspring of young housewives who wanted to spend an afternoon downtown shopping. She changed diapers like an expert.

"When I was back in Detroit on a bond tour recently," she says, "some of those kids came over to the hotel to visit me. Gee, I was glad to see they were nearly grown up—and I didn't have to change them."

When Betty was eleven she discovered she could sing. Being practical, she said, "I ought to get paid for it."

When Marion, the dreamy type, asked how, she said, "I could take up a collection." So Betty started singing on crowded street corners, and in speakeasies with sawdust on the floor. On Saturdays she often made as much as ten dollars. As mom was forever being laid off at the factory, the Thornburgs could have given up eating if it hadn't been for Betty's vigorous singing.

Betty's first break came when she was fifteen, and came quite by accident. The popular Vincent Lopez was in Detroit at that time, and felt that his band, like others all over the country, should have a pretty girl singer.

Charlie Gentry, drama critic of the Detroit Times, suggested he hold a contest. "I'll give it a good publicity plug in the paper," Charlie said.

Nothing but hillbillies applied. It was closing time for the contest, a winner had to be announced, and there wasn't a likely applicant in the whole mess. Lopez was furious. "Keep your shirt on," said Gentry. "I've seen a little girl singing in the honky-tonks. Not too good, but not too bad." So Lopez signed Betty June Thornburg in desperation.

Betty had no set style of singing with the Lopez band. Lopez was all for getting rid of her. "One of the boys in the band tipped me off I was going to get the ax," says Betty. "That's murder, I said. A failure at fifteen. I was burned. Here I was, all set to get to New York in a hurry, and this was going to ruin everything. When I went out to do my number that night I was so mad I couldn't sing."

But she could yell. And she did. She stamped, she batted her arms, she threw her muscles out of place, she vaulted on top of the piano, and for a finale she made a flying tackle at the mike—and sent it crashing. "I tore up the joint," she says. "I was solid." The half-asleep audience came to with a jolt, and bellowed for more and more.

THAT night marked the beginning of the career of Betty Hutton, and the end of Betty June Thornburg. Lopez called her the next day, presented her with a new contract (at sixty-five a week), and informed her that her real name was "depressive." After going into private huddles with his numbers, Lopez, a numerology addict, came out with Hutton. "It has a solid sound," he said. "It will be lucky for you. Maybe not in your private life, but in your career."

After a year on the road with the Lopez band, during which time Betty was billed as "America's Number One Jitterbug," the outfit was signed for an engagement at the Casa Mañana in New York. Billy Rose was opening the place and he had a dozen or more big-name entertainers lined up for his show. To Betty's annoyance, she discovered that—as the only unknown on the bill—she was supposed to open the show while the customers were eating their dinner, and sort of warm them up for the name acts to follow.

"Imagine having to compete with steaks, squabs, and breast of chicken under glass! It's murder, I said. They're smart New Yorkers. Maybe they won't like the corny stuff I do!" Betty was scared stiff. But what she didn't know was that those "smart New Yorkers" are just as much a bunch of hicks as any crowd you'll find in any tank town in the Middle West.

She went into her whirling dervish routine and killed 'em. For her finale she grabbed the curtain, à la Tarzan,

(Continued on page 55)

YOU'RE A JINX, JOE

His daughter's love helped Joe through all adversity. But when the child's own happiness was at stake, he decided as a father should and at last got a break

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

AT the edge of Cass Pendleton's pea field the black-ticked setter made game and climaxed his performance with a stylish point. His brace mate, the little lemon-and-white bitch, honored the point by freezing instantly. Joe Townsend moved in, and when the covey of quail thundered up, he downed a bird with each barrel.

Both dogs retrieved faultlessly. Joe's mellow voice drawled praise. He felt good this morning. He felt the thrill of a job well done, and the sensation was next of kin to the satisfaction he'd known in the old days after pitching a shutout.

A thin shout in the distance halted him when he would have gone on. But he was not displeased at the interruption. Coming toward him was the Pendleton girl, old Cass Pendleton's daughter, Laura, and Laura, after the way she'd befriended him and his kid, was welcome to interrupt him any time she chose.

She came quickly to him, a slender, lithe, blue-eyed girl, looking a trifle boyish in slacks and an old red sweater; looking a bit troubled, too, like a person bringing bad news.

"Well, Joe. Well—how are you?"

"I'm fine," Joe responded heartily. "You should see the way these two dogs are working! Like clockwork."

"I'm glad, Joe."

"A month ago they were a couple of young hellions," Joe chuckled. "Did they hunt to the gun? Not them! All they did was run wild. But they're respectable folks now. I told Dr. Giles, when he brought them to me, that I could tame them both and not break their spirits, either, and that's what I've done."

"I'm glad, Joe," the girl repeated.

"Means a lot to me," Joe said. "The doc's coming to get 'em next week. Maybe—oh, just maybe—he'll toss in a little extra cash for the job I've done. Anyway he'll be bound to tell his friends how I trained these two and that'll mean plenty more business."

"Joe!"

"Yeh?"

"Joe," she said, her voice suddenly tight, "my father says you can't train your dogs on his land any more."

"Why?" he demanded automatically.

He stood still, waiting for her reply, a rangy, loose-jointed young man of thirty with brown wistful eyes and a mouth grown thin with trying to smile when smiling came hard.

"You've had a lot of bad breaks, haven't you, Joe?"

"My share, I guess." His gaze ran hotly over the broad fat Pendleton acres. It was a quail heaven that he saw, and he was seeing it for the last time.

"I'm sorry, Joe," she told him gently.

"I know. Of course you are. Well, I—I guess this just about puts me out of business."

"No, Joe. There's other land."

He shook his head. "The other farmers will follow your daddy's lead. Folks around Beulahville do what Cass Pendleton wants them to"—he gave her a direct, untempered gaze—"and just now Cass Pendleton wants to run me out."

Embarrassment sent high color into her cheeks, but she was honest enough not to evade the challenge in his eyes. She gave an indignant nod. "He's a kind man, Joe, but once he gets an idea in his head he hangs on to it like a bulldog."

Yes, Joe supposed, Cass Pendleton was kind in his way. They told a story around Beulahville that once Cass had wronged a man. Later he discovered the wrong and drove forty miles in the dead of a winter night to call the man out of bed and apologize to him.

AS far as that went, Cass had been kind when Joe first came to Beulahville. He'd actually helped Joe get dogs to train. And he had seemed genuinely fond of little Ellen, Joe's seven-year-old daughter. But, as Laura said, he hung on to his ideas like a bulldog. Just now the idea that obsessed him was that Laura and Joe were seeing too much of each other. He had no intention of letting his daughter become involved with a shoestring dog trainer.

"I reckon I have showed you a lot of attention," Joe told Laura. "But you were so good to the kid. Letting her stop and play at your house on her way home from school. Giving her books and things. I couldn't offer much in return, but at least I could bring you quail and take you with us when Ellen and I went to the picture show."

"I know," Laura said gently, not quite meeting his eyes. "It never crossed your mind to fall in love with me. That—that's what makes it so unfair."

And yet, Joe thought suddenly, I could have fallen in love with her. Years ago I could have. Along about the time I met May.

"What are you going to do, you and Ellen?"

"The kid and I will make out somehow."

Stout words. But they did not still the panic in his heart. Wheeling, he stalked away, not trusting himself to say good-by.

When he reached the cottage, Ellen, looking absurdly grown up in an apron Laura had made for her, was busily scattering corn to the chickens. Joe moved on to the kennels and found a visitor, the same stray brindle-and-white cur that had been annoying him a week. A big wicked-looking animal whose chief interest in life seemed to be a fighting urge to break into the kennels and mix it up with the dogs Joe had in training.

Joe shouted at him. The cur quit pawing at the fence, but he made his retreat leisurely, walking stiff-legged, defiance in every one of his bristling hackles, sullen growls rumbling in his throat. Joe lost his temper and dived for a convenient stick. As he came up with it, Ellen spied him and ran toward him.

Sight of her untroubled face did something to him. He threw the stick halfheartedly, missed the impudently withdrawing cur a good ten feet, and whirled to catch Ellen in his arms. He kenneled the two setters, and then, with Ellen at his side, started for the house.

"Did the dogs do good, pop?"

"Fine."

"And did you get some birds and give them to Laura?"

"No. Yes. I mean I got some birds, but I didn't give 'em to Laura."

"Pop."

"Yeh?"

"When are we going to have that big place all our very own—you know, that you don't have to pay rent on? Gee, it'll be fun to have a big house and lots and lots of land."

A sudden good-natured clamor from the nine dogs in the kennels distracted her and he did not have to answer the question. He went rapidly into the house, seized the telephone, and called a number.

"HELLO, Mr. Stiles? This is Joe Townsend. How about working a couple of pointers in your back field this afternoon?"

The answer that he feared came bluntly: "Me and Cass Pendleton were talkin' yesterday, Townsend, and we decided we didn't want any more dogs runnin' helter-skelter over our land."

Joe wandered out into the yard and stood staring unseeingly at the roofs and chimneys of Beulahville, a mile away.

A year ago this past summer the doctors had said, "You'll be as good as new in a couple of years, Joe, but you've got to be outdoors. In fact, you ought to be outdoors for the rest of your life."

He was broke then, except for sev-

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Joe threw himself against the dog, then seized Ellen and hurled her behind him

Burt Hallbrooke

YOUR IDEA MAY WIN THE WAR

That invention kicking around in your head may be just what Uncle Sam wants. Judge from this article how close it comes to filling present war needs

BY LT. COL. L. B. LENT

Head Engineer, National Inventors Council, as told to Donald Wilhelm

IN peacetime a good idea may save time, trouble, and money, make life a little easier, and add to our creature comforts. In wartime a good idea may save thousands of American lives, may win battles, and may even win a war.

This over-all idea resulted in the establishment of the National Inventors Council about sixteen months before Pearl Harbor. It serves as an open door to all inventors, amateur or otherwise. Their suggestions are carefully examined and sent to those military establishments which might possibly make use of them. Even ideas submitted by members of the military services are first sent to the Inventors Council.

The response of inventors to this call to arms has been magnificent. So far, more than 200,000 ideas have been submitted, and more than fifty of them are now actually in use by our armed forces. The Army, the Navy, and other government agencies are studying more than two hundred others. The enemy may learn about them long before our people here at home do.

Most of the ideas come from people outside the military services or from our many great research laboratories. We get them from farms, garages, factories, basement and attic workshops; from teachers, rich men, poor men, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and even from behind prison bars. One good idea came from a motion-picture actress, another from a celebrated actor. Most of them come from people who have to earn their own living and who say, "I don't want a cent. This is my contribution."

But, month after month, more and more professionally trained inventors, scientists, engineers, and wealthy industrialists have come forward to give of their talents and facilities. An idea may come in a flash; more likely it is a long time "a-bornin'." It may be the result of years of thought and experiment.

Dr. Charles F. Kettering, inventor of the automobile self-starter and vice-president in charge of General Motors Research, heads up the Inventors Council. There are eighteen other members of the Council who serve as chairmen of special committees. Orville Wright and Dr. George Lewis, for example, head committees having to do with aviation; Dr. William D. Coolidge of electronics fame, Dr. Thomas Midgley, a world authority on internal-combustion fuels, and Dr. Fin Sparre, an internationally known chemical engineer, head special committees. On the Council's special committees are about 150 of the country's leading inventors, scientists, and engineers. Few of them could be hired at any price, but all of them serve the Council without pay.

But that isn't all. Correlating the Council's effort with those of other wartime agencies are hand-picked liaison officers in all branches of the Army and the Navy, in the War Production Board, in the Office of Scientific Research and Development, in the National Bureau of Standards, and so on. The Council is thus at the center of a vast network covering all phases of inventions and all possible applications.

My job is to direct a staff of nearly fifty, some of whom are engineers or experts in one important field or more. We screen the harvest of ideas, always realizing that what may at first seem impossible, wild, or fantastic may on closer, more sympathetic study be a missing part in a vast picture puzzle—the key to some shut door. Often the Council finds that an idea specified for one purpose may find application for another purpose. Sometimes two or more ideas from widely separated sources have a bearing on one another and on some problem which the War or the Navy Department is trying hard to solve.

There are more surprises than one can count, let alone describe for publication. We were surprised one day early in the game to receive a bright idea from two young radio hams, as they called themselves, living near an airport in New York. They themselves were even more surprised when, within a week, an Army plane eased in and two Signal Corps radio experts sought them out.

HARRIS & EWING PHOTO

Dr. Charles F. Kettering.

Starry-eyed professors! You'd be astonished at the number who have brought forth, under the urge to paste Hitler, potent ideas they had had to lay aside in the prewar halcyon days.

A treasure hunter came in one day to offer an invention for locating U-boats. He had used it to locate a treasure ship sunk in the days of the Spanish Conquest off the coast of Florida. The Navy saw no advantages in it over devices and techniques at hand or on the way. The Council tried the Army. The Army said, "Ah!" So it was that when our forces went to Africa they had a land-mine locator. Every one has seen pictures of our soldiers using it, much as a housewife uses a vacuum cleaner. Rommel was using tens of thousands of land mines, planting them faster than we could find and destroy them. Our mine locator did its part, although it took a race of heroes to dig the mines out.

Soon the cunning enemy was making mines of materials other than metals. Today he is making them mostly of plastics and ceramics, even of wood. "Sicily," says one observer, "was one vast mine field. It will take ten years to dig all the mines up. It wasn't safe to deviate an inch from a path the engineers had risked their lives to clear." In Italy it's as bad. All I can now add is that if the Germans think American inventors can't lick this one, they've got another guess coming. We've already licked it!

That goes for rocket development too.

From the news, you might think the Germans are months and miles ahead of us here, even though every one knows that our "bazooka" is a rocket gun—one that two soldiers can carry, quickly load, fire with no recoil to speak of, and destroy a Mark IV tank with. Every one knows, too, that the Chemical Warfare Service has fathered the development of another even more destructive and of far greater range. It will be a cause of regret to the enemy if in desperation he turns to using poison gas. But it is just as effective when hurling other than poison-gas projectiles. These two may be mentioned. There are many others which are deep-dish secrets. Their development has presented some strange problems, but they are familiar to the Council, because from the beginning it has been a rendezvous of technical men with all sorts of rockets or jet-propulsion devices.

The bazooka operates on the rocket

This is a visit to the Aeroproducts Division, General Motors Corporation, at Vandalia, Ohio. Dr. Kettering examines a propeller; Col. Lent is second from right.

principle, but what most people don't seem to know is that the projectile itself is the deadly part of this modern weapon. The principle underlying its effectiveness was discovered away back in 1882 by Dr. Charles Edward Munroe, a government scientist working at the Naval Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island. However, it took many years and the mental efforts of some of our smartest scientists and mathematicians to find out how to apply the effect discovered many years ago by Dr. Munroe. I dare say our enemies have not yet found out how to do it, and we, of course, hope they will not.

Any way you look from my desk you can see how, where, and why Americans' inventive talent is helping our own and Allied armed forces to win victories.

German prisoners "complain" about the diabolical accuracy and destruction of our artillery fire, and the Japs are nowhere against our artillery, airplane, and naval gunnery. This isn't accidental. It isn't due to any single secret weapon or device. Like our excellence in airplanes, warships, fuels, combustion, communications, wartime television, and other magic aids to the human senses, it is due to making the most of many ideas.

The whole story of the defeat of the U-boats, which early in the war were destroying a million tons of Allied shipping a month, is an epic of American ingenuity combined with British ingenuity. Dr. W. D. Coolidge of G. E. fame helped greatly in 1917-18, and helped again as a member of our Council. Fully a dozen important innovations did the trick. Naturally, those used by Allied airplanes, surface ships, and submarines are secret.

NOT so secret, but illustrating how the Council works, is the story of a lifesaving device for mariners, airmen, and others. The Coast Guard, turning to the Council as the Army, the Navy, and other agencies are doing more and more, asked for a light compact waterproof device to signal distant planes and ships in daytime. This time a member of our staff, Commander Hunnewell, U. S. C. G., Ret., almost overnight answered with a small tempered-glass practically unbreakable mirror with a simple sighting device and simple instructions printed on it, which can be used to signal a plane or ship ten miles away. The initial order for it exceeded a million.

Another illustration will show how the idea of some unheralded citizen may lead to important results, both war and postwar.

Soon after Pearl Harbor the government discovered that the Japs, by taking Java, had cut off our supply of kapok, needed for life belts and many other purposes, and that our supply in storage had deteriorated. A substitute for this scarcity item was wanted. Thanks to a family physician in Chicago, Dr. Boris Berkman, once a Russian farm boy, we had the answer—the common milkweed. He had proved that milkweed floss is much more buoyant than kapok, does not lose so much of its buoyancy when stored or when wet, and, pound for pound, could be produced at less cost almost anywhere in America.

In his long study of this humble weed Dr. Berkman had also learned that its juice has properties similar to the rubber tree's latex; that the floss seeds provide a useful commercial oil; that the stalk contains furfurol, alpha, and other cellulose useful in making paper and many other products; that the sprouts, long prized by natives in the Berkshires, are edible and nutritious; that the residue from the seeds is a good cattle feed; and that the roots of the milkweed form a tough

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NO MONEY IN MEDALS

A chance remark of Lila's clears up the mystery of Ducane's land hunger. Jeff risks his happiness to help a friend and discovers how he really feels about Ellie

BY

OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

DISCHARGED from the Army on account of wounds, Jeff Conley returned to his home in Twin Buttes, Nevada, with a D. S. M. and other medals. After greeting his mother and drunken old Uncle Hoke, Jeff was eager to see Ellie Carmichael, his sweetheart. Uncle Hoke told him she was engaged to Tod Deever.

Unbelieving, Jeff went to the Carmichaels' where he found Tod, who confirmed Uncle Hoke's statement. Jeff tried to fight Tod, but collapsed.

Ellie's father, Dan, drove Jeff home, and told him how Will Ducane, wealthy copper man and owner of twenty thousand acres around Twin Buttes, wanted to buy Dan's land and, when Dan refused to sell, had hired all Dan's herders away. Dan wondered why Ducane wanted more land.

Jeff was surprised to receive a visit from Ducane and his young daughter Lila. Lila and her friend, Peggy Allenwood, had given Jeff a lift in their car the day he came home.

Lila showed that she would like to be Jeff's friend; but, still suffering from Ellie's faithlessness, he was not interested, though he liked the girl.

One night, when the Carmichaels were visiting the Conleys, the Carmichaels' home was burned to the ground. Dan suspected Ducane, but Uncle Hoke confessed he had forgetfully left a lighted pipe in the house.

Thinking about the Carmichaels' misfortune and his own poverty, Jeff became bitter, and decided to make love to the wealthy Lila and to marry her, if possible. He and she went on a picnic in the badlands and came upon Ducane and Walter Murgridge, a metallurgist from San Francisco. Jeff noticed the men's saddlebags were filled with rock specimens, but at the moment attached no importance to it.

It was obvious that Ducane was not pleased at finding Lila and Jeff on such intimate terms. He announced that he

(Continued on page 48)

Lila said, "Do you mean this is more important to you than marrying me?"

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Duel In The Sun

A Condensation of the Novel by NIVEN BUSCH

When the stagecoach dropped shabby, barefooted Pearl Chavez at Paradise Flats nobody would have believed she would become a legend.

But from the time she reached the great McCanles ranch she was destined to live a story that has become one of the greatest tales of love and outlawry that the Old West has ever known.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ATWELL

THERE are still people in Paradise Flats who will tell you how she looked when she arrived in town one day in the spring of 1883.

That day the stage came in at noon. It was an April day and sunny, so that nearly every one was on hand to view Pearl's debut. Jesse Sprague McCanles, Senator McCanles' eldest son, had waited for her for two hours in the Spanish Bit's best rig.

A rawboned, big-nosed man then going on twenty, he glanced expressionlessly at the skinny girl of twelve in the patched calico dress standing in the dust while her bundle was set down.

Jesse McCanles looked down once at the girl's feet. After that he kept his eyes steadily on some spot slightly above her head. The girl with the long black pigtails down her back and the deadly serious, wide-cheekboned face was curling her nude and thin and very dirty toes in the dust where the stage trail, for a few yards, became a street.

A kid without shoes! In a country where leather, like all animal products, was available to any but the most abased and shiftless!

Without a word, he motioned with his head toward Doan and Curran's store, and the two crossed the street in the hot sunshine, Jesse walking a step behind the girl. Pearl hesitated at the door, and Jesse reached past her shoulder and pulled it open.

"What will it be today, Jesse?" Ned Doan inquired, and Jesse said, mildly and firmly, "Fix her up."

He carefully avoided any reference to boots.

"Let's see now, Jesse. Seems like I stocked a—that article. They might be just a shade too big for this young lady, but we'll see. Now, miss"—turning to Pearl, "set right here. Rest a minute while we have a look."

Pearl seated herself on a flour barrel. Squatting in front of her, Ned Doan extended toward the slender, dirt-encrusted foot the opening of a shining black boot stitched round the top with butterfly designs.

"We'll just try them for size," he intoned. "Yes, sir, mite too big. But say—a pair like this takes growin' into.

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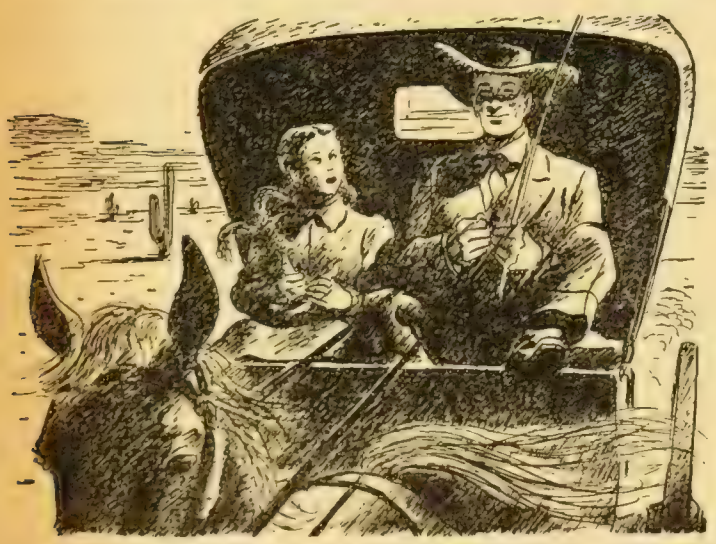
Now, Jesse, want a pair of stockings to go with 'em?"

"Might as well have some," said Jesse in an offhand way. "And see what else you got, Ned. She might as well be fixed up right. This is Miss Pearl Chavez," he added. "She's coming to live out at the ranch."

Twenty minutes later Pearl and Jesse again crossed the hot street in front of Doan and Curran's. Pearl had on a new wool blouse with puffed sleeves, and a lady's riding skirt, a matchless splendor. Jesse untied the buggy. He picked up the reins and Senator Jack's big sorrel wagon horse whirled Pearl Chavez, the poor relation, out of sight behind a cloud of April dust.

The dust settled in the narrow street between the adobe and wooden houses with their false fronts; behind it disappeared, as far as anybody in Paradise Flats cared, the life of Pearl Chavez up to that time. Only Senator McCanles and his wife knew, and neither of them ever told the story: of a distant cousin who had broken his caste by marrying an Indian woman, and how he had finally been hanged for cattle thieving. They had sent for his daughter out of a sense of family responsibility.

From her seat in the buggy beside Jesse, Pearl looked



back only once. She had seen trail towns, and she'd seen the plain in front and in back of them and all around them, and she'd seen the street that petered out into the plain at each end.

Jesse pointed with his whip. "Railroad depot," he said conversationally.

Pearl looked at him, puzzled. The spot he indicated had been nothing but a vacant lot scored with a straggle of weeds and greasewood. Jesse smiled to show he had been joking. "The road's supposed to come in, so the depot land is allocated. But Lord knows when it'll get here. The senator's against it."

Pearl thought this over, wondering whom he meant when he said "the senator." She was never to get quite accustomed to the family's way of giving Jackson T. McCanles full official honors when referring to him.

The roan between the poles moved out with a powerful swinging stride, and after that one backward look Pearl kept her eyes ahead. She was glad she had the bundle. It contained only a collection of sewed-over personals and a few pallid cast-off things—odds and ends tossed together so she would have something to take along. But it helped alleviate a possible shame. Desperately Pearl wanted proof that she came from somewhere, that she had an identity, however humble. She sat tightly and not unhappily on the small section of seat she allowed herself, watching the muscles flowing in the mare's great haunches and the drift of the brown plain as it stroked noiselessly by. She would have liked to look at Jesse, but felt somehow it wasn't suitable.

As they drove along, Pearl, gaining confidence, began to steal quick, avid looks at him. She had a strange wild feeling of warmth and gratitude toward him that made her fiercely eager to be sure what sort of man he was, to memorize each physical detail about him.

He had been kind to her. Moreover, without even stopping to think, he had bought her the finest presents she had ever had, the wonderful boots and the new dress and the rest.

How well he drove! In the quick glances she was flicking at him Pearl was gathering the raw material for an idol. If he spoke to her she didn't know what she would say—she wouldn't be able to answer. And at this moment he did speak. He was pointing downward with his whip.

"Ranch—where it commences."

The whip apparently was pointing to a small white stone beside the wagon road. Leaning out of the buggy to see better, Pearl perceived a blurred mark cut into the square top of the stone.

"You mean—it starts right here? Beside that rock?"

"That's a section stone," Jesse said. "That's to mark it."

With the age-old feminine technique of giving a man a chance to air his knowledge, Pearl said, "It's got an interestin' kind of sign on it."

"Spanish Bit," he said quietly.

Raising the toe of his boot, he pointed to the same ornamentation tooled on the leather of the buggy's dashboard, and Pearl noticed the same design on the instep of the boot itself. Jesse touched the mare's flank with his rawhide whip, and Pearl saw again the brand, which looked like an H, only with loops on the bottom of the uprights, a triangular wedge on the crossbar.

"Sure, I understand," Pearl said. "Your brand."

Jesse smiled again. "Round here they're plain foolish with brands. Slap them on anything."

He fell silent again, a friendly silence. Pearl relaxed, edging the barest fraction of an inch closer to him. Two hours later Jesse moved his shoulder, waking her.

"We're home," he said.

Pearl looked. The ranch sprawled over the side of a long slope—the main house on top, and below it barns, corrals, bunkhouses, and a dozen miscellaneous outbuildings. Even as Pearl stared, the front door opened and four people emerged, apparently with the intention of welcoming the new arrival.

Senator McCanles extended a thick, dry, distrustful hand, helping her down from the high seat of the buggy.

"Git down, git down. A pleasure! Come in!"

He added, in a slightly sorrowful but dignified and confidential way: "I must apologize for Mrs. Senator McCanles. Her health has been drug down. She's ailing. But we'll meet her later."

He then proceeded with the presentation of his sons: "Lewt, my second son, his brother Gilman, and young Ruck, the baby of the family."

A KIND of dry and savage excuse for a laugh generally went with the last introduction. At eleven Ruck had reached a full man's growth, bigger than either of his brothers and nearly twice the size of his bantam father.

"It's mighty kind of you to take me in, sir." She couldn't get the words out. She paused, gulped, and added at tremendous cost, "I'm sure happy and grateful!"

"Glad to have you, child," he said. "There's a room ready for you inside. One of the boys will show you—"

"I'll tend to it, sir," Lewt said. He picked up her bundle and motioned her through the huge doorway.

A wonderful fragrance combined with the cellary smell of newly scrubbed adobe. Pearl saw, to her astonishment, that the yard was filled with blossoming fruit trees: wild plum, quince, and cherry. She seemed to have walked a long time when Lewt opened a door.

"This is the room you can use," Lewt said.

Pearl turned her head around slowly, looking at everything. While she did so, Lewt took her by the shoulders, thin and wiry in his hands, and pushed her up against the wall. Pearl gasped, her mouth opened slightly, but her eyes never left his. Lewt kissed her rapidly.

Pearl's face squeezed with fury. Bracing herself, she kicked at him. Lewt knew somehow, from the way she did it, that men had tried to handle her before.

"Take it easy," he said. "I was only funnin'."

"Don't you dare touch me," Pearl said without friendliness. She was breathing hard, the new shirtwaist pumped in and out against her bosom.

Lewt didn't seem to mind. "When you hear the bell, that's chuck," he advised her. "I'll see you later."

Pearl's answer was to close the door. She closed it as forcibly as possible, and when it was closed she stood still, staring at it. A terrible homesickness for her home in Live Oak and for her dead father came over her.

Lewt's face rose before her and she thought, I'll never stay here. I hate him! I don't like it here. Her feelings were so strong they made a bad taste in her mouth, and she spat, seeing Lewt's face but hitting the top panel of the door.

LAURA BELLE McCANLES was forty-seven the year Pearl came to live in her house. At this time she still had the remnants of a sultry, vital beauty, but during that year and the next she aged fast.

All her life she had moved forward at a steady, urgent pace toward a fixed goal: the place of honor and security she had imagined for herself and those she loved. Now, although apparently her life was most successful, though her sons were growing up and her husband a man of power ruling a territory larger than most states, still, none of this had turned out as she had expected; none of it was solidly founded in honor. Something rather frightening was happening to the McCanleses.

First, there had been Jesse. Laura Belle knew she had been responsible for making her oldest son dissatisfied with life on the range. She'd done it deliberately—done it because she felt things were going wrong and that one member of the family must get away, take a new perspective.

She had made Jesse a reader, and the reading had taken him away from the Spanish Bit and made a lawyer out of him. How much further it might take him no one knew, but already he was making a name for himself.

Nothing could have made a scholar out of Lewt; he wasn't the bookish type. Lewt was his father's boy. The senator spoiled him and made much of him, out of fear that he would lose another son to the influence of books, the town, and all the civilized encroachments which were creeping into his domain to threaten his power.

Lewt didn't need much spoiling to make him wild.

The cow hands called him *El Chivato,* the young billy goat. With his good looks, of which he was only too well aware, he might have grabbed everything he wanted even without fatherly encouragement.

That first spring and summer Laura Belle saw Lewt looking at Pearl. Every time he did, the girl's eyes went flat and glazy-looking in that Indian way they had. Mrs. McCanles was pleased. A healthy fear—even better, a good roaring dislike—of Lewt was the best protection Pearl could have.

It had all been very simple for Pearl at first. She'd never thought she could stand any one at the Spanish Bit but Jesse. Every minute she could be with him was heaven to her. On a Saturday, when she'd thought he might be coming over, she'd often saddled a horse and ridden out to meet him. And if she met him, she'd get in the buggy with him, tying her horse behind.

That summer Senator McCanles sent Lewt up to the Cherokee Strip to look after the Spanish Bit holdings there. He was away six months. When he got back he was changed. He had a whole new set of manners and expressions, including a swagger which he seemed to have copied from somebody. It seemed that when he'd been away he'd met men who had ridden with the Dalton boys and Jesse James. The Strip, being Indian territory, was still a hideout for outlaws of all kinds, and Lewt admired those he'd met and copied many of their ways.

Pearl was a good audience for Lewt's stories. He'd stopped being mean to her and he seemed pleased just to have her around.

Pearl's eyes didn't flatten out in the old way, and Laura Belle began to worry. One day she sat on the south gallery and watched Lewt and Pearl as they came toward the house. When they got behind a clump of hackberries, Lewt made a grab for Pearl and turned her round to kiss her. She kneed him and bit at his hand. Lewt was laughing, and Pearl, unperturbed, fought him with an efficiency which seemed to show considerable practice. A moment later they walked on as if nothing had happened, but he'd kissed her all the same. Mrs. McCanles felt it was time to do something.

One hot afternoon in August Lewt took Pearl over to the number three corral to watch the senator's big stud horse Camarillo. They rode back without talking in the sultry afternoon heat. Pearl was hot and the thin shirt stuck to her chest. Lewt flicked repeated glances at her. She had filled out, her back straight and her legs curved and hard from riding. Her skin was smooth, deep golden color.

For once, Gil and Ruck were nowhere to be seen. She took off her hat and swung it in her hand. Somewhat self-consciously she hummed a tune. "Where we going?" she asked suddenly, looking Lewt boldly in the face.

Lewt was reflective. "It's kind of doggone hot," he said. "Maybe we could ride down south fence to the sump. Feel like coolin' off?"

Pearl's breath stuck in her throat. "Maybe," she said carelessly. "It's hot, all right."

The sump was about three miles distant. It was a windmill pond which had been dammed and dredged out at one end, and could be used for "swimming." The term was fictitious; the water hardly came waist-high and none of the McCanleses could swim; still, it was a pl ce to cool off in.

As they reached the screen of scrub around the sump Lewt suddenly jumped from his horse and pulled Pearl from hers. She hadn't expected this maneuver and was caught off balance. Once on the ground, she fought wildly.

At first their movements, jerkily co-ordinated to each other, had a resemblance to a dance. Later the dance came to possess the qualities of a murder. At no time did it seem to be what actually it was—a courtship. They swayed back and forth as if in combat until suddenly there came a moment when Pearl resisted no more. Instead she strained Lewt against her and made love to him as heatedly as until then she had been opposing him.

THEY "swam" then and later they lay sunning themselves near the great cottonwoods. It was Pearl who broke the pleasant silence. "Couldn't we be bespoken?"

"I don't know; I guess so." Lewt's tone was noncommittal.

"You mean you don't want to?"

"Now don't get riled up, Pearl. Who's saying I don't want to?"

"Then it's all right, then? Are we?"

Lewt turned sideways, smiling at her. "You're my girl. That's good enough for me."

"It's not, Lewt. Listen to me, honey. Won't you please listen?"

"Sure, sure, go ahead. What do you want me to listen to?"

"What I just said."

"And I said we could be bespoken, if you want to."

Joy surged in Pearl. Absence of enthusiasm on the part of her suitor was not a deterrent; womanlike, she seized the fact. She had won! "Oh, Lewt, honey, we are, then."

"Sure we are," Lewt said, warming. "Only we don't have to shout about it. It's our business and we got a right to keep it that way."

"Sure we have, sweetheart. Oh, Lewt!" she said. "Honey, you don't know. It is different for a woman."

Suddenly an idea came to her—a daring way to make her victory concrete. Her voice was unsteady as she submitted this final test. "Will you break a dime with me?"

Lewt nearly laughed. The childishness of it! To keep a girl you were having fun with, he supposed, you had to do such things. "Sure I will."

Pearl spoke dreamfully. "We'll each take half. Then, when we're married, we'll put the two halves together."

"You bet. We'll each take half," Lewt said. "And wait a minute—I'll tell you what else."

"What, Lewt?" she said, her face transfigured with pleasure. "What, sweetheart?"

"Wait and see," he said. He took his knife out and strode to the big cottonwood tree. While Pearl watched,

he cut two pale half-circles in the bark. Oozing sap, the lines joined in a point at the bottom, a notch at the top.

"A heart!" Pearl exclaimed. He added the letters P. C., and then his own initials.

Pearl followed each movement of the blade with enthralled attention. In the glancing shadows of the cottonwood leaves she stood at her lover's shoulder—a golden-skinned Eve with long, Indianlike legs.

Lewt surveyed his craftsmanship with considerable satisfaction.

"That'll be here for a long time," he said.

"It'll be there forever," Pearl said reverently.

SHE wore her half of the dime around her neck in a locket, and the permanence of her love was worked in the tree which was itself a landmark in an almost treeless land. She had a feeling of security and happiness she'd never known before, not even when her father was alive. With a child's alertness to social distinctions, she had felt quite early that there was something discreditable, something unlike most families, about her people. So far, everything had gone wrong in her life. Now, at last, something was going right. She was bespoken. To be sure, the pledge was not yet known. Several times she spoke to Lewt, asking him when he thought they might make it public.

"We could be bespoken for a long time, if you want, Lewt," she argued. "Years, maybe. It wouldn't do harm to tell folks, would it, honey?"

Lewt was in favor of delay. "Better wait awhile," he counseled. "Ma's trying to get me to go to town to school, and dad's against it. If we tell them about us—well, he might let ma have her way, and then where would we be?"

Pearl accepted this. She could wait. Already, without anything being known, she and Lewt were regarded as "keeping company." Confidently she looked forward to the day when she would be a bride standing in a white cotton wedding dress in front of a preacher, while Lewt put a gold ring on her finger.

Anticipations of this day were less alluring to her lover. Lewt didn't know. He couldn't tell about this business of being betrothed. If only everything could stay the way it was now—then it would be perfect. He couldn't be tied down. He wanted to roam. He wanted to adventure, the way the men he most admired had adventured, the gun-fighters with the cold eyes and quick hands whom he'd met in the Strip.

Only one person at the Spanish Bit detected the nature of the relationship between these two. It's no good, Laura McCanles told herself. It's no good at all. Watching intently, she meditated: I'll have to set them right. I wonder how.

After a while she thought she knew a way.

Pearl was flattered at this time by what seemed to her an increase in Mrs. McCanles' friendliness. The older woman sought her company, setting a part of every day aside for Pearl's instruction. She concentrated on "manners," a word which in her lexicon included also the vast intricate lore of things a woman had to know. She sent to Chicago for five yards of lilac velvet, and had it made into a party dress for Pearl.

"I'll tell you a secret. You'll be wearing this before you think." Laura Belle smiled at her pupil.

"To a party?"

Mrs. McCanles nodded. "I think so. Colonel and Mrs. Gabe Withington at Rafter T are giving a ball when the railroad officially opens. Senator McCanles isn't much for going, after all the trouble there's been—"

"He'll never go, ma'am. Never in this world!"

Everybody knew how Jackson T. McCanles felt about the railroad. He had given enough proof of disapproval.

"I reckon he may change his mind," Mrs. McCanles said calmly. "Anyhow, you've got the dress."

It was a beautiful dress, Pearl knew. Its deep color brought out flatteringly the dark tints of her smooth, rich skin.

"That's lovely, child," Mrs. McCanles said. She studied Pearl appraisingly. "I'm sure you'll be successful if we go to Mrs. Withington's."

The word "successful" made Pearl look at her questioningly.

Mrs. McCanles appended slowly, "I mean that you'll be able to attract a man. You're young, but girls marry young in this country. There's no harm in thinking about it." Her voice sharpened just a little as she added, "Have you ever thought about it, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," Pearl said. She swallowed.

"Now, I know you're fond of Lewton . . ." Mrs. McCanles went on. She spoke a little faster now and just a shade too casually. "That's all right. It's very sweet and so forth, but you must know, Pearl, Lewton's not right for you. You must know, dear, that Senator McCanles is strong-minded. He has certain prejudices and opinions."

Pearl understood. The next time they were at the sump, she took the matter up with Lewt. Pearl lay on her back, her long legs stretched out. "I have been thinking about something."

"You mean about me?"

"Most everything I think of is about you," Pearl said. "It's about your mother, too—she knows about us, Lewt."

"You mean she was asking you questions?"

"She don't ask questions; you know that, Lewt. She just sort of lets you know that she knows something. Anyway, she guesses. She was trying to let me off easy."

"What did she say?"

"She let me know anybody with my kind of blood would never marry a McCanles."

"Why, that's just plain silly, Pearl. You're as good as anybody. You know that! You have always been like the family here."

"No, I haven't. I've been treated plenty square—only there's always *that*. I am the poor relation from down Live Oak, with a half-breed mother. I'm supposed to be fed and housed and that's all. I'm supposed to keep across the fence line from a real McCanles."

"You got no call to talk that way. We are bespoken."

"I was thinking about that," Pearl said.

A faint fear stirred in her companion. "Now, Pearl, don't start with that. Everything is going to come out all right. We're going to let them know when the time comes, just like we agreed."

"I was thinking this might be the time. Did you mean it, or didn't you? That's what I want to know. Because if you were funning me I'm going away from here. I'm going away, and I'm never coming back!"

"Now, Pearl, take it easy. We broke the dime, and the rest of it. Only, I know my dad. You're right about one thing—he might take some wheedlin'."

"He'll take more than that! Now, either you tell people we are bespoken, or I'll get out!"

In Lewt's mind decision flashed: Do it this way; break off now, or you'll never break it off. She'll get around you like she did before.

"If you don't trust me, you can get out, and keep going. I meant what I told you, but I'm through! Go on and find somebody else to pester. No woman can do that to me—least of all a bobtailed little breed like you!"

"Thanks, Lewt." Pearl stood up. Her lip curled. "Thanks for letting me know what you think of me. You ain't got your brand burned onto me! No, and you never will have!"

JESSE McCANLES rode thoughtfully into Paradise Flats. The town was growing up. It wasn't just riproaring; it was yelling for grown-up clothes. Ace Lemaire, the gambler, had taken down his old hitch rack and put up a fancy foundry-made one. Ace was an up-and-coming favorite with the town's new elements. He seemed to know just when to make a loan and when not to, and how to play one man against another. He was bidding for much of the political influence previously held by Senator McCanles. The little gambler and Dutch Annie, who owned the house across the street, were battling side by side against the influence of the cattlemen for control of the growing town.

Early in the evening Dutch Annie could generally be seen standing where she was now, firmly planted on the plank sidewalk outside her place.

"Well, look who's comin'," she called out in her pleasant

whisky tenor, as Jesse dropped the buckskin reins. "Where you been?"

"I've been fussin' with the railroad."

"Think we gonna get it?"

"Reckon so."

"So I hear tell," Dutch Annie said admiringly. "You and Lem's doing a great job. Well, come on in and make yourself to home."

Dutch Annie's was warm and smelled of sawdust, beer, cigar smoke, and mail-order perfume. She led him to a table where two men in city clothes were drinking.

"Gentlemen, let me introduce Mr. Jesse McCanles, our future State Assemblyman."

Surprised at the form of the introduction, Jesse smiled a little foolishly. The men stood up.

"You represent the F. W. & D. C., don't you, sir?" one of the men asked. His voice contained respect.

"My firm does," Jesse said.

"Smoot and McCanles!" the other said, as if making a public address. "I believe we've heard that name. Won't you sit down, Mr. McCanles, and have a drink?"

Jesse bowed but shook his head. He was still wondering what Annie had meant.

"What did you mean, introducing me that way?" he demanded as the two men went out.

"It's all over town. Ace Lemaire's been telling everybody that he'll put you on the ticket next year. He thinks he'll get both kinds of votes with you—the Spanish Bit's and the town's. After the name you've made out of his railroad fight, he's right."

"He ought to talk to me before shouting his face off."

"Now, Jesse," she said firmly, "you know he is only putting out a feeler. Ace is a smart man. He can take you a long ways if you play along with him."

The bartender came over to take the order. Jesse gave it, already feeling as if he had had a couple of drinks. The words "our future State Assemblyman" echoed in Jesse's mind. Combined with the red-eye, the phrase sent a warm glow through him.

PARADISE FLATS was shedding its trail-town skin like a spring rattlesnake. It had many new stores and saloons, a post office, a schoolhouse, and now at last the depot had been started on the piece of ground so long set apart for it. Of course the railroad hadn't fully arrived yet, but it was really coming now.

"Going like blazes," Lem Smoot would say. "Yes, sir. They're bustin' down here, hell-for-leather. Building a mile a day now. Of course your dad isn't going to back down," he told Jesse. "He's been boss around here too long. He knows that when the F. W. & D. C. comes, it means the end of one-man law."

"He'll come round," Jesse said. "He just doesn't like the idea of the town he founded getting outside help and running things."

The senator did not come around. But it did not seem possible that anything could stop the railroad now. Its right to cross the land owned by the Spanish Bit, however, had not yet come to a test. Within a week the end of steel would intersect the Spanish Bit's southeast fence line. Everyone in Paradise Flats knew that a court order had been issued calling on the senator to allow the passage of the road or show legal cause why not.

In its headlong charge across the nation's biggest state the F. W. & D. C. had faced similar problems—nor had it always relied on legal steps to solve them. On Saturday of that week C. V. Langford, executive vice-president of the road, arrived at the end of steel in his private car. The train also included a passenger car with drawn blinds and two stock cars full of horses.

PEARL, shivering, raised herself in bed in the dark room. Dragging a blanket around her, she opened the door a little way.

"What's the matter? Who is it?"

Gil was standing in the corridor, holding a lantern.

"Want to see a scrap? The railroad's putting a work squad on our land at noon tomorrow, and dad aims to stop them. We can make it if we hurry."

Pearl dropped the blanket and began to dress hastily.

"Will there be a gun-fight?"

"I don't know," Gil said. "Better hurry. I've got the horses saddled."

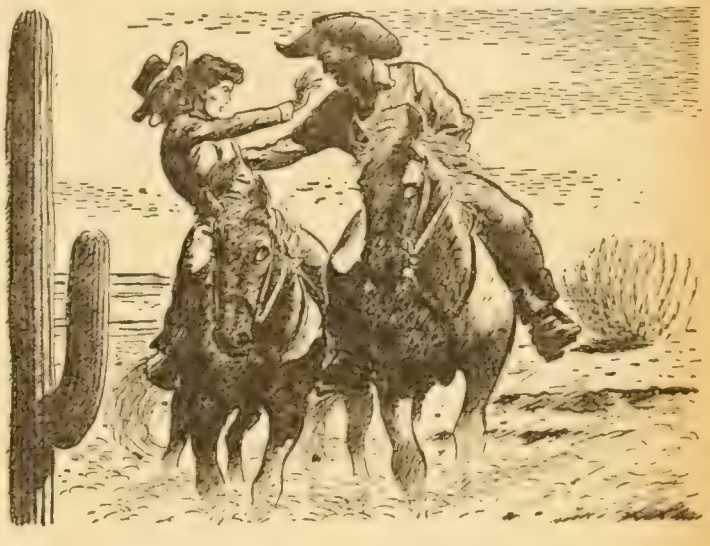
They covered the eighteen miles in less than two hours. The end of steel was hidden from sight by a swell, but the noise of the work engine was close and the strong coaly smell of the black smoke hung over everything. Spanish Bit men, holding a haphazard position slightly back of the fence line, seemed confident but restless. All carried arms of some sort—six-shooters, Ball saddle carbines, Springfields, turkey guns, and big-bore octagon-barreled Hawkes.

One of the men saw Pearl and Gil immediately, and came over to them.

"You kids get something to eat and then keep out of the way. You got no business here, anyway."

Pearl drank some coffee. She kept watching Lewt, hoping he would come over and speak to her.

Since their quarrel they had hardly exchanged ten words. Around the ranch each made an elaborate effort not to notice the presence of the other. Yet, in this



moment so full of suspended danger, Pearl couldn't take her eyes off him.

When it was noon there had still been no hostile movement from the direction of the railroad. You couldn't call hostile the file of laborers, picks and shovels on their shoulders, which finally came straggling over the rise that hid the railroad works. They were small, insignificant figures. Their tools looked too heavy for their shoulders. They proceeded toward the armed men waiting behind the drift of rusty wire. The senator, with three of his sons, his foreman, cow hands, and gunmen grouped around him, watched them grimly as they came forward.

And now, behind the work gang a new group appeared: Monroe Glidden, the construction engineer, Mr. Langford, and a third. The third man was Jesse McCanles. An uneasy stir passed down the Spanish Bit line. Pearl, like every one else, waited for the senator to make some sign, but nothing happened. Jackson T. McCanles sat on his big horse as if there were nothing untoward in his son's inclusion in the party that was now approaching.

The three men advanced steadily. Jesse towered over the older men who walked on each side of him. The youthfulness had drained out of his face, leaving it lined and somber. He wore a long black coat and a sombrero. Mr. Glidden wore work clothes and field boots. Director Langford, smallest of the three, was dressed in city fashion. Though paunchy, he was setting the pace, puffing to do so.

He looked at the armed men behind the fence line and made a slight bow.

"Good afternoon, Senator McCanles," he said politely.

"Kindly state your business, sir," said the senator.

Mr. Langford said, "I believe you know the counsel for my corporation—Mr. Jesse S. McCanles. He has a court order to serve on you, sir."

Senator McCanles moved his eyes a fraction of an inch.

"Well, Jesse?"

It was now seen that Jesse had a blue-covered paper in his hand. Jesse unfolded the blue-covered paper and began to read.

"Save your breath, son," the senator said.

Mr. Langford took the paper out of Jesse's hand. He shook it in the air.

"You've been properly served, sir," he said. "Do you or do you not permit our employees to proceed peacefully with their duties, as authorized?"

Suddenly the senator was standing up in his stirrups. "They have my permission, sir, to go to hell!"

"You leave me," Mr. Langford said, "no alternative." He reached in an inside pocket, took out a white handkerchief, and held it up.

A band of Texas Rangers came over the rise in front of the railroad works. As they came up to the wire the Rangers executed right front into line, each man behind his horse and each drawing his carbine as he dismounted. Four men with wire-cutting tools walked up to the wire and started to cut it.

"Ready, load—"

The senator pulled Camarillo back on his haunches.

Pearl's lips were moving, though no sounds came out. "Don't let them fire! Oh, God—" She was watching Jesse where he stood between the opposed lines of armed men.

"Fire!"

The senator seemed to imagine himself back at Shiloh. But, though rifles were leveled, no one pulled the trigger that would have started the slaughter. Some of the Spanish Bit hands wrestled briefly with the men at the wire, trying to take their pliers away from them. Even then there were no shots; the Rangers nearest to the line beat off their attackers with pistol butts.

Lewt's horse balked at the wire. He jumped off and ran up to his brother.

"Stay over on your own side," Jesse said.

"You dirty skunk! Mr. Lawyer with his silk-hat friends! How much did they pay you to sell us out?"

"I didn't sell you out, Lewt. I brought you a railroad."

Lewt's fist caught his brother solidly, but he was so angry he was off balance when he swung. Jesse took a step backward. When Lewt swung with the left, Jesse caught his hand. Two Rangers grabbed Lewt's arms.

"You'd better go over on your own side, Lewt."

The Rangers took Lewt back across the fence line. The men with the pliers had cut the wire now, and they began to pull fence posts up so the work gang could come in.

THE Rafter T's dance and barbecue in honor of the railroad's coming had begun. Pearl stopped hooking up the lilac dress and listened, trying to make out what tune the band was playing.

The McCanles party had arrived late that afternoon, in time for the dance but not for the speechmaking which preceded it. Their delay had been a concession to the senator, who had barely consented to come at all.

While Pearl was dressing, the boys joined the poker game, so that she was left to enter the dance room without a partner. She stood in the half-lit hallway, thinking. She was facing the light which, mingled with the sounds of the dance, streamed from the parlor. A man standing in the shadow with his back against the wall made a slight movement, and Pearl started.

"Oh!" she said. "I didn't see you."

She couldn't see him yet—only the outline of his head and shoulders.

"Pierce is my name," he said. "Sam to my friends. I'm straw boss for Mr. Withington."

"I'm Pearl Chavez. I live over at Spanish Bit."

"I had the privilege of recognizing you," Sam Pierce said in his friendly low-pitched voice. He looked into the room where another dance was starting.

"I'm no hand at that. Was standin' out here tryin' to get nerve enough to try. But if you don't mind takin' a chance—"

"I'd like to. I'd enjoy it real well," she said, fitting her steps to his as they moved toward the door.

Either Sam Pierce knew more about dancing than he pretended or he caught on fast. Pearl found herself revolving evenly, the lilac dress billowing and everything revolving with her—the lights, the room, the musicians, the guests' faces watching. Mrs. McCanles was sitting, talking with Mrs. Withington, and Pearl was pleased when she danced by to hear Mrs. Withington say, "Your ward, the Chavez girl, seems to be amusin' herself right well," and Mrs. McCanles answered quietly, "So does Mr. Pierce."

The fiddlers struck up the varsoviana, and a tall man with a diamond solitaire asked Pearl, but she gave Sam a lingering look and said, "I'm sorry, but I've promised my partner."

"Pardon me for sayin' that," she breathed in rapid confidence as Mr. Solitaire retired, "but I don't like his looks. You don't have to dance with me if you don't want to."

Sam made it sufficiently clear that he did want to.

Other men came up and when Sam introduced them she gave each a dance. She danced with portly men, genteel men, lively men, and dull men. She was a success.

Finally the caller called for Ladies' Choice, and all the ladies gathered at one end of the room and the men at the other.

The dance caller was just lifting his foot to stamp on the box when Lewt came into the parlor and stood leaning in the doorway.

Only Pearl knew why he was there. He had heard the caller announce the dance and he had come to claim her. His murderous pride kept him from exposing himself to the public choice by other women; that was why he stood in the doorway, so he could pretend that he'd only

come to watch—perhaps refuse to dance with her, but not before showing the world whose girl she was.

From Lewt her eyes moved to Sam Pierce. Looking at him, in a fraction of a second Pearl knew almost as much about Sam as she did about Lewt. Sam was a top hand, otherwise he couldn't have been Gabe Withington's straw boss. But Sam had no wife, perhaps not even any girl. There weren't enough women to go around, and Sam, by his looks, was pretty near forty. A chance to have a woman of his own, even one much younger than he was, might mean a lot to Sam.

It was a solemn moment. Pearl felt this deeply. Her body felt incapable of motion. She wondered if any force on earth could keep her feet from taking her to Lewt. In that moment she both feared and desired him.

The caller stomped his heel three times; the fiddlers began playing Dinah Had a Wooden Leg. With a pell-mell rush, the ladies in their full skirts, jostling, dashed across the open space between them and their partners. Pearl was far back in the jam. She didn't hurry; she was like a woman walking in her sleep. Lewt's head turned once, his eyes filled with unbelief and then with killing hate, as she went up to Sam.

SAM'S courtship was as deliberate as his speech and as conventional, grave and simple as the way he walked, rode, worked, and talked.

And certainly he had confidence in his chances as a suitor or he wouldn't have taken that long ride so often. He didn't seem to mind riding seventy miles to see a girl. He didn't even mind, for Pearl's sake, eating

with the crazy damned McCanleses—a hostile group in which she had some unexplained or half-decided status. What he wanted was to get Pearl out of there.

"Your relatives figure me for a kind of rustler," he told Pearl once.

"You won't be bothered," she said enigmatically.

When he asked her to marry him, she accepted in the same aloof, bitter tone.

He stated his intention of speaking to the senator, and Pearl said, "You don't have to ask the senator or anybody else. I'll marry you on my own say-so. They don't own me around here."

In August, Sam brought Pearl a trunk. It was a proper bridal trunk, hand-tooled by a saddle tooler in Paradise Flats. Pearl began to sew for it, none too well but determined to have the things a bride should have. She had six of everything—muslin underwear, petticoats, high-throated nightgowns, initialed sheets and pillowcases. Mrs. McCanles gave her the materials she needed. The older woman seemed pleased about Sam Pierce, anxious to mend the break in their relations which had resulted from their talk about Lewt. They were two women together again in a man's world.

Now that the trunk was full, Pearl couldn't wait for the days to pass, for the time to come when she would leave this house and all the people in it. Even Lewt. Especially Lewt, she thought, sitting alone in the narrow room they'd let her "use."

One thing was clear: Lewt didn't take Sam seriously. He seemed to regard her engagement as a trick designed to make him jealous, so he treated the whole enterprise with affable contempt. But, as the weeks passed, Lewt's sureness left him. A day came when the Paradise Flats Halo contained the following note:

Sam Pierce, Rafter T's popular boss, was in town shopping for home furnishings. We hear the honors will take place Saturday. Congratulations, Sam. Miss Chavez is a beautiful bride.

Lewt put the paper in his pocket and went up to Pearl's room. It was Thursday morning. She was all through sewing and she had her dress made. For something to do, she was repacking the small tooled trunk.

Lewt closed the lid of the trunk and sat on it.

"Just wanted to ask you a couple of things."

"Get off my trunk."

Lewt, cigarette in mouth, rubbed his hand across the beautifully carved leather next his leg.

"No need for a trunk," he said at length, "unless you're goin' some place."

"You know where I'm goin'."

"It don't add up sense to me. Never did."

"No use talking like that. I'll tell you again, if you want to hear it: I'm going to marry Sam Pierce. Now get out of here, Lewt. I don't want you here."

She tried to control the shaking of her voice. Then, the way her hands shook! To keep Lewt from noticing, she knotted them together. Thoughts and feelings buried deep inside, way out of sight, were now betraying her. If only he weren't so near—if only she still didn't like him so much!

"You know I won't let you go away. Don't you know that?" Lewt's tone was gentle.

"You want me back the way we used to be? You want me to be your girl again?"

Lewt shifted. He said grudgingly, "I'm not saying we can't get married sometime. Maybe next year—"

"I just want to get it straight, what you want me to do. Just be your girl and live here? Is that it, Lewt? I just want to know."

Lewt stared at her. "I want you back, Pearl, honey."

"You lost your chance."

"You ain't gone yet!" He stood up.

"I am going, though!"

"Not to Sam Pierce, you ain't!"

THERE was a rule at the Oriental that you left your gun behind the bar. On one side of the mirror was a neat row of shelves divided into small compartments like mailboxes for that purpose.

At four o'clock that afternoon Sam Pierce's Bixby Model Colt went into one of these compartments. Pretty Sam Staley noticed, as he often had before, that the gun was old and rusty; Sam Pierce hadn't fired it for years.

Pretty Sam the bartender and Sam the straw boss were great friends. Their friendship came partly from having the same name.

"Hello, Sam."

"Hello, Sam. Make it a P and S."

Pretty Sam Staley made Sam Pierce a peppermint and soda, and hazarded a comment. "I hear as you've named the day."

"That's right!"

"The best of everything to both of you, Sam," Sam Staley said sincerely.

"I thank you," Sam Pierce said.

The gesture of his friend seemed to expand his mood. Turning around, he faced the room.

Although it was still early, there was a fair-sized group already drinking at the Oriental. Sam Pierce addressed the room at large. "I'd like to stand a drink for all," he said. Dropping the habitual reserve which sometimes made him seem shy and elderly, he raised his voice and, smiling around, said firmly, "My treat, gentlemen! I'm getting married in the morning!"

"Save your money, Sam," Lewt said.

Lewt had asked for Sam Pierce when he had come in, an hour earlier. The bartender hadn't thought anything about it. Lewt had sat into a red dog game. Now Pretty Sam suddenly remembered. Lewt pulled his chair out of the game; he was sitting back against the wall. He continued to address Sam Pierce. "Ain't you celebratin' a little previous?"

Talk was dying out all over the room.

"Not the way I see it," Sam Pierce said.

"You ain't married yet," Lewt said.

"If I was married," Sam Pierce said, "I wouldn't be standing up here, Lewt, buying these drinks. Won't you step up with my other friends here?"

THESE words were often quoted afterward. In the opinion of all hearers, they showed how far Sam Pierce had gone to keep things peaceful.

Lewt said, "No, thanks."

"All right, Lewt."

Sam turned around again, facing the mirror. It was evident that Lewt had waited for him here to pick a quarrel and, if possible, to kill him.

It was unlikely that Lewt would shoot down an unarmed man. Such an action, even in a country where gunplay was commonplace, would mean immediate death by hanging. No; in order to effect his murder, Lewt had to promote a quarrel.

Sam's choice was simple. He could walk out unarmed, and try to fight later; or he could try to get his gun somehow and fight it out now. He would fight now. Square before him in the broad brown surface of the mirror was the reflection of Ben Lukens, the postmaster. Sam spoke to the reflection.

"What about you, Ben? Do you feel inclined to have a drink with me?"

Ben Luken's bulk quivered. He was a fat man and whisky and idleness in recent years had made him enormous.

"Why, no, Sam. Thank'ee just the same. I don't reckon I will, not right now."

Sam Pierce's voice was edgy. "Now, I take that right unfriendly, refusing my hospitality the day before my wedding."

To refuse to drink with a man was always dangerous. Under the ceremonial circumstances named by Sam Pierce, it could be a deadly insult.

"No offense, Sam," Ben said. "I'll take the usual."

"Come on up, then," Sam Pierce said.

Ben Lukens put his hands on the table and hoisted himself up. As he waddled toward the bar there would be a second or two when Ben's frame would obstruct the line of fire between Lewt and Sam. Using this second, Sam might jump across the bar and get his gun.

Lewt was moving toward the bar, only a step behind

Ben Lukens. Lewt's thinking had kept up with Sam's.

"I'll buy my own," he said to Pretty Sam Staley. "A rock and rye."

"Yes, sir," Pretty Sam said.

The bartender had not moved from his position in front of the gun rack. Instead of coming down to serve his customers, he slid the glasses down the bar. First Ben's red-eye, then Lewt's rock and rye. Each man reached for his order and got it, and then Sam Pierce reached for the Bixby Model Colt which his friend Sam Staley had skidded to him in the wake of the glasses. Ben Lukens, standing between the duelists, threw himself on the floor.

Sam Pierce leveled down on Lewt and pulled the trigger, but his gun was rusty and it jammed. Sam Pierce grunted and backed up to the bar, then slowly folded up, holding his stomach with both hands. Lewt had shot him three times at a range of one yard.

A warrant was sworn out for Lewt that night. Sheriff Hardy rode out to the Spanish Bit, but Lewt wasn't there.

Sam Pierce lay in state for two days in Ed Zinke's combined undertaking-butcher store. Close to a hundred people viewed the corpse, including Pearl. Ladies of Paradise Flats who were present at the time had scrutinized her carefully, and professed later that she hadn't shown a trace of Christian feeling. Not a tear or a sign out of her. She had just looked.

"She's a cold one," Mrs. Zinke said. "That Indian face of hers!"

"You don't believe she loved him?" Mrs. Lem Smoot asked.

"I believe she loved the other one," Mrs. Zinke said. "I think she still does. She'll be back with him. You wait and see."

By all known standards, Mrs. Zinke's deduction seemed sensible. Most people were sure Lewt had got back the girl he'd killed for. Not that Lewt and Pearl were ever seen together. Lewt, properly speaking, wasn't seen at all. His early period of outlawry—for the issuance of the warrant technically made it that—was really a period of hiding.

Though small effort was made to bring him to justice, he kept out of sight—away from the town and the ranch. Of course he needed money, and for a while he got it from the same place it had always come from—home. These periodical replenishings of his finances were arranged by meetings with his brothers—or with other individuals of friendly inclination—in isolated places in his father's vast range.

And when he was known to be around people noticed Pearl was apt to be encountered in the same neighborhood before long. Alone under the big sky, riding at a steady pace and wrapped in her own purposes, she would turn out to avoid other travelers.

Through the years of 1888 and 1889 she continued her obscure journeyings more brazenly. She seldom now even pretended she was hunting or gave people any reasonable clue to her comings and goings. She would appear at any time, unpredictably, and be gone just as quickly. In Pearl as she appeared now there was small trace of the elegant young woman who had danced at Gabe Withington's in a low-cut velvet dress and buckled slippers. She had reverted to the tomboyish dress of her first year on the ranch—linsey shirt and buckskin riding pants and star boots. In her nineteen-year-old face there was nothing youthful. It was a woman's face that might be almost any age—one shaped by loneliness and inward turned thoughts.

Every country has its human oddities, though generally specimens less ornamental than Pearl. A kind of legend grew around the lonely woman riding to unhallowed meetings with her outlawed lover. Imagination followed her progress long after she was lost to sight, swallowed in the endless stretch of the plains.

LEWT was feeling neglected. A dissatisfied exile, he sulked in barrooms, brooding over his unhappy lot. The senator wrote once or twice. He told Lewt he ought to stay away awhile longer; the sheriff wasn't talking business.

Sheriff Hardy wasn't a McCanles sheriff. Railroad interests, backed by the town merchants and small fry, had put him in. And there was another factor working against Lewt's return—the rage that had swept the Staked Plains country at the way Sam Pierce had died.

Lewt had broken the code. That was far more serious than breaking the law. He hadn't exactly shot Sam down without giving him a chance to draw, but—well, he didn't give him a fair shake, either. Sam's friends at Rafter T said if Lewt was ever caught in Paradise Flats he'd get a rope before he got a trial.

"What are you goin' to do about it?" Lewt's half-breed friend Coz Crazy-Bear would ask each time a letter came. And Lewt would fill a glass with whisky and study the situation.

"I'll know what to do, don't worry," he'd say.

Lewt's irritation reached a climax when his father, answering an urgent request for money, sent him two hundred dollars with the explanation that it was all he could afford.

Lewt put the money in his pocket. He stepped on his half-smoked cigarette. "I'll look out for myself from here on," Lewt said. His weak-looking, handsome face assumed a rakish, secretive expression.

He owned a shaggy little twenty-dollar stock horse, but he rode him with a big tooled saddle studded with conchas as big as silver dollars. Lewt had always wanted a concha saddle—well, now he had it! Maybe he could raise some money on it.

A few days later Lewt's fine saddle was in pawn in a Mobeetie gambling house called Shores of Hell. Lewt and Coz Crazy-Bear went back to get it out.

LEWT and Coz Crazy-Bear had met up in the Cherokee Lands the first year of Lewt's exile. Coz was a man of various talents, all of them bad. It was Coz who outlined an attractive way for repossessing Lewt's saddle. They discussed the matter for several hours and decided it was the only way. Both had considerable red-eye in their bellies when they reached the Shores of Hell to put the plan in operation.

The place had just opened. The proprietor came toward the door, blinking at his visitors. Suddenly terror squeezed his face. He turned to jump behind the bar. But Coz stepped round him, and the gambler, his hands raised, backed to the center of the room. The saddle was behind the bar and Lewt got it. Following Coz's directions, he found the keys to the bartender's cash drawer. Thirty seconds later they were in the street again.

Lewt had arrived on a bareback mount so that he'd have a place to put the saddle when he got it. He slapped it on now and cinched up fast.

After a ride of several days Coz guided Lewt to a hideout he had used before—a deserted quicksilver mine in an escarpment of the hills. The mine was an ideal hideout. Cupped in a tiny canyon, it could be entered only by one trail which crept in along a watershed behind three little peaks.

On previous visits Coz had done repair work on one of the cabins. With this cabin as headquarters, they began a series of raids and hold-ups—gradually taking in stage-coach lines as well as saloons.

Their last raid had been on a stage that had gone for $1,800. Coz had expected more and was disappointed. He stayed drunk for a week. Lewt began to plan. He stayed off liquor, trying to work out the biggest and the boldest job they'd ever tried. The only trouble with it was, they'd have to take a woman in on it.

A BOY on a lathered horse got to round-up camp at midday. He inquired for Gil McCanles and gave him a message. They talked to one side. Then Gil and Ruck, leaving one of the hands in charge of tally, cut out fresh horses. In the tight-lipped and sullen unity with which they were used to meeting family demands on them, they saddled up and rode back to the ranch house.

The senator was in his counting room. As his two sons filed into his presence, he shook hands with them. "Sit down," the senator commanded. "Take a load off your feet. Sit down, sit down."

"How are you, senator?" Gil inquired.

"Pretty good fer an old mossy-horn," Senator McCan-

les said. "I eat good, sleep good. Everything O. K. out at camp?"

"Tally'll run about six thousand," Gil said.

The bad news, whatever it was, hadn't been spoken yet. Well, out with it. Time it was known, whatever it was.

"Anything else come up special?"

"Sure did," Ruck said.

Gil looked at the ink spots on the desk. "Pearl around?" he asked at length.

The senator took thought. "Don't calculate she is. Haven't seen her fer—a couple, three weeks."

"She was in it, then!"

"Speak up, Gil," the senator said irritably.

"Jesse sent a boy out with a message. Said to tell you the El Paso southbound was held up eleven miles outside Paradise Flats. Passengers and mail car robbed. They killed the engineer, Tim Harmony. Sheriff sent out a posse. Jesse sent word the sheriff might come out this way to have a look."

Senator McCanles nodded, sucking his mustache. Al-

though his posture did not change, a terrible dejection seemed to transfix him. Then, by an act of will, he pushed it away. His eyes were hard and clear and his voice firm. "It's a damn pack of lies! Lewt never had a thing to do with it."

Gil and Ruck listened, heads moving in agreement.

"He killed Sam Pierce, that's all," the senator declared. "He's no outlaw. He just killed a man that tried to steal his girl. Why was you asking me about Pearl? Was she with him?"

Ruck giggled. Gil silenced him with a look.

"A woman stopped the train. Set the signal at the JG flag stop. Harmony stopped because it was a woman."

"Makes her guilty, I suppose," the senator sneered.

IT was a quiet meal at the McCanles house that night. The boys rarely spoke unless they were spoken to, and the senator sat quiet and deep in thought. After dinner Gil got the checkerboard out and his father sat down at the board and without a word made the first move. Ruck, who was clever with a jackknife, whittled into the fireplace. Nobody moved when the sound of a horse coming in at a lope was heard. The old man pushed a checker into the king row and said casually, "Go let him in, Ruck." He moved his new king out and jumped two of Gil's men with it.

"It's Ellis Anders," Ruck said from the hall.

"Evening, y'all," a very tall cowpuncher said politely. "Quite a wind out."

Gil got up and shook hands. His face looked pleased. Ellis Anders, straw boss of the Cross T, had come all the way from round-up.

"Take your coat off, Ellis. We got a spot of drinkin' whisky that's been looking for a home."

"It won't have to look no further," Ellis Anders said. "Nile Hammond's coming," he continued. "I saw him just before I left."

"Mighty friendly of Nile," the senator said. "And you too, Ellis."

Men continued to drop in the next hour, and a card game was started.

Senator McCanles and his sons were proud of having guests tonight. These men owed no fealty to the senator. Many had opposed his views in county politics and other matters. Yet they were all here tonight. They were standing by him in his trouble.

These visitors were law-abiding men. They were present as an act of sympathy or interest and a little more besides. If a respected man's house were to be searched, then they were there to see the matter was done properly, according to the code.

It was nearly midnight when the evening's most important guest made his entry—Sheriff James Hardy. He invited the senator to step into the hall, presenting his warrant for Lewt's arrest.

"Lewt's been gone for two years, sheriff," said the senator. "No use bringing that thing here to me."

"I'm sorry, senator," Hardy said, with an air of deference. He asked and obtained permission to search the premises. Senator McCanles went back to the poker table. While the sheriff searched the ranch and the outbuildings the senator played consistently good poker.

It was an hour before the sheriff left. Nobody had any real interest in poker and the game soon broke up.

While Sheriff Hardy had been paying his call on Senator McCanles, the hardier spirits of Paradise Flats were organizing a posse. They'd run down the renegades who robbed the train—yes, sir, they'd run them down and string them up, if they had to ride for six months!

Sheriff Hardy got back in time to lead this group of fire-eaters on the first lap of their chase. The posse included nearly every man in town who had a gun and horse and was in shape for riding. They had no trouble picking up the trail of Coz and Lewt at the spot where the El Paso southbound had been waylaid.

Quite early in their ride the posse found a lady's skirt and hat, obviously those worn by the female who had acted as accessory. These garments the sheriff collected as evidence. He proceeded boldly to the place where Lewt and Coz had separated. Here the posse divided correspondingly. About one half of the riders, including Sheriff Hardy and Jesse McCanles, swung out on the set of tracks that led west. They had hard riding. On the sixth day they lost the trail where it petered out in the mountain rimrock.

The other section of the posse had better luck. Led by Laury Matson, one of Hardy's deputies, they stumbled on the hideout at the old quicksilver mine. They captured Lewt McCanles fast asleep in one of the deserted cabins.

Coz wasn't with him. He came staggering and singing down the ghost-town street in the broad moonlight just about the time the posse finished tying up Lewt. Laury Matson and another man bore down on him with Winchesters and told him to surrender, but the Indian went for his guns. So many bullets hit him in the next ten seconds that his corpse hardly looked human when they picked him up.

Lewt was kept under guard, tied to a tree, while the posse men rested and regaled themselves.

PEARL had left several hours after the posse, but it was no problem to follow them. When she reached the marker of the trail into the old quicksilver mine, the posse's tracks led straight toward the peaks. Apparently the leaders hadn't seen the ledge around that highest peak, a road once broad enough to bring ore wagons out on but now half eaten off by rains and overgrown with brush.

Pearl tied her horse out of the sun. Carefully holding her rifle, she looked down at the ruined mine works, the street of deserted cabins. For fifty yards her approach was screened by the small peak, a cone-shaped slab of sandstone. She crawled past this, slid over an ancient mass of excavation from the mine, and stood up.

At that second she heard a sound—only a tiny sound, but terrible: the end of everything—the unmistakable click of a rifle's cocking mechanism.

"Grab hold of your ears and turn around!"

The cup-shaped valley was full of men. She kicked,

bit, and screamed at them as they tied her up, their voices heavy with the joy of hurting.

"Jeeze, what a varmint." "Cross-tie the varmint." "Say, she bit me!"

Pearl swung hard at this man—then a light exploded in her head.

"That does it," a disgusted voice said, but she was still conscious when they picked her up and tied her.

Then she saw Lewt, bound too. The stubble of black

beard made his pale face paler and his cold eyes colder. When he saw her, he turned away and spat.

JESSE'S office was reached by an outside staircase of unpainted planks, dry and cracked from the weather. Slowly he mounted the shabby stairs, noticing that the office door, now on a level with his eyes, was slightly open. He knew what to expect, and wasn't surprised, not even to the extent of wondering how they had got the door unlocked. Ruck, as usual, looked simian and sleepy, and Gil neat, compact, and dry.

"Dad's coming over later," Gil said by way of greeting. He waited while Jesse hung up his hat and sat down before them at his desk.

He let them talk first, though the words hardly came through: "—tomorrow—all planned—chances good—"

When they had delivered their message, they sat waiting, solidly weighting down the varnished chairs with the dignity which invested them, the dignity of loyalty or brotherly love which had brought them here to make Jesse side with Lewt and the girl who had lived in their house.

Jesse waited several minutes before he answered them, choosing his words as carefully as he could. He explained slowly why he could not help them "rescue" Lewt and the girl from jail. He could represent them, though. He could go to a judge and get something he called a change of venue. Tomorrow Jesse would get that.

Ruck's face got swollen and red. "Tomorrow Lewt and her might be strung up."

Jesse only ran his tongue around his dry mouth. There was no more he could say—and when the senator arrived, there was nothing he could add in explanation to his father.

Ruck looked at Gil. Gil looked at the floor. All those sensible words meant nothing to the three of them.

"We figured you'd be with us, Jesse," the senator said. He coughed, amended the speech—already he was treating Jesse as an enemy. "We aimed to git Lewt out tonight."

Jesse's voice rose. "I told you I'd defend him in court. It's all any one can do. If you try to break him out, they'll get him back—perhaps kill him doin' it." He stopped. What the hell was the use?

Gil turned a little toward Ruck. A look passed between them. They got up. To them, Jesse wasn't a McCanles any more. They had blown the horn, they had rallied the clan, and Jesse hadn't answered.

He had refused to go down to the jail and help break out Lewt and Pearl. This was worse, far worse, than the railroad issue. This was different. This was a family matter. None of them would ever understand that in offering his service in the law he'd offered all he had. To go outside the law would mean, to Jesse, sacrificing his identity, the thing he lived by.

He couldn't stop his family from trying what he knew they'd try, but that effort might not succeed. If it didn't, he'd have work to do. He'd better get around the town and find out what was happening.

There was a small crowd in front of the adobe jail, but so far it seemed a purposeless, idling group. Several men exchanged greetings with Jesse, but talk died as he strolled by. He went into the bar of the Oriental.

"CARE for another, Mr. McCanles?"

"Thanks, Sam."

Pretty Sam Staley filled the jigger carefully, not quite to the top.

"I'm going home to get some sleep, Sam."

"You couldn't do better, Mr. McCanles," Pretty Sam agreed. "It's pretty quiet here this afternoon."

It wasn't really quiet in the Oriental; it was only empty. Now and then a man came in and took a hasty drink and hurried out again. The crowd was swelling slowly as each newcomer held to it, not wanting to miss anything that might occur. The murmur grew with the crowd. Still, there was nothing to fear in it, nothing you could say meant trouble. Then suddenly outside there was a spatter of stones hitting the jail wall and a crash as a window broke. The voice of the crowd was a throaty murmur full of unfinished sounds, just like the voice of any other crowd. It might have been a bunch of people in a city park waiting for a band concert to begin.

"They're just amusing themselves," Jesse remarked. "They don't mean any harm. Even if they tried something they couldn't get away with it. Sheriff Hardy would stop them. He's a good man."

Pretty Sam wiped down the bar with the small cloth which was invisible in his hand. "They ain't goin' to raise no ruckus out there," he agreed. Then he raised his head as a new note became noticeable above the murmur.

Pretty Sam lifted the flap of the bar and walked to the door. As he looked over the crowd in front of the jail, he heard a woman scream.

Pretty Sam Staley started for the screaming voice. He knew before he crossed the sidewalk that the crowd had found what it had waited for all day—something to get interested in.

It was no longer a holiday crowd. Animosity began, and with it a change from a street gathering of cow-town people to a Thing—a mob with unified yet somehow mindless feelings. The release of individual responsibility was not complete. Something more would have to happen first, something not yet decided but that would come.

As he hurried toward the jail, Sam caught sight of an immensely fat and big-boned woman leaning back against the wall of the jail. She was dead drunk. She had a vicious face, squeezed into a knot by booze and by some powerful emotion. She was Sharon Harmony, widow of the engineer who had been killed when his train was held up and robbed.

"Men!" she yelled. "Just let me in there. You won't need no rope. I'll know how to deal with her that killed my Tim—the sweetest, cleanest man that ever lived. Here's my rope right here." And she held up her huge hands, the fingers distended as if to encircle a neck.

The widow's behavior had whipped up the feelings of the crowd. No one remembered that her wifely loyalty was of recent origin.

Pretty Sam Staley had almost reached the jail when he was pushed aside to make room for Sheriff Hardy. Mounted on a powerfully built gray horse, the sheriff had ridden out of the alley beside the jail. He dismounted at the jail door. Thoroughly excited now, the people in the street began to shout taunts. They facetiously inquired what Sheriff Hardy had brought back from his posse ride. Some reckless spirit threw a chunk of hardened dirt which grazed the sheriff's hat.

Sheriff Hardy faced the direction from which the missile

had come. He said without animosity, "I'm going to plug the next man that chucks a doober. And if any of you gentlemen are interested in my prisoners, now's the time to come and get 'em."

"Now's the time to come and get 'em!"

Pearl in her cell heard the crowd noises. She had hardly known fear in her life, but she was afraid of that crowd. With a tin plate she banged on the cell bars until the jailer came. She asked for soap, water and a comb and towel. Her fear of being lynched was far less urgent than her fear that she would be lynched looking bad.

For half an hour she got ready for death as if for a lover. Then she sat down on her bunk to wait. Time passed. It was nearly dark. The sheriff had just made his challenge to the people in Allen Street when Pearl heard horses coming up the alley. The lock on the jail's back door gave way with a squeal of wood and metal, as if crowbarred. Keys rattled, and Pearl knew the other cell had been unlocked. She hung on the bars and thrust her face against them, trying wildly, but with small success, to get a view of what was happening in the cell corridor.

Suddenly she drew back from the bars. Some one was standing there, putting a key in the lock. Lewt, or the shadow of Lewt, suddenly appeared. "Come on, Pearl," he said. "We got a horse for you—"

He had her by the hand. She drew away from him and crouched, half cowering, in a corner of the cell. "I'm not going with you."

The others were behind him now, Gil and Ruck and the old man. One of them said, "What's the matter with her?" And Lewt answered, "She don't want to come."

"Don't be a damned fool, Pearl! They're comin' after you. They're liable to string you up!"

"Leave me be," she said. "I am not going with you."

"Come on, son." It was the old man.

Lewt's face looked like a skeleton's. He turned from Pearl to his father, and then he uttered a kind of groan and ran out of the cell.

ALTHOUGH Jesse cared little whether a client was good or bad, he was particular that any one he represented should have a tenable legal position. He doubted whether Pearl had. Moreover, he had several reasons, all of them good, for holding her in contempt. She had certainly helped, if she had not been entirely responsible, in starting Lewt on the way he'd taken. Thus he reasoned, smoking a cigar after a late breakfast next morning. So far as he was concerned, the jail break involved no other problems. He had had no part in it; there had been no bloodshed. Returning Lewt to jail was the sheriff's job. As for Pearl over in the jail, right now, if she was lucky, she would be getting a piece of bread with sorghum on it, or a bowl of grits.

Taking his hat from the peg behind him, Jesse suddenly decided he'd go over there. In his careful reasoning he hadn't bothered to diagnose one factor—his mixed feelings about Pearl.

He went up the alley to the back door, which still hung askew. He was admitted without question. "You goin' to stay long?" the jailer asked.

"Only about half an hour. Has she had anything to eat today?"

"I give her some coffee, but I don't think she took it. Just sits there all the time like a sick cat. She gives me the willies."

At the first glance, the cell looked empty. Pearl was hunched away over in the corner of the cot.

"'Lo, Pearl," Jesse said. He looked at her curiously, trying to fathom what was wrong with her. She sat as if she were holding herself together. Had she been hurt somehow in the fracas?

"'Lo, Jesse."

This was the way she'd always greeted him.

"You all right?" he asked rather absurdly.

"I've got the shivers," Pearl said. "One minute I'm ice-cold, then I begin to shake all over."

"You ought to drink some hot coffee."

"I will, later. I'll be all right later."

"Sure," Jesse said. "Sure you will."

She was obviously feverish. At the very moment when she had spoken of shivering, she began to shiver.

"I'm just weak, that's all," she said. "Did they go after Lewt?"

"Not with a posse. They can't track them on these roads," he told her. "He got away clean."

"He got away," Pearl said. She spoke in a low tone, half to herself. "He got away." Then she added, "I'm glad he got away, though. They won't get him now."

Looking at her, Jesse felt as he had before—he wanted no part of her. In spite of her having been once a little girl for whom he bought a pair of shoes, she was no good.

The boots she'd worn stood over against the wall. Their heels were worn down and the toes cracked and patched. Somehow these boots seemed symbolic of the forsworn life that she'd led, and they had brought her here at the end.

"Pearl," Jesse said soberly, "what you need most is a lawyer."

"I never thought for you to help me, Jesse," she said. "It wouldn't be right."

"It's not what's right or what isn't right," Jesse said.

"Thanks, Jesse," Pearl said. "But I don't need anybody. I don't want a lawyer."

"In a few days," he said, "you'll have to plead—that is, tell the court whether you're guilty or not guilty. Then you'll have time to prepare your case, and after that, sooner or later, you'll be tried."

"I know, I know, Jesse," she said impatiently. "It's no use explaining. I don't need a lawyer, honest I don't."

"Of all the stupid nonsense!" Jesse said, bursting out. "Listen. If there is any human being in the world that needs a lawyer, it's you. What do you want to do? Put a rope around your own neck?"

Pearl made no answer. He thought: Let her go to hell in her own way, if that's what she wants. At least he'd tried to help her, much against his will; had spoken to her and been reasonable, and she had refused him. He was through now, once and for all.

Nevertheless, Jesse woke up next day thinking of the worn-out boots. A couple of days later he took her a new pair. They were the best he could get ready-made. But, in spite of the pleasure any one must feel in touching the glossy newness of good leather, Pearl would not put a finger on them.

"I got no use for boots," she said. "I'm not goin' anywhere."

"Then I'll take them back, if that's what you want me to do."

"I don't care what you do. I got no call for wearin' boots like these."

"Just as you say," Jesse said. He rewrapped the gift, awkwardly crumpling the heavy paper.

MRS. TATUM gave Jesse the message when he came in to supper. The kid from the jail had been by, looking for him. He had left word that the prisoner wanted to see him.

Pearl was up and dressed, pacing nervously around, watching for his arrival.

"I was right ornery, Jesse, this afternoon." She turned away. "Maybe you didn't mean it the way I thought, giving me the boots. I don't know. I figured you were tryin' to mess me up, makin' me think about that other pair you gave me once."

Jesse pulled a chair around. "I was trying to do just that—make you remember the old days."

"Then it was a mean, dirty trick."

"There's things I want to know."

"Just like I thought, so you can start lawyerin'!"

"I don't mean about this case," Jesse said. "I'm going back to the old days myself now. You and Lewt—that's one of the things—and where you've been and what you've been doin' with yourself these last two years. Is there any harm in wantin' to know about things like that?"

She looked past his shoulder at the corner of the room. "Maybe no harm in it, but no sense in it either."

"That's for me to decide."

Pearl smiled, for the first time. "I was thinking about you, Jesse. You knew the way I felt about you. That's

why you were so low-down to trade on it with your boots."

"I liked you plenty, too!"

Pearl laughed. "I was sweet on you. Honest I was!"

"Now you're the one that's funnin'!"

Pearl came across to where he was sitting. "If I talk to you, you'll try to make me want to live. And I don't want to live—I want to die!"

"That's the way you feel now. You'll feel different after you've been in court."

"No, I won't." Putting her hand on his shoulder, she spoke quietly. "You better go away, Jesse. I'll tell you this much, though," she said, facing him. "If you make me talk, you'll be sorry. I'll promise you that."

IN his experience with prisoners Jesse had become adept at taking notes. He'd learned ways of scribbling without making it noticeable. But Pearl never looked at the pencil, and after a while Jesse made his jottings openly.

She began with a great effort. When, little by little, memory took hold of her, she changed not only her manner of speaking but her voice itself. In some way her voice deepened and smoothed out and there was no pause in the flow of what she said.

"You'll be sorry—because it isn't any use. I'm his girl—Lewt's, I mean. If I live, I'll go back to him. By myself, I'm only half of something. I've found how it was. I guess Sam Pierce had to be killed to teach me that.

"I'll say this: No posse is going to run down Lewt McCanles. He knows too much for a posse. He's too smart.

"Lewt always knew when any one was after him. He knew when he was being tracked, but what he didn't know was that I was tracking him. And he didn't know when I started out that I meant to kill him. For what he did to me and Sam. And I caught up to him, too, because I knew all the things about him that a posse didn't. Like this: Lewt never could keep going without sleeping.

"I knew that; that's how I caught up to him. One time I threw down on him and kicked him until he sat up. I didn't want to kill him with his eyes closed. When he opened them, I told him he could say a prayer. But instead of praying he laughed at me. He claimed he'd known I was after him and that he'd been waiting for me just to see what I was going to do.

"I missed my chance when I let him begin to talk. He pulled me down and started talkin' to me. He made out I was the wrong one, not him. He'd had to kill Sam Pierce, he said, because I broke my word. We had been bespoken and we split the dime and Lewt had cut our names on the cottonwood tree. He said I'd driven him crazy, going with Sam Pierce that way when we were still bespoken.

"While we were talking all the strength went out of me. I kept on saying yes, yes, yes. I was beat out. So that's how I went back to him—and if he's alive and I'm alive, I always will.

"So I made true what the folks was saying: I'd gone back. I wanted to be dead, but every time he needed me I went."

She stopped. Jesse waited for her to go on. "Did he make you hold up the El Paso southbound?"

Pearl's thoughts struggled with this. "He and that Indian, Coz—they got an old dress and hat for me. They said the southbound wouldn't never stop for a man."

"Did you help in the robbery?"

Pearl didn't understand. "I just told you. They got the dress for me. In that old calico dress and a hat they found, I was a sight! The dress would have wrapped around me three times and the hat was a mile too big."

Jesse made a note. "What I'm asking you, Pearl, is this: Were you there when the passengers were lined up and when Lewt broke into the mail car?"

"No," Pearl said slowly. "I went back after the horses. We had them about a half mile away. I went to get them."

"That was your part in it—to stand there until the train stopped and then to go for their horses?"

She nodded. "Yes, Jesse, that was it."

"Did anybody see you by the signal—see you close, that is? Were you there long enough for anybody from the train to positively identify you?"

"I didn't wait. When it was stopping I left."

"And when you got back—"

"I never did get back. I had the horses and Coz and Lewt were running up the trail toward me. We rode about a mile and then we all split up. We were supposed to meet up at the mine. You know what happened there."

Both were silent. Pearl kept running one finger down a groove some bygone prisoner had whittled on the pine table. "You see why I told you not to make me talk? You can't get lawyerin' out of the stuff I told you."

Jesse saw Pearl every day. On the day when she was called to plead, he represented her in court.

"How can you say that?" she inquired, back in her cell again after her brief trip across Allen Street to the courthouse. "How can you say I'm not guilty, when I am? I did just what the judge read off that paper—I stopped the train. When they find out I'm lying, I'll be a gone goose."

"I lied for you—if it was a lie," Jesse said slowly. "I entered the plea, Pearl. But it might not have been a lie. There are other facts, like provocation, what drives you to do something, that just can't be put down black or white."

"You mean there's things in my favor?"

"There are," Jesse said more confidently. "If I didn't figure we had some chance I wouldn't have let you plead that way. You didn't shoot that engineer, did you, Pearl?"

"You know I didn't, Jesse."

"All right. But you're charged with it. The plea we made today was true, then, as far as the murder was concerned."

"It was true! It was!"

"The robbery wasn't your notion. You're innocent. When once we get in court, there's nothing we're ever goin' to do that will let the jury think you were with Lewt that night."

Jesse didn't remember that a short time earlier he had considered her not worth defending. Long ago his conscience had rejected any feeling of guilt over the lie—or better say, the necessary tricks of pleading that would be the means of acquitting her. He kept assuring himself this was so.

Surely she was innocent in one way. Every legal code in the world took provocation into account.

THE hitch racks were lined with horses, the bars were full, and every bed that was for rent was rented. Paradise Flats had been celebrating for a week. The crowd around the courthouse that day enjoyed the same holiday mood that had prevailed when Lewt and Pearl were first captured and a lynching had loomed as a diverting possibility. Bartenders up and down Laporte and Allen Streets held bets at five to four that Pearl would hang.

Hardly any one could get in the courthouse, which held less than a hundred people. Through the afternoon hours a running account of the case was furnished by a gambler called Johnny-Behind-the-Trey. All the courthouse windows were on a second-story level, but Johnny had pried one of them open. He hung on its ledge, his head inside and his feet supported on the shoulders of Clovis Long, a powerfully built wheelwright.

Johnny could see and hear everything fine. Whenever an important development occurred, he would yank out his head and relay his information to the crowd below.

At half past two Prosecutor Lindsay started calling witnesses. An hour later Johnny left his perch and walked into the Oriental. Dutch Annie, who was sitting at her usual table, called him over.

"What's the matter, Johnny?"

Johnny gulped the drink. "She's done for," he said.

"What makes you think so?"

"They identified the clothes."

"What clothes?"

"The ones she was wearin' when she pulled the signal stop. Seven witnesses identified them."

"But not her?"

"They wasn't dead sure. But the clothes is enough."

Dutch Annie reflected. "Has Jesse opened his case yet?"

"He hasn't made no speech. What would be the use?"

Dutch Annie rose. "I'm goin' over there," she said, "and take a look-see."

The lawyers were arguing about what they called exhibits—a dirty-looking woman's hat and an old calico dress which lay on a table in front of the judge's bench. Jesse seemed to want the things taken away or not "admitted"; Lindsay wanted them to stay there, and won his point.

Jesse walked back to the little table where Pearl sat. Looking very tall and dignified in his long black coat, tan pants, and yellow star boots, he began to speak, holding a paper in his hand.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury: You have been called here to sit in judgment on a woman not yet twenty years old—a woman on trial for her life.

"Did I call her a woman? There she sits, gentlemen. She is a girl. She is in that first flower of girlhood which you, which all of us, have been taught to cherish and revere when we encounter it in any individual of the opposite sex, a beauteous female or—how much more aptly and naturally—some person dear to us; a sweetheart, sister, wife."

Jesse ran his eyes over the twelve men in the jury box. By touching on their sentiments he saw he had secured the attention of every one of them.

"Yet let me make one point: We ask no mercy for this defendant's tender years. We ask none for her sex. Instead, we ask this." Here Jesse's voice rang. "We ask—nay, insist—that you decide one way or the other: either for her or against her. If she is guilty, hang her, gentlemen! If you find her not guilty, turn her free. One or the other.

"So, gentlemen, keeping this in mind, consider these!" He held up the folded paper in his left hand. "These notes which I took down while Mr. Lindsay was examining his witnesses. I have no quarrel with the facts. I just want to make sure what they are. And what are they? A train was stopped. Lately, because there had been several robberies of trains at similar signal stops, engineers have been leary of stopping at remote, unprotected signals. But in this instance the person who was seen standing by the signal was a woman—or seemed to be one. The engineer felt that he was safe, and stopped the train. Immediately two men emerged from a woodpile on the opposite side of the tracks. They threw down on the engineer, and when he resisted they shot and killed him.

"Then they robbed the passengers, and escaped with their loot. Next day a posse set out on their trail, corralled them in a hideout, killed one of them and took the other prisoner. This posse arrested the defendant, Pearl Chavez, as she arrived at the same hideout. This trial"—Jesse went on walking slowly up and down between the counsel table and the jury box—"this trial is a mockery of justice. Has Pearl Chavez been identified by anybody as the person who stopped the train? She has not! Pearl Chavez was not positively seen. Then why is she on trial? Because half a dozen witnesses thought that the person by the tracks that night might have been her, or looked like her, or wore the clothes you've seen. And because, above all, she is known to have been connected with this outlaw, Lewt McCanles.

"These are the reasons for her being here today. But there is one eyewitness to this crime who has not yet been called—the only witness who can tell you how Pearl felt about my brother Lewt, and whether or not she robbed and rode with him, whether or not she stopped the train, and how she came to be at the quicksilver mine. Pearl," he said, turning toward her and fixing her with a glowing look of pride and confidence, "will you please take the stand?"

And Pearl got up slowly, keeping her eyes down and her chest out, as Jesse had advised her to. She walked with her long, swinging step to the witness box and swore to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

She told it all. She told about her early years at the Spanish Bit, her love for Lewt, and her conviction that because of her Indian blood he would never marry her and she must look elsewhere for a husband.

When Pearl told about being bespoken to Sam Pierce and how their preparations for a home together were cut short by his death, many spectators were visibly moved. The tears ran down Dutch Annie's face. Her rage turned against Lewt and she began to imagine what she would do to him if she ever got the chance.

Jesse was beginning to question Pearl about the effect on her of Sam's death. And now the real direction of the testimony became apparent.

"I have a record here. It tells how the sheriff paid a visit to Spanish Bit soon after Sam Pierce had been killed. The sheriff wanted to serve Lewt with a warrant, but Lewt wasn't there. Now I want to ask you this: Did you know where Lewt was at that time?"

"No, Jesse, I didn't. I was always looking for him."

"You mean in the months following the death of Sam Pierce?"

"Yes, sir, in those months."

Jesse picked up another note from the table. "I'd like you to explain something. Try to remember carefully. Were you ever in the town of Mobeetie?"

"Yes, I was."

"Did you know that Lewt McCanles held up and robbed a gambling house in that town called the Shores of Hell?"

"I knew that."

"People living in the neighborhood, Pearl, said they saw you there soon afterward. And there are other witnesses, whom we have heard today, placing you in other localities where Lewt McCanles had been seen. How do you explain that?"

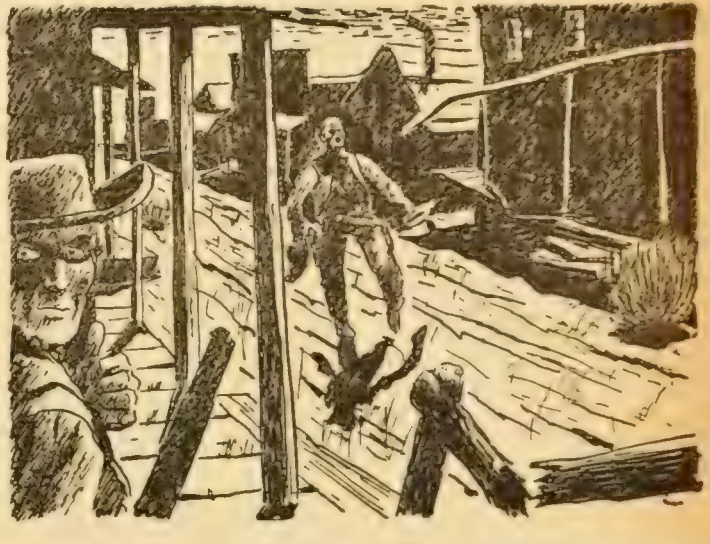
"I was looking for him."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of Pearl's tone. Jesse had invoked for the people in the court the image which so many knew—of a girl rider, dressed like a man, passing down the horizon on an errand none could decipher. And now Pearl had given an explanation of that image: "I was always looking for him."

"Why were you looking for him? What was the reason for this search of yours?" Jesse asked.

"I'd rather not answer that."

"I'm afraid you'll have to, Pearl. You've told us how you were bespoken to him before you met Sam Pierce, and how you broke a dime in half to show you were bespoken, and how Lewt carved your initials and a heart on



a certain big cottonwood tree. Were your feelings about Lewt still the same after what happened to Sam Pierce?"

Pearl's cheeks sucked in. "No, sir, they were not."

"Then you weren't looking for him so you could be with him, Pearl?"

"*I wanted to kill him!*" Pearl brought out the words as though they scalded her mouth. "I just had to kill him. If he done it to Sam, he'd do it again to any other man I went with. We couldn't both be alive. I knew I had to do it!"

Jesse turned to the jury. He moved down to the end of the jury box, and when he spoke he seemed to be including all the jurymen in his tone of sympathy and un-

derstanding of Pearl, as if that were now their feeling too.

"You were wrong, Pearl," he said gently. "Still, perhaps we can understand your feeling. I suppose many women in your place would have felt the same way. But now tell us one thing. Did you change your mind about Lewt? Did you ever go back to him after Sam's death?"

"No, sir; I did not."

Jesse's voice was calm and matter-of-fact. They had come to that part of the testimony which was frank and downright lying. Yet the question seemed merely a routine one.

"Did you rob with him? Did you set the signal of the switch that stopped the El Paso southbound on the night of the robbery?"

"I did not."

Jesse went up to the exhibit table. He picked up the big dirty hat and the calico dress that lay there and took them over to Pearl. "Now, Pearl," he said, "I want you to look at these things. Have you ever seen them before you saw them in this courtroom?"

"I never saw them before in my life."

"Would you mind trying them on?"

"Right here?"

Somebody laughed, and the judge's gavel whacked the bench.

Jesse continued easily: "Just slip it over your other dress. It looks big enough."

The whole defense hung on this trick—one which Jesse had thought up when she told him that the clothes Lewt had given her to stop the train in hadn't been a good fit. She turned her back to the courtroom. She pulled the dress over her head and put the hat on. Then she turned around, as they had rehearsed it, and faced the jury.

She stood there with the preposterous folds of the calico rolling down onto the floor—while the hat, now deliberately pulled down, flopped right down across her face.

The jury stared and the spectators stared, and then the foreman of the jury, Luke Rimpan, let out a wild whoop of laughter which was like a fuse that touched off everybody in the court, so that in a second the jury, witnesses, and spectators were laughing with him.

Jesse said no woman had worn these clothes. Either Lewt or Coz or an unknown third party had masqueraded as a woman long enough to stop the train. This sounded fairly logical, but it still failed to tell what Pearl had been doing at the mountain hideout when she was arrested. Jesse said that she'd trailed Lewt according to her old custom and for the motive to which she'd testified.

"And what's more, gentlemen, if the posse hadn't got there first, she'd have killed Lewt McCanles."

The jury filed out. Several of them explained later that they wouldn't have left the box, except that it was getting on for supper time and they figured they might as well eat one more meal at the court's expense.

THREE days after her acquittal Jesse asked Pearl to marry him, and Ed Hat published the bans in the Halo. Pearl heard about the notice, but she didn't read it. She was superstitious about it, remembering how the Halo had once foretold a marriage for her that hadn't happened. Then again, there was another piece of writing circulated in those days which she encountered in many places:

FOR MURDER AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY
WANTED

LEWTON MCCANLES. $250 OFFERED BY THE COUNTY, $1,000 BY U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE, AND $1,000 BY WELLS FARGO BANK.

Sometimes at night the words recurred in dreams. Even by day she was nervous and jumpy; several times she fancied she saw Lewt on the street. She was never at peace.

One evening after they had been out late Pearl couldn't keep her thoughts hidden any longer. "Jesse, we've got to get away from here. I'm so restless all the time, honey. You don't know. I hate this town! People looking at me," she went on. "They're always spreading round the talk about me, and big-eying me, the woman that was nearly hanged—or should have been."

"It's that damned Lewt," Jesse said. "You've got him on your mind again. That's what's making you restless. I know it."

Pearl threw her arms around his neck. "I don't know what's the matter with me," she said. "I think about him all the time. Sometimes when we're out I imagine I see him in a crowd."

"I thought you told me that was all over."

"It is." Pearl said, "so help me God! If I still loved him, I never would have gone with you. I hate him! But I

keep thinking he might come back, he might try to do something to you or both of us."

"Hell," Jesse said, "he may be pushing up the grass himself."

"I hope he is dead," Pearl said. "I wish I knew."

Jesse slowly took out a cigar and lighted it.

"Pearl," he said, "I don't want you worrying. If we went somewhere else would you be satisfied? Would you quit turning over things that are dead and gone, and have some peace?"

"Do you mean it, Jesse? That we could go?"

"I'll tell you, Pearl," he said soberly. "I don't like this town much better than you do. I've got nothing here at all I'd care to stay for, and if you'll come with me, we'll go to the Strip. We'll take up enough land to live on. But we won't depend on land. They'll need lawyers out there. There'll be work to do. We'll go out there and make a home."

Pearl was trying not to weep. "Jesse, if you only knew! It's what I want, all I want—"

Jesse put his arms around her. His bony face was filled with pride and happiness.

"We'll go, Pearl. And when we cross the line we're leaving Lewt behind. You'll never think of him again or anything connected with him."

LEWT was more careful this time. He chose his hideout carefully—the hut of Mother Buffalo, half Negress, half Lipan Indian. Lewt paid her more to hide him than she could have made by turning him in. He was safe with her.

She'd done this sort of thing before—she and her Lipan husband.

The Lipan also could be trusted, in a way. He was a coward, but a crafty trail hand. He was just right for this job. He had to be right, Lewt knew, as he gave him his instructions.

"Find her and give her the letter."

Mother Buffalo translated. The Lipan nodded.

"When she leaves town, trail her. Make sure she isn't being followed."

Once more the bird-talk chatter. Mother Buffalo's voice rose. Finally she turned to the man on the bed.

"He says O. K."

Lewt closed his eyes. He looked sick; there was sweat on his forehead. "Ask him how long."

The Lipan understood. "Five day," he said. "Seventy

mile a day plenty fast. Five day I go. Five day come back."

Mother Buffalo hoisted herself out of her chair and went over to Lewt. "Are you through with this?" she asked. She already had her fat hand on the crumpled copy of the Halo in which an item had been circled in pencil.

"No," Lewt said. "I ain't."

He took the paper from her and carefully folded and put it under his pillow.

JESSE got back to Mrs. Tatum's boardinghouse at supper time to find Pearl out. Mrs. Tatum thought she'd gone for a ride.

"She went out?" Jesse was surprised.

"Yes." Mrs. Tatum caught some of Jesse's concern. "That Indian asked fer her this A. M. give her a note. Then she got her bed roll and stuff and went off."

Jesse shook his head, trying to clear it like a man who has been clipped on the jaw. He must think straight now, get all the details.

"An Indian had a message for her?"

"A letter. I didn't know this feller—he was a purebreed; seemed like he couldn't talk American, only a few words. I went and fetched her, and they had a powwow over in the corner."

"You didn't see the letter? You don't know what was in it?"

"I never got a look at it, Jesse."

Jesse was already halfway upstairs. As soon as he was in Pearl's room he saw the scrap of paper with the pin through the middle of it sticking it to the bed pillow. He gazed at the note with a slight smile on his lips. Thus people have been known to stare and smile at those who bring news that a dear one had been killed or injured. At last, however, he picked it up.

Dear Jesse:

He knows we are going to get married and he sent fer me. If I don't go he'll come fer me. I know what I have to do Jesse so let me go. Don't ever try to catch me. Thank you my dearest fr yr kindness to me.

Gratefully yrs,

PEARL CHAVEZ.

Jesse read the note over several times. As long as he lived he would be able to see those lines of writing in his mind.

When he was sure of this, he took a match out of his pocket and burned the note.

Before I'd let her go with him, he thought, I'd kill both of them!

IN the last sunset light Jesse had seen the moving speck that was a rider up ahead. The rage which at this sight rose through the layers of fatigue in Jesse's brain gave him new strength. For the thousandth time, the thought beat in him: I'll kill both of them. He pressed on all night, often afoot, letting the pitifully tired mount set his own pace, but always sure that in the dark his horse would make toward the other horse up there in front of them. The rider of that horse, Jesse was quite convinced, was Pearl. Knowing she would need a rest worse than he did, he was equally certain that she would stop and camp.

Actually, the speck he'd seen had been the Lipan—and the Lipan hadn't camped. During the night they both passed within a quarter mile of the spot where Pearl lay asleep. When the dawn wind hit him, Jesse was five miles from Mother Buffalo's, floundering across a crest of shale and flint. Here for an agonized three hours he lost the Lipan's trail. When he found it again, it was too late to go on. He had to take his mount to lower ground for feed and water, and it was time to rest and eat himself if he was to have strength for what he had to do.

IN the gray light of the filthy whitewashed room the Lipan stood beside Lewt's bed.

'Well?"

The Lipan nodded and held up two fingers. "She come. Two come."

"Ask him what in hell he means," Lewt said, and closed his eyes again.

Mother Buffalo's bulk moved in from the doorway. She and the Lipan jabbered their bird-talk. Lewt opened his eyes again.

"Does he mean my brother?"

"I guess so."

Lewt got out of the bed. "Get me a cup of coffee," Lewt said, "and fix some saddle grub. I'm beltin' out of here."

Mother Buffalo nodded. "What about the gal?" she asked. "Suppose that she shows up here and asks for you."

"Send her up to Five Oak Camp," Lewt said. "That is, if she comes alone."

JESSE had meant to eat and lie down for an hour. He had lain in a position calculated so the climbing sun would, at the end of the allotted period, strike him in the eyes and wake him.

But, although the sun performed according to his calculations, Jesse didn't stir.

Meanwhile Pearl reached the 'dobe station on the Benson road and received her instructions from the fat woman.

All morning she worked slowly higher. Growth was scarcer; lizards and chuckwallers moved out of her way, raising tiny arrows of dust. It was dry, bad country; Pearl went ahead cautiously. Lewt's trail was a book which she could read with ease, though now and then she dismounted and scrambled on all fours, looking for trail signs.

The sun climbed; it smashed at the brush with giant clubs. The heat was too much now and she had to rest.

Determination filled her. She got the gun she'd slung under the stirrup with two rawhide thongs. She pumped a shell into the chamber and let the hammer down to half cock. Until afternoon she rested in the shelter of a manzanita, watching the rise opposite. There too was a scattering of brush, not more than three feet high. The canyon between the two ridge slopes was quite wide and very rough. Almost time to cross it now.

She saddled up and mounted. The stud scrambled down the scaly slope, swinging his rump from side to side. He put up his head and whickered. Up the ridge, another horse answered.

Pearl was cold. Little wires of lightning jerked her pulse. I'm too close, much too close.

With this thought came another. I must make him show himself some way. Then I can do it. If he talks to me or looks at me—I don't know. I couldn't do it looking in his eyes.

She filled the carbine's magazine. She moved her horse around so she could take a steady rest, firing across his back.

She fired two quick shots, then two more. Almost at once a man emerged on a bare patch of ground opposite, and stood there, his hat pulled over his eyes. He looked carefully at the side of the slope, then raised a six-shooter and fired two answering shots. Pearl drew a bead on the man and squeezed off jerkily, her heart pounding so hard it shook her whole body.

She knew she had missed even before she saw the dust jump in the brush behind the man, and fired again, as wildly as before. Oh, Lord, she thought, now he knows I've come killing.

Now the clearing opposite was empty. Pearl waited, cool at last, deadly and watchful. Nothing stirred. Then she heard the rifle crash, four hundred yards away. Blood spurted from a round hole in the sorrel's shoulder; bright red, the blood pumped in spurts. Her rifle had been thrown clear, but she couldn't reach it. Finally she left the shelter of the dying horse and got the rifle. She rolled on her belly in the brush. Again the hillside crashed, and then twice more. The twigs broke above her; live-oak leaves came fluttering down. She had a steady elbow rest now, and she fired at the last flash. There was movement opposite. Pearl swung the rifle over.

She brought up the front sight till it nestled in the

notch of the rear. When the movement in the brush occurred again, she pulled the trigger.

Pearl lay quietly for a moment. She didn't care much now. Her horse was dead. She'd never get out of this brush alive. As she had done in the jail, she got ready for death by improving her appearance. With the last water in her canteen she cleaned her face and hands a little; she moistened her hair and combed it. Then she stood up.

She walked slowly up the slope, holding the rifle in front of her. Each step crashing, she walked past her dead horse, up the hill. No shots came.

Lewt was sitting with his back against a granite outcropping. He had his eyes closed and was breathing rapidly. A wide area of blood, beginning to congeal, soaked the shirt over his left shoulder and pectoral muscle. He opened his eyes, and for a second there was terror in them; then a mocking, false charm, an incredible and impish scorn. He looked up the rifle barrel leveled at him—and then at the woman standing back of it.

"I knew it was you," he said, grimacing with pain. "That was the luckiest shot you ever shot; you couldn't see me for dust. Just lucky. Have you got a drink of water?"

Pearl opened her mouth to say she hadn't. If I speak, I'm lost. One word, just one, and I'll be playing his game. But she felt the answer starting, almost unknown to her, when Lewt's body leaped suddenly toward her. It bounded several inches upward in an awful spasm of energy. Then it settled back, the eyes open, terrible, accusing, the hole in the chest small, with blood edging it darkly. Falling on her knees, she watched life fade out of his open eyes.

JESSE had no trouble finding where the trail branched off. It wasn't till the next morning that he stumbled on the camp and found Pearl there, asleep, a few feet from the thing she'd covered with the black-striped Army blanket. Jesse didn't wake her right away. He stood quietly for a while, studying over what had happened. He could read the story fairly clearly from the tracks he'd followed coming in. The story wasn't pretty, nor the reading pleasant. But the raggedy corpse under the blanket bore little relation to a brother who seemed to have died a long time earlier. What mattered was that he, Jesse, had his girl back now. Indeed, he understood now that he'd never lost her, and he knew with a knowledge deeper than the mind that he needn't worry about losing her now.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

CERTAINLY the most compelling problem of our time—aside from winning this war as quickly as possible—is that of finding some way to sustain the peace that will follow.

What solutions to the problem are found and followed will affect all of us deeply for the rest of our lives. None of us can escape; for, as **Mortimer J. Adler** points out in his latest book, **How to Think About War and Peace,** "Along the path of history there are no innocent bystanders." We have more than a responsibility toward the solutions. We have a personal stake in them.

To those who wish their thinking about all this to be as clear

Mortimer J. Adler

and as fruitful as possible, I recommend this volume. I think it lays down a set of values against which any "peace plan" must be tested.

Adler has no superficial formula about what to do with the enemy, once defeated; no snap solution to bring "peace in our time."

Instead, he urges us to strike at the core of the problem. He urges us to think clearly about war and peace, to decide first if we really desire peace enough to assure it as a permanent condition of mankind.

If we do, we must begin with the premise that peace, for us, means world peace, and we must be willing to accept the inescapable fact that only by some form of world government can we establish it. To be sure, he recognizes that most of the world

Louis Nizer

is not yet ready for this, that nationalism and sovereign states capable of making war upon each other will exist for some time.

But at least, he says in effect, let us establish in our own minds the basic facts and prepare to face them. For only by recognizing them can we possibly prepare to deal with them.

He brings us, through a closely reasoned series of arguments, to the same conclusion that Wendell Willkie arrived at in One World—that we now live in what is rapidly becoming a single world community, that our interdependence has made it the cardinal necessity of our time that we attempt to think of our own welfare in terms of the world at large.

Not that Dr. Adler proposes the establishment of a world government now as the immediate preventive for world war. But he does suggest that we orient our thinking so that we will judge whatever peace plan we adopt in the light of its effect on all the people of the world—and that we try to avoid limiting it so that it can bring only partial peace, only a truce that will allow another war to break out elsewhere and involve us all again and soon.

He suggests a line of reasoning which the stanchest supporter of free enterprise can follow and which also parallels the thinking of the most rigid Marxist. In short, there is nothing "political" about it—except the common-sense proposition that man is and must continue to be an enlightened political animal if he wishes to survive.

It is one of the soundest contributions to peace yet offered and one of the important political documents of our time.

Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc. New York. Price, $2.50.

ADLER has no specific suggestions about what to do with an immediately defeated enemy. He simply proposes that the peace terms be judged by how much nearer they bring us to the final objective. For an able and sensible discussion of the specific problem of how to avoid another war with Germany, read **What to Do with Germany by Louis Nizer.**

Published by Ziff-Davis, New York. Price, $2.50.

Twice in a lifetime

He was just a little fellow a dozen years ago.

Too little to know — or care — that even as he slept, General Motors men in a distant laboratory were putting the finishing touches on a special new refrigerant later given the trade-mark, *"Freon."**

Much too little to understand that the real reason for developing this new compound was the safety of just such sleeping youngsters as himself.

That it was important because it provided the last link in perfect safety for home or hospital refrigeration, ending even the remote risk of toxic harm in the unlikely event of leaks in the cooling system.

He is grown now, and off fighting for his country on a South Pacific island.

He is old enough to know that one of his deadliest enemies there is the mosquito, carrier of malaria.

The interesting thing is that it is *"Freon"* that now comes to his aid. Twice in his lifetime, this one result of General Motors research is paying off in personal protection for him and his kind.

For when mixed with chemicals to kill mosquitoes, this compound makes a new and better kind of insect spray. Unlike heavier sprays that fall to the ground, it evaporates almost instantly, leaving the mosquito-killing compounds floating suspended in the air.

"Freon" was not developed as a war product. It came about because General Motors, seeking to provide more and better things for more people, never stopped trying to make better refrigerators for American households.

But because it was known and familiar, it was available when the war need appeared — just as it remains at hand for future peacetime developments.

The idea that built America — the idea that men accomplish most when they can win a just reward for doing great things — has served the country well in war.

And the same idea will keep on providing more and better things for more people in a world restored to lasting Peace.

* Trade-mark registered. "Freon" is made and sold by Kinetic Chemicals, Inc.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH

NO MONEY IN MEDALS

Continued from Page 30

and his daughter would soon be leaving for San Francisco, which came as a complete surprise to Lila.

PART V—CONCLUSION

AT the Ducane ranch Lila got out of the car and said to me in a stiff voice, "Wait, Jeff." Her face was tight and pale.

As soon as they came on their horses, she went inside with her father and Murgridge.

So Ducane didn't like me. Not around his daughter, anyhow. Well, maybe you couldn't blame him.

In about twenty minutes Lila came out of the house alone. She still had a pale stubborn look. Without saying a word she got into the car beside me, slammed the door, started the motor. As we rode off, I asked, "Isn't your father going to the station?"

"You didn't believe that story?"

"No," I said.

"Dad just won't realize I'm old enough to know what I'm doing."

Deep inside me there was an uneasy feeling. When you came to think of it, she *was* pretty young to know her own mind. Not even eighteen.

And yet it was hard to go on seeing Lila as a kid. It was a woman I'd kissed up there in the badlands—calm and beautiful and sure of herself.

She said, "He's ordered me to quit seeing you or else go back to San Francisco. He means it, too."

I frowned at the road ahead. My heart was banging hard. The last thing Will Ducane would want was to see his daughter married to a valley man without a cent. But something inside me was driving me now, and I said:

"I—I've been pretty serious about this, Lila. I've been sort of trying to work up the nerve to ask you to—marry me. Still, I wanted to wait—"

"Don't," she said. "Don't wait, Jeff."

I turned in the seat and stared at her. My heart seemed to stop altogether. She kept right on driving.

"Are you telling me you *will?*" I whispered.

"Of course, Jeff. You don't think *I've* been kidding, do you?"

My mind went around in circles. She was too direct for me. I knew there were a thousand things I should have said. But I just sat there while she drove.

"Dad won't stand for it, naturally," she said. "We'll just have to run away and be married."

I caught her arm and I made her stop the car. We sat in the sunshine and turned to each other. Lila began to smile when she saw my face. Maybe I looked scared. A breeze was waving the clumps of bunch grass around us, and some of Dan Carmichael's cows grazed a short distance away, but we were alone in a great silence.

"Lila," I said, "before we—we jump ahead like this there are quite a few things you've got to know! In the first place, I haven't any money."

All her anger melted away. "I know that, Jeff," she said.

"Even the ranch isn't any good to me. The doctors said I can't work it. I—I was figuring on going to the Coast and getting a desk job at Lockheed. Maybe fifty or sixty a week to start."

"Fine," she said. "I'll get a job there myself, and I'll bet we make a hundred a week between us."

It was getting me by the throat. Here she was, offering to give up everything she had—the fun, the money, the freedom—and I wondered if she realized what she was doing.

"Don't bother thinking up any more noble objections, Jeff dear." She laughed again. She caught my nose and gave it a shake. "No use wriggling, either, my sweet. You're hooked. You're through. You may as well quit and give in."

"But look—" I said.

"Nice thing about the State of Nevada is you don't have to wait days and days for licenses and things to get married. By the way, how's your health now?"

"Well, that's another thing—I'm supposed to take it easy and do nothing at all—not even get married—for a full month. Doctor's orders."

"That means one more week of rest. All right, we'll wait the week. No sense rushing you to a job at Lockheed before you're ready for it. It'll be hard, but I guess I can wait. How would next Friday be?"

I caught both her hands.

"Lila, do you know what you're saying?"

"I always do. I'm a levelheaded gal."

"I'll have to hang up. Mr. Winston is calling me."

"You—you're willing to cut loose from your father?"

"Darling," she said, "dad will be sore as the devil for a while—and after that he'll come around. I know dad."

Then she took my face in her hands and kissed me.

"And if it doesn't work out that way, we'll still be all right. I'm sure of it. So we'll call it a date for next Friday." She started driving again. "Just to keep things peaceful meanwhile, I don't think I'll try to see you around the valley any more this week—though there's nothing to stop you from coming into Twin Buttes some afternoon and maybe buying Peggy and me a couple of sodas. I think it would be fun."

AFTER Lila left me at the house, I lit a pipe and walked back and forth in front of the barn. My thoughts were as mixed up as my feelings. I had to get them straightened out.

I'm going to marry Lila Ducane, I said to myself in surprise. But I couldn't make it sound real.

All my life, and more than ever during the past couple of years, I'd been dreaming of marrying Ellie Carmichael. Now Ellie was misty in my mind. I could feel the warmth of Lila's lips as if they were still on mine, and I was waiting for next Friday to marry her. How could life get itself twisted inside out like that in three short weeks?

Knowing what had made me decide to turn to Lila in the first place—being jilted by Ellie and being sore enough to reach out for money anywhere—I asked myself what I felt toward Lila Ducane, anyhow. Was it any kind of love? Or was I grabbing for the Ducane money?

You love her, I said to myself. You *know* you love her. Maybe it didn't start that way, but these three weeks have changed your feelings. You know that.

I kept saying it, and yet, behind it all, I had funny doubts. I couldn't seem to trust myself.

Ma came out of the kitchen door and called, "Land sakes, Jeff! What you walking around like that for?"

"Thinking," I said.

"Well, go sit down somewheres and think. You act like a man with a mortgage due. Makes me nervous."

I turned to her. She was settling on the bench next to the kitchen door, ready to peel potatoes. Her gray hair was fixed any old way. She hummed while she peeled. It gave me a jolt, because while I'd been overseas I used to think of her so often in just this way.

I went to stand in front of her. "Ma," I said.

"Go on, get it off your chest," she answered without looking up. "What's eating you, son?"

"How would you feel about me marrying Lila Ducane?"

The potato slipped out of ma's fingers. It banged into the pan. She looked up at me with round eyes.

"*Jeff!*" she whispered.

"How would you feel about it?"

"Did you—you mean you *asked* her?"

"I asked and got my answer. I wouldn't want you to tell anybody, ma. Not yet. But I wanted *you* to know."

"Oh, Lord!" she said, still in a whisper, her eyes even wider than before. "Lila Ducane!"

"Think I'm going beyond my depth?"

"Oh—no. No, it ain't that. But I just can't see—" Ma stopped. I knew what was stampeding her thoughts. All along

she'd seen that I'd been bruised by what Ellie had done. She'd felt I was upset and simmering and ready to blow up because I'd come home to find everything I'd hoped for smashed. And now, to have me step up and talk about marrying somebody else—

She said, "Jeff, you got to *love* a girl to marry her!"

"You can get to know a person pretty well in three weeks. We've had a lot of time together."

"But, Jeff, you just ain't got the *money* to marry a girl like Lila Ducane!"

I told ma about working for Lockheed. The father of one of my overseas buddies was a supervisor at the plant, and I could count on him for a job.

Ma kept on shaking her head and looking worried.

"What does Will Ducane say about it?" she asked.

So then, of course, I had to tell ma the facts—how Ducane didn't know anything about it yet and how we planned to drive away one of these days and be married.

It was strange how, talking to her, I was able to clear away my own confusion. Anyway until I sat down alone on the porch and lit my pipe again and looked away at the mountains.

Then I got to wondering. I wondered if, deep inside myself, I was marrying Lila because I hoped that some day Ducane would get over being sore about our marriage. The thought made me fidget; made me feel low and ashamed; made me think that if I had any decency I'd call the wedding off. Maybe I'd have done it, too, if some crazy part of my mind hadn't kept saying, Don't be a fool. You love her. You go ahead and marry her.

WEDNESDAY morning I tried riding a horse.

I seemed to be pretty strong now, but I wanted to test myself. Uncle Hoke brought in Jerry from where he'd been staked out. Jerry, a big roan stallion, looked as happy about the idea as I did.

We saddled him outside the barn. The minute I swung to his back I knew I'd be all right. It made me grin. I gave Jerry his head. He loped off across the range, then broke into a gallop. If I'd felt even a twinge inside me I'd have stopped him and walked back. But there wasn't any twinge.

We ran about two miles up the valley, alongside the road. As we came to the hill, I saw Dan Carmichael's flivver come down from town. I drew rein and waved my arm.

Pretty soon Dan braked his car to a squeal beside me. He and Madge looked me over, and then he smiled.

"Sure seems like old times, Jeff, seeing you like that," he said.

"Feels like old times, too!"

Then Dan's face changed. The smile died away, and he was grave, kind of tight-lipped.

"Got some news for you, Jeff," he said. "I just been over to talk to Lawyer Frazer." He rubbed a hand over the steering wheel and frowned down at it. "Jeff, I've made up my mind. I'm selling out to Will Ducane."

I just stared at Dan.

Madge said, "It—it seems the wisest thing to do, Jeff."

"Sure it's wise!" But Dan's voice was bitter. It sounded as though he was trying to make himself believe something he didn't want to believe. "Why shouldn't I sell? Who am I *keepin'* the land for, anyhow? If I sell, I can buy the Williams spread for Madge and me,

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and we'll have a good pile of cash, too. I—I just fixed it up, Jeff. Saturday morning I'm going over to Ducane's place with Frazer to sign the ranch over to him."

There wasn't much I could say. I felt sort of empty inside. When they drove away, I sat still, looking at their dust. Then I took Jerry home—walking. I had to let this sink in. There was something sad in seeing Dan Carmichael crack like this. Somehow, too, I didn't like the idea of Ducane's winning what he wanted.

In the end I shook my head over it. Jeff, I said to myself, it just goes to prove a man can get about anything he wants if he's got money.

IN the afternoon, when I came out on the porch, I saw Lila's yellow roadster speed up the valley road on its way to Twin Buttes.

Uncle Hoke was pouring water into the flivver's radiator. Soon he'd be driving into town to buy some things for ma, so I called out that I'd ride along with him.

I met Lila and Peggy Allenwood outside Marshall's Drugstore—just by accident, you might say—and I took them inside for a soda. We had a corner booth. Peggy started right in blinking her eyes at me. She leaned across the table to whisper, "Lila's told me! I think it's wonderful!"

I gave Lila a startled look. Her eyes were soft and shiny like a bride's, and her smile was gentle, too.

"It's all right, darling," she said in a low voice. "I just had to tell Peggy. She's been a peach."

"You two *need* me now," Peggy said.

"Why?" I asked. "You coming along with us?"

"Oh, gracious, no!" Peggy threw back her blonde head and laughed. "But somebody's going to have to stay behind to handle Lila's dad when he learns what's happened. And I think I'm just the girl to do the handling."

"He's fond of Peg," Lila said. "He'll listen to her."

"If *anybody* can make him send you his blessings, I'll do it," Peggy told me.

I looked at Lila again. She seemed to be prettier every time I saw her. When I thought that in a few days she'd be Mrs. Jeff Conley, it started my heart to hammering. It didn't seem possible or even real. And I didn't know whether I was happy or scared or miserable.

Maybe she could see how I felt, because she smiled and reached across the table to pat my hand.

"Don't be afraid of me, darling," she whispered. "I promise to be a good wife. You'll get used to me."

Peggy asked in a breathless way, "How are you planning to do it? How will you get away?"

"It will be easy," Lila said before I could answer. "About five o'clock Friday I'll say I'm driving into town. I'll have all my clothes in the luggage compartment. Jeff can walk down to the main road with his stuff, and I'll pick him up, and—well, there you are."

Then Lila glanced at the drugstore clock. She started on the ice-cream soda in a hurry, and between sucks on the straw she said to me, "We'll have to leave you now, dear. Dad's bringing Walter Murgridge to the station. We're seeing him off on the three-o'clock."

I nodded. "All right." Then I thought of something and added, "Guess he'll be traveling with two-three tons of freight if he's taking those rocks along."

"Oh, *those* things." Peggy waved a hand in a mocking way. "They're all dumped in one of the barns."

That surprised me. I frowned down at my soda, wondering why Murgridge had gone to all the trouble of gathering the stones if he didn't want them. Something about those things had annoyed me ever since I'd noticed them in the saddlebags. I couldn't figure it out.

WHEN the girls left to drive down the hill to the station, I walked up Main Street to find Uncle Hoke. I didn't know what store he'd gone to. So I took my time, looking into windows—and all of a sudden I stopped.

Ellie came out of Flanagan's General Store.

She was right there in front of me, with her arms full of bundles. She stopped, too, and stared at me.

I'd seen Ellie now and then in the past few weeks, but we'd never been together alone.

She looked fine—except maybe a bit tired. But then, a girl getting ready for a wedding is bound to be tired, I thought. Her red-gold hair was mussed a little, the way I'd always liked it.

"Hello, Ellie," I said.

She smiled in an uneasy way, not sure of herself. "How are you, Jeff?" she said.

"Fine. Let me carry that stuff."

I took the bundles out of her arms, and then we were walking along Main Street. Maybe some people who knew how things used to be between Ellie and me stared after us. But I didn't give them any attention.

The strange thing was I didn't know what to say to her. In the old days there had always been so much to talk

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about that we couldn't stop even for a minute.

We turned off Main Street and went down the long hill toward the Folsom house, where she was living. I guess we'd gone about halfway, and the silence was getting under my skin, when I looked at her. And what I saw twisted something inside me—she was so strained.

"Don't, Ellie," I said. "Don't look like that."

"I'm sorry, Jeff."

"What's there to be sorry about, anyhow? You're happy about all this, aren't you?"

"Of—of course, Jeff. I just wish things hadn't happened the way they did. I mean, while you were away—"

We reached the Folsom house, and I was glad of it. I didn't go inside. On the porch I gave Ellie her bundles. I tried to grin at her. But it wasn't much of a grin. "Well, Ellie," I said, "I'll be seeing you around."

She didn't answer. She looked all choked up and pale. I opened the door for her, and she went inside.

Uncle Hoke was dumping bundles on the back seat of the flivver when I found him.

"Ready to start?" he asked. "Your ma'll be waiting for this stuff."

I said, "Yeah. Let's go!"

SO that was the way matters stood on Friday afternoon, when I went down the road to be picked up by Lila.

I hadn't told ma just when Lila and I planned to go away. It would be better, I figured, if I just sent her a telegram from Carson City after the wedding, the same way we'd notify Will Ducane.

Before dawn I'd packed what clothes I owned and I'd taken the bag down the road. It was hidden in some bunch grass. Now I could just go off as though I wanted to walk a bit.

I hadn't felt so shaky since the day I'd come back to the valley. Only, this shakiness had nothing to do with my wounds. This came from the heart.

Down at the main road I waited about ten minutes before I saw the yellow car coming, with the long dust cloud behind it. Then I pulled my bag out of the clump of bunch grass and stood like a man hoping for a lift. My whole chest banged, harder than ever.

When Lila stopped the car, I looked at her, and everything inside me fell to pieces. She'd never seemed so beautiful before. Her eyes were bright and full of joy, and her face was flushed. She wore a trim little suit of tweeds, with brown and blue all mixed up in it.

"Going my way, soldier?" she said.

"You bet," I told her.

Then she laughed, and "Jeff darling!" came with the laughter and she shook back her hair as she opened the door. "You'd better drive, dear," she said. "I'm so jittery I'll wreck us."

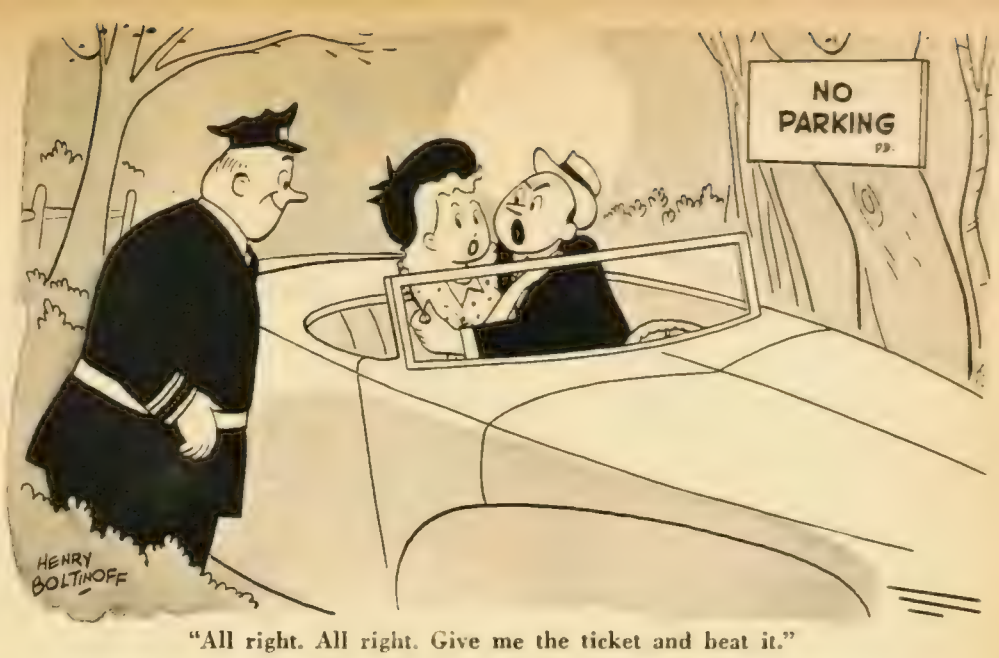
I grinned as I threw in my grip and slid in behind the wheel. "What's there to be jittery about?" I asked.

"I don't know. I always feel this way the first time I go to get married."

"Well, you've got eighty miles to calm down," I said.

She leaned toward me and lifted her face. I put an arm around her. I held her tight and kissed her in a way that took a long time; in fact, I didn't let her go till she laughed again, in a soft way, and straightened up, saying, "We—we'd better go get married quick, if you're going to kiss me like that."

So I sent a last look back at the house, back at Sundown Valley, and we drove away.



"All right. All right. Give me the ticket and beat it."

Lila hung on to my arm. She sat very close to me, her eyes shining as she looked ahead. My mouth was still dry, and every time I pushed on the brake or the accelerator my knee felt weak. What we talked about those first twenty or thirty miles, I don't know. It was like talking in a dream. It was like driving in a dream.

The sun sat low and red on the mountains and streamers of color ran across the sky.

We were about thirty miles from home when I asked Lila if she'd had any trouble getting away.

"Not a bit," she said. "Dad's been so busy on the phone all day he's hardly seen me."

"How anybody—even a father—can help looking at you," I said, "I can't understand."

She squeezed my arm for that, laughing a little.

"Today he's excited about some new kind of deal. I heard him on the phone, and it sounded big. Something about quartz crystals, whatever they are."

I nodded. The funny thing was that I drove on about half a mile before the thing hit me.

And then it hit me so hard that I jammed on the brakes and stopped the car and turned to stare at Lila.

"*Quartz crystals?*" I said.

"Why? What's the matter?" Lila was dazed.

I'd heard plenty about quartz crystals. Back in the hospital, I remembered, I'd read a piece in one of the magazines that told how the things were being used in radio and radar and different forms of electronics, to filter electric beams or something like that. I wasn't sure of their purpose, but this I did know: *they were valuable.* Most of the crystals, the magazine had said, were being brought up from South America, but prospectors were hunting for them in the Rockies and up in Canada, and there were chances that the United States could produce quartz crystals of its own.

These things I remembered now. And I remembered how Walter Murgridge, the metallurgist and mining man, and Will Ducane had brought rocks with pieces of quartz in them out of the Carmichael badlands. All of a sudden everything fitted together. I could see why Ducane had boosted his price again and again to make Dan Carmichael sell out. It wasn't Dan's *ranch* he wanted. It was Dan's part of the badlands. He'd found quartz crystals up there. He saw a fortune in those hills.

The words tumbled out of my mouth. I couldn't help telling Lila what I saw.

"And tomorrow morning," I said, "Dan is selling out to your father!"

"My gosh," she said in a flat voice. "So dad finds himself more money."

"Lila," I said, "I'm driving back!"

I grabbed the wheel again and started turning the car.

"Jeff!" she whispered in a kind of panic. "Jeff, *no*—"

"I can't let Dan sell out! I can't let him be cheated like that. He's got a fortune in those hills, and he doesn't know it."

"But, Jeff, what—what about *us?*"

"We can head for Carson City later."

"We can't! By this time dad knows what's happened. If he catches us, we'll never—"

"Lila," I said, "I've *got* to do this."

I WAS speeding back along the road. And she wasn't holding my arm any more. She sat away from me.

"I'm not saying dad's right about buying the land," she said, "but you *could* send Carmichael a telegram from Carson City!"

"Might not get to him in time."

"Jeff Conley," she said in a low shaking voice, "do you mean to say this is more important to you than—marrying me now?"

"Right now, honey, it's the most important thing in the world. Dan Carmichael is my friend. I'd never sleep again if I didn't tell him."

"*He's* your friend and *I'm* only your —your— Oh!" She finished by clasping both her hands into fists on her knees. "Jeff—if that's all marrying me means to you—"

What was the use of arguing? I wasn't going to let Dan Carmichael give away a possible fortune for twenty-five thousand dollars. Not to Will Ducane or anybody.

I made those thirty miles in about thirty minutes. It was dark when we dipped down the road into Sundown Valley. Dark, but not dark enough to hide how furious Lila was. Her eyes didn't shine now. They blazed.

When we reached our side road she said, "Stop here." I stopped. Her voice was so cold and sharp that it sent a pang through me. I turned to her. "Look, Lila—"

"Never mind the explanations."

"Can't you understand how I'd feel going away without telling Dan Carmichael?"

"When I elope with a man," Lila said in that cutting voice, "I expect the elopement to be about the most important thing in his life. If it isn't, then the whole thing's no go. I'll take the wheel, please."

What could I say? I felt rotten. But I got out of the car with my grip and watched her drive away in the darkness, and there was a hollow empty ache inside me.

THE kitchen windows were lit. By this time they'd be wondering where I'd gone and why I wasn't back for supper. I left the grip outside, in the shadows near the porch. Then I went around to the kitchen. Ma sort of gasped when she saw me—and seemed relieved.

I didn't look long at ma. Ellie was there, at the kitchen table. She'd been crying. Dan walked back and forth behind her, scowling, his hands in his pockets. And Madge Carmichael sat limp, with a lost look in her eyes. They all seemed to be hopeless about something.

"What's happened?" I asked. "What's going on?"

Nobody answered right away. Watching Ellie, I thought she was going to cry again.

Then Uncle Hoke told me what was wrong. His voice was dry and raspy.

"Ellie's changed her mind again," he said.

All I could get out was, "Huh?"

"She ain't going to marry Tod Deever," Uncle Hoke said. "They had a squabble and it's busted up."

He talked as if he didn't like such goings-on but had expected them all along. And then Ellie did cry. The tears came with a great sob. She jumped up and ran out of the kitchen—out into the moonlight. I stared after her in a daze.

I ought to be feeling excited, I knew. But I didn't feel anything at all, except a dull surprise.

When I'd gone over to Dan and made him stop walking around, I told him all about the quartz crystals.

"Crystals?" he said. "*Them* things?" He'd seen signs of them all his life, I guessed, without ever knowing they were worth much.

"It's like finding oil on your land," I said, "or gold."

Dan caught hold of the back of the chair. Things were coming too fast for him. His eyes were wild, like a colt's when it first feels saddle leather. "Why, it's crazy! Nobody ever told me that stuff is worth anything!"

"It wasn't worth much before this war," I said. And then I told him what I'd read about electronics and radar and the way the crystals were used. By the time I finished, Dan Carmichael was sitting as if somebody had slugged him, and Madge was standing behind him, hanging on to his shoulder, and both of them were staring at me as if I'd brought some sort of message from heaven.

Madge said in a panicky way, "But —what are we going to do with it? I mean—we ain't got the money to start mining or—or whatever you do for crystals—"

"Don't you worry about money," I said. "That stuff is on your property, and you own it, and you won't have any trouble getting backing to produce crystals. Why, I guess some radio company will stake you in a minute. Maybe they'll ask for a share, but that's all right. If there's as much of the stuff up there as Ducane and his metallurgist seem to think, there's nothing can stop you from taking a fortune out of the badlands."

Dan got up then, pushing a hand back through his hair. He looked dazed. He turned to Madge and ma, and he said, "Gosh—gosha'mighty!" He remembered something, and his eyes flashed. "And I was going to sign the place over to Ducane in the morning! By heaven, I'll *go* there, all right!" Dan's voice rose high and harsh. "But it won't be to sign over! *It'll be to bang another fist into his face!*"

I left them then to steady their breaths over the thing. I went outside and looked for Ellie, and there she was, near the barn, sobbing her heart out.

So I walked over to her.

It's funny, I said to myself. You can have Ellie now and money, too. If there's any wealth in Carmichael's badlands, it will all come to Ellie. You can have everything you ever wanted.

I stood so near to her that if I'd lifted my hands I could have caught her shoulders and pulled her into my arms. I had a notion she was just waiting to cry against my chest, pining for it; and waiting for me to ask her to come back to me, too.

And I was cold inside. Cold and dead. It came over me as I stared at her that I didn't *want* Ellie in my arms. I stood there looking down at her and remembering the way I'd kissed Lila Ducane. All my thoughts went across the valley to the Ducane ranch.

"Jeff," Ellie whispered in a miserable voice, "I've made such a mess of things!"

"Yes, Ellie, I guess you have," I said.

"I—I feel so *sunk*—"

"No need to feel like that. You go back and patch things up with Tod. Foolish to let one quarrel spoil a whole lifetime. Plain crazy."

She lifted wide eyes to mine, forgetting to cry. I guess she hadn't expected me to say anything like that.

Then I turned and went away from her. I didn't have any sense of loss, either. If I felt anything at all, it was a sense of freedom, of cutting loose from everything that had been uncertain and muddled and holding me back. I knew now what I wanted, all right. I knew it for keeps. All I'd needed was a *chance* to have Ellie to realize this wasn't what I wanted any more.

WITH my grip in my hand I walked along the road in the moonlight. I knew that somehow I'd have to make Lila come with me again tonight.

So I walked; and when I'd gone about half a mile, the headlights of a car came over a low hill ahead of me, almost blinding me. I stepped off the road and waited.

The yellow car stopped next to me.

Lila looked out with pain in her eyes. "Jeff—" she whispered. "I'm sorry. I was a fool."

I drew a long breath. "I was walking over to get you," I said.

"And I was—coming back for you."

"Been home?"

"No-o. I stopped the car and thought things out. I guess you did have to tell Carmichael tonight, Jeff. It—it's a pretty awful thing dad was trying to do. I couldn't have expected you just to sit back."

I opened the door, and she slid across the seat so that I could get in behind the wheel.

"Look, honey," I said. "When your dad learns who told Dan about the quartz crystals, chances are he'll never want anything more to do with me. That's going to be mighty tough on you. If you want to think it over—"

She put her arm through mine and came close to me. A smile softened her face.

"Why do you think I came back this far, darling?" she asked.

"Same reason I walked?"

"You bet. And there's something else, too." The words were slow in coming. "Jeff, I've always *loved* you, but—I—I had an idea one reason you wanted me was—well, because dad's pretty rich. And yet I didn't care about that. But tonight, when you were ready to give up marrying me—to give up even a chance for dad's friendship, because it seemed the right thing to do—well, it sort of made me sit up and take notice. Darling, I—oh, I feel proud as the dickens!"

So I bent over and kissed her, and a fine warm feeling spread all through me. I started the car.

"Next stop," I said, "is Carson City."

Lila snuggled closer. "We'll make it yet, soldier," she said.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

CONFEREEZE: German generals in conference on the Russian front.

WARSH: Dirty linen on a battle line.

LOSSUIT: One not won.

JAZZTISE: To punish a jitterbug.

HOSETESS: Forelady in the stocking department.

LOCKSURIOUS: A nice head of hair.

JABDOMEN: An appendectomy.

STATWISTICS: Changing the facts to suit your own purpose.

ICEKES: Funny stuff by the famous Mr. Miller.

SAHARATOGA: When the springs are dry.

GENERAL DOOLITTLE, FLYER'S FLYER

Continued from Page 19

called St. Louis to find out whether Jimmy was en route. Each time the chairman phoned, Jimmy assured him that he would be there in time to make the speech. Finally, when the patience of both had run out, Jimmy said emphatically over the telephone:

"You get started for the airport. I'll be right over."

He climbed into his racer and got to Cincinnati from St. Louis just after the car which was to meet him had arrived at the field! Needless to say, the delegation was astounded.

In 1940, just after he had become president of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences, Jimmy was reinstated in the Air Corps as a major. He was assigned a staff job, converting the automobile industry to the manufacture of planes. Later he toured the European and Asiatic battle fronts with Lieutenant General George H. Brett. His reports were vital to the improvement of our fighting planes and their operation and maintenance.

Then he dropped out of sight to prepare the great Tokyo raid from Shangri-La (the aircraft carrier Hornet) that won for him the Congressional Medal of Honor. That story —how he trained his men, briefed them, nursed them carefully, and then led them on the daring raid April 18, 1942 —needs no repeating here.

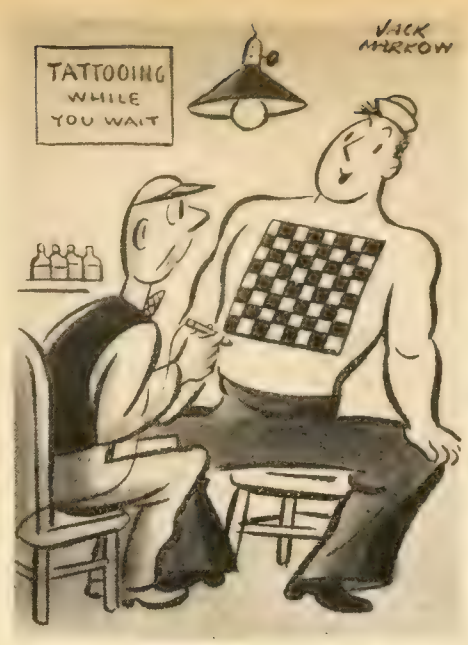
But the perils of the Tokyo raid didn't end with the crash landing in China. On the way out he had a close call in Burma when Captain Moon Chin, of Pan Am's affiliate, China National Airways, had to lift a Douglas air liner off an improvised airfield with seventy-four passengers aboard. The plane was built to carry twenty-four normally. Doolittle proved a good backseat driver. "I hope to hell you know what you're doing," he told Captain Chin. Then he shut up, sat back, and hung on.

In the late summer of 1942 General Doolittle turned up mysteriously in London as an "observer." Then, on November 7 of that year, occurred an incident that typifies the man's reactions in a tight spot. The story came out only because Lieutenant Colonel Joseph B. Phillips, a former crack newspaperman assigned as General Dwight Eisenhower's press relations officer, was on hand to see it.

Doolittle, with a dozen staff officers and Lieutenant Colonel Phillips, was flying to Gibraltar to join General Eisenhower and Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz at headquarters of the African invasion. Suddenly their Fortress, piloted by Lieutenant John Summers of Lexington, Kentucky, was set upon by four Messerschmitts, and the gunners jumped to their posts.

The passenger officers, sitting in the bomb bay, at first thought it was a practice, but they were brought up with a start when the co-pilot fell out of his seat, bleeding from several wounds. General Doolittle leaped instantly for the other seat, shouting to Lieutenant Summers, "What can I do, son?"

No rank there, no assumption of command or control. The lieutenant was in charge of the plane and their lives, and Doolittle was the first to recognize it and assist. They were low, just off the water, and the Messerschmitts came in from above and from the quarter. Two were damaged and eventually all quit the running fight. The co-pilot's life was saved at the Gibraltar hospital.



"This should help while away the hours on shipboard."

General Doolittle never mentioned the episode, not even when General Eisenhower kidded him about it.

I DIDN'T get much chance to see Air Force operations until mid-December of 1942. We had won western Africa, but were having a hard time holding our own with small forces in Tunisia. The Luftwaffe was slapping us around pretty roughly. Many things were wrong. We had very few airfields, and those we had were in terrible condition. The Allies were operating with a conglomeration of equipment, too many of the earlier types and too few of the newer ones.

The problem bothered every one until the American Tactical Air Force pitched in to save the front at Kasserine Pass. From that command it was natural for Doolittle to take over all the strategic bombing. That was April 15, 1943. He was promoted to major general and given all the heavy bombers of the Northwest African Air Forces for strategic operations under Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder and General Spaatz.

Doolittle's personality, his eagerness, and his loyalty to his men did things for that command that no planning could ever do. Here was a flyer's flyer come to lead them, and the men told me many times afterward that they'd follow Jimmy Doolittle through hell. He pulls men up out of their troubles and never lets them down. He merits respect; he doesn't command it.

Since he jealously guards his Army command pilot's license, for which the physical requirements are very strict, he is always in good health. Flying his own bomber, he made regular rounds of every squadron in his vast and scattered command. He told the men their new policy: Tedder's "First win the battle of the air; then control the war." Then he led them on their missions to practice that theory.

In the air with them, he watched his boys smash the Luftwaffe back into the Tunisian soil until, in the final days of the Tunisian campaign, not an enemy

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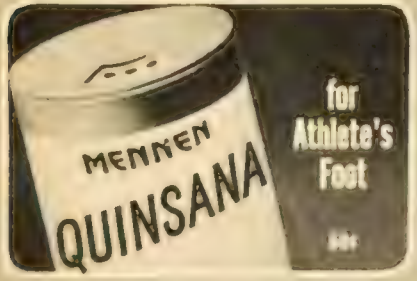
1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.

2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of *re-infection* from shoe linings.



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plane was to be seen. More than a thousand were found destroyed on enemy airdromes. Then he led them on the mass bombings of the German line that hastened the collapse of the enemy and ultimate victory in Africa.

With the Sicilian invasion looming next, General Eisenhower was worried about Pantelleria. Its defenses were such that it would cost many lives and much equipment, as well as delay us, unless the air forces could deliver it. Tedder, Spaatz, and Doolittle laid before him a bombing formula which, they promised, would reduce the island stronghold in two weeks. Eisenhower was convinced.

I moved in with the air forces for the crucial two weeks. I went with them and watched them hammer Pantelleria until it seemed nothing could be left alive down there. On the tenth day the white cross appeared and Pantelleria was occupied. Said Doolittle: "It is a landmark in the history of military aviation."

It proved what all-out air power could do against a local isolated target. It also proved that full-scale air power could pulverize a defensive system and pave the way for an army. These were the Doolittle dreams of the proper place and perspective of military aviation.

FOR Sicily the tactics were changed. Doolittle's bombers struck with strategic raids at principal targets throughout the island and, in forcing the Luftwaffe up to defend them, won the war in the air. The Germans poured in quick air reinforcements at first, so part of the Doolittle force went to work on enemy airdromes. When I went into Sicily with the invading forces, the Germans could throw only small defensive air units against us, and soon those, too, were gone.

This system of ruining enemy airports and grounding their planes is fantastically thorough. First, our planes scatter fragmentation bombs by the thousands over an enemy airdrome, damaging planes and wounding personnel. Then the next wave of bombers let go high-explosive bombs and posthole the field until nothing can roll across it. You can cross that field off the operational list for days.

During this period General Doolittle did an amazing thing. He helped develop the P-38 Lightning fighter into a long-range dive bomber carrying 2,000 pounds of bombs.

He did one other thing. A new type of plane, a fine bomber, was proving extremely hot for new pilots to handle. One group lost four of the planes on the same raid. In each case a motor had been shot out and the plane fell over into a fatal spin.

Doolittle said it was a matter of confidence. He assembled the pilots, told them what he was going to do, then climbed into one of their bombers and took off. Just over the field, at low altitude, the co-pilot cut out one engine completely. The plane lurched, almost slipped, but the general had it. He recovered, climbed, flew around, and landed with one engine dragging its feathered prop in the air. The youngsters were convinced. They began bringing those same planes back from missions in the most shot-up condition imaginable.

For the knockout blows in the invasion of Italy the work of the Doolittle strategic bombing force was all-important. In conjunction with the tactical air force it had to neutralize rail traffic, smash vital industrial targets, and then, when the crisis came at Salerno, for two days it laid on a 2,000-plane aerial blitz that broke the German lines.

AN IDEA

This week's Liberty cover is a portrait of Major General James H. (Jimmy) Doolittle by McClelland Barclay. Twenty-five cents invested in a frame will give your a picture worthy of any wall.

I had never seen such evidence of bombing. Around Salerno there were bomb holes everywhere. Railroad lines were thoroughly smashed, as were all main junctions and freight yards. Bridges were knocked out, road-blocking towns were ruined, roads were torn out and factories laid waste. It was accurate, horrible, and thorough. Naples was mostly dusty ruins—not from bomb hits so much as from explosions caused in the port and factories by our bombs.

THE Air Forces paced the Italian campaign with excellent support. Their work in blocking the rail lines between Italy and Germany at Bologna and the Brenner Pass was outstanding. Then the winter weather set in and for the time being we were stalled. We couldn't use our terrific air superiority to blast the Germans out of the mountains, because most of the time the German positions were hidden in the clouds.

On September 16 last year General Eisenhower pinned a Distinguished Service Medal on Jimmy Doolittle's chest. That gave Jimmy the country's three highest decorations: the Congressional Medal of Honor, the D. F. C. with cluster, and the D. S. M.

Doolittle is in England now, studying his new job and molding the plans by which the Eighth Air Force, with the R. A. F., will hammer a hole through Europe. And if December is a right month for Doolittle, he may be home for his next Christmas dinner. But then he'll want to celebrate another, and early, Christmas in Tokyo, for he has never forgiven what the Japs did to his colleagues on the Tokyo mission. When the Jap atrocities were announced he said with feeling:

"The day will come when these atrocities will be avenged, and I hope I am among the avengers."

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The State of Nebraska asked Washington to approve repairs for its electric chair, prior to an execution. The WPB said nothing doing—it was not deemed essential to the war effort.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

BETTY THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL

Continued from Page 25

and swung across the stage, singing as she swung. The knives and forks began to beat on the tables and the glasses, and she had to give seven encores. After the show Billy Rose told her, "Don't change anything, young lady. There's only one thing I ask. Don't tear down my nice new place."

In the summer of 1940 one of those coincidences happened that a writer of fiction would never be able to slip by a cagey editor. Betty and Lopez had disagreed over salary and contracts the year before, and Betty had had some pretty lean times. Having heard that Abe Berman was a good New York lawyer, she went to him one day for help with her difficulties. While she was in his office Berman received a phone call from one of his clients, B. G. De Sylva, who wanted him to try and locate the dynamic blonde who used to wow the trade at the Casa Mañana. He wanted her for a part in his new Broadway show, Panama Hattie, starring Ethel Merman.

"Ah, me, it's a small world," said Lawyer Berman, and added that he knew the blonde very well, that he was her lawyer.

IT was only a short step from Panama Hattie to Hollywood—except that when Betty arrived she was hurt to the quick because no one in Hollywood had ever heard of her. America's Number One Jitterbug, and no one mentioned her in a column or took her picture at the Mocambo! With an energy equaled only by that of a Boulder Dam dynamo, she set about making "Who is Betty Hutton?" an entirely superfluous question.

Frightening stories are told about Betty's pep. Bob Hope said of her, when they were working together in Let's Face It: "If they'd put a propeller on Betty Hutton and send her over Germany, the war would be over in no time." Hope and Betty were doing a scene where Betty has to try a little jujitsu. The director had told her to push Bob's chin up, but he hadn't told her to put all her energy in the push. Something went *crunch*. Bob opened his mouth and a handful of teeth dropped out. Betty screamed and fainted. When she came to, Bob gallantly presented her with a small box. In it were the rest of the celluloid teeth caps he'd been wearing to make his smile look pretty for the camera.

When they started The Incendiary Blonde, Betty and Arturo Cordoba, Paramount's handsome Latin lover, didn't hit it off too well. Seems that Arturo, fresh out of Mexico, loved his siesta after lunch, whereas Miss Hutton bolted her 500 calories in a hurry and was all set to start rehearsing. "Listen, dollface," Betty would say to him. "You're strictly mañana. How do you expect to succeed?" Before the picture was finished Betty had the casual, graceful Arturo dashing around happily like a high-school hepcat.

Strangely enough, some of Betty's best friends are women. She thinks women are better to confide in than men. And Betty likes to confide. Needless to say, these best friends are not Hollywood glamour girls. Most of those are too envious of her quick strides to stardom to be exactly chummy.

She didn't endear herself to a bunch

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of proud beauties who went on the Third War Bond Cavalcade with her last fall. You can't cozy up to a girl who gets all the applause and makes your act look sick and anemic. Betty, a born entertainer, would get out on the stage and cordially announce, "Folks, I'm the biggest ham in the world. All you have to do is urge me on and I'll knock myself out. I haven't got sense enough to get off the stage." She stopped the show every time. The bond-buying audiences would stamp and shriek and go wild—as long as they could keep Betty on the stage. The stars who followed the Blonde Blitz had no more chance than a strawberry parfait in the Sahara sun.

All across the country, she kissed the mayor in every town where the Cavalcade stopped. And, of course, she always got her picture on the front page. In all the group pictures of the Cavalcade, she always seemed to stand out. Could it be because she was smart enough to wear light clothes, which photograph better than dark? She hadn't haunted the still department at the studio just to play in the acid.

Betty thinks she must have sung Murder, He Says, at least a million times. Whenever she appears at an Army camp, a Navy base, or at the Hollywood Canteen, where she is a frequent visitor, the boys immediately demand "Murder." Betty is a tireless singer. When most songbirds are beginning to poop out she is just getting warmed up. "Boys, aren't we having a ball!" she'll shout gaily, and go into her tenth number. Murder, He Says, was written especially for Betty by song writer Frank Loesser for one of her numbers in Happy Go Lucky. Three weeks before the picture started Loesser went around with Betty so he could pick up her jitterbug chatter. She learned all about jive when she traveled with the Lopez band. "It's murder" has long been one of her favorite expressions. She greets every one with a hearty, "Hiya, lover," or "Hiya, dollface." Cecil B. De Mille, however, rates "dream boy." The stern, dignified De Mille is treated with great respect and awe by every one on the lot—except Betty. "Hiya, dream boy!" she shrieks, and kisses him noisily on his bald spot. Does the Master like it? Well, the talk is that it won't be long before Betty will be asked to star in a De Mille production.

In a hurry to do everything else, Betty apparently is in no hurry to get married, although she has been engaged four times since she came to Hollywood. She explains things this way: "The trouble with me is that I feel lots older than twenty-three. I've been working hard since I was little more than a baby, and I've been too many places and seen too many things. This results in romantic difficulties. If I go out with a boy my age I feel I'm out with my little brother. I feel about right when I'm with a man of thirty-eight. So I plan to marry him. Then I get to thinking: when I'm thirty-eight he'll be fifty-three and want to stay home nights and listen to the radio. So I don't marry him. You know what I think I've done? I think I have loused up my life."

BETTY thinks that diamond rings given you are bad luck. If you give one to yourself, that's different. With the first money she was able to save while playing in Panama Hattie she bought herself a diamond ring. Ethel Merman, star of the show, gave her a huge topaz ring, and Betty for the first time in her life was "loaded" with jewelry. Her jewel collection has not grown much since. A very honest young person, she always returns her engagement rings. Her philosophy of love is, "If you could treat men you want like you treat men you don't want, you could have any guy in the world."

Betty is very generous. A sucker for a sob story, she finally had to get a business manager who won't let her sign checks. "I spend like a drunken sailor," she says. "I get a kick out of helping people. Sort of satisfying to the ego, I guess." Her extreme honesty and constancy in a town where even the ground is unstable have earned her the reputation of being tactless. "I have no time to be subtle," she says, "and no patience with phony characters."

When Preston Sturges gave her her first straight role in The Miracle of Morgan's Creek, he'd never even seen her on the screen—only talked to her on the lot. When certain people were amazed that she had been asked to do the picture, Betty explained it: "Mr. Sturges was sure I had dramatic ability because I acted so much the opposite."

Success hasn't knocked Betty for a loop. And it probably never will.

THE END

"This is really so silly—let the kids settle their own arguments from now on."

YOUR IDEA MAY WIN THE WAR

Continued from Page 29

underground mat, ideal for preventing dust storms and soil erosion.

Here, then, was an idea useful in meeting a grave wartime need and in providing a new and valuable crop and industry. We took Dr. Berkman and his findings to the Navy, Maritime Commission, and War Production Board's new Office of Production Research and Development which obtained financial help. With it Dr. Berkman designed, built, and, despite many setbacks including a disastrous fire, got into production a machine to remove the floss seeds. Meanwhile the Department of Agriculture lent a hand. Today we've passed the kapok crisis and have thousands of Midwest acres producing milkweed in a big way.

We welcome ideas. We do not need or want models at first. Some of the best ideas have been set down on a post card, the back of an old envelope, or an ordinary sheet of paper. What we want, first, is just a quick preview of an idea, a brief description, any suggestions about its past use and possibilities, and, if needed, a sketch. From this our staff can judge if the idea is new, whether it has merit, and when and where it might be useful.

Having spotted an idea of merit, we submit it with any suggestions to the Council or to one or more of its many committees of experts. With its suggestions or recommendations (since Congress has not provided the Council with funds for experimentation) we then send the idea to the place where it seems likely to be most useful—the Signal Corps, Ordnance, or other Army branch, the Navy, the War Production Board. After study, it is for the interested agency, *not* the Council, to deal directly with the inventor—fairly of course—and, as likely as not, to work directly with him.

Don't suppose that all the thousands of patriotic Americans with an inventive turn of mind have been asleep these last three years. Think twice before sending in an idea.

Don't repeat some old device or method. Consult pertinent textbooks. Our Patent Office has granted more than two million patents. It should be helpful to review the files of the Patent Office Gazette in your local library to learn whether your idea is really new.

Don't invent things which are merely different unless they give promise of being definitely better. We have had at least fifty designs for so-called rotary gas engines, all slight variations of more or less common designs and none promising better performance than present types.

Don't ignore the laws of physics or other laws of nature.

Don't claim to be able to double the efficiency of airplane propellers, when their present efficiency is about 75 per cent. An efficiency of 150 per cent is much too much to expect; in fact, it would be 50 per cent better than perpetual motion.

Don't ignore military requirements and suppose, for example, that a soldier is a pack mule able to carry, along with his present hefty load, body armor or electrically or steam-heated clothing, or mechanical shock absorbers if he's a paratrooper. We have dozens of good rapid-fire gun designs doubling the present rate of fire, but if two soldiers are needed to carry ammunition for one gun it is usually better to have two guns of lower firing rate.

Don't do what young inventors are prone to do—look to far-off countries for materials to work with.

DO give thought to the fields you know best. If you've never been to sea, the probabilities are that you cannot tell our Navy a thing. If your acquaintance with aviation hasn't gone beyond seeing planes overhead or watching them come in for a landing, don't be too sure that your ideas are altogether new or usable. We must have had more than a hundred suggestions for putting the wheels of big bombers in motion just before landing, to save rubber tires. As a matter of fact, these infrequent abrasions are not too harmful; such tires are more often put out of commission by some other cause. If your invention lies in the field of electronics or remote-control devices, inform yourself of what is going on in that field and discover what phenomena are workable and what are not.

From its experience and close collaboration with other agencies, the Council has been made familiar with many of the problems which the War Department, Navy Department, Maritime Commission, and other war units anticipate or are now trying to solve. Most of them can't safely be broadcast, although we can guide inquirers.

Useful inventions lie in two broad classifications: (1) improvements on those which we now have, and (2) entirely new conceptions which may be so promising and potent that even our present mode of warfare may be changed to make use of them.

It is not always easy to reveal what the military services may need. To do so might disclose what we now lack. However, we have been given permission to reveal the nature of some of these wants and will be glad to do so to our inventive friends whose help may be timely, especially if they know the fields in which these needs lie.

A practical and effective solution of any of these problems would be a real contribution to our war effort.

Give us a hand! Another idea, another post-card or letter inquiry won't do anybody any harm, and it might help to win the war.

THE END

"We'll have the rent for you first thing in the morning, Mrs. Halloran."

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STRATEGY FOR PACIFIC VICTORY

Continued from Page 23

bombers tremendously improved in performance. Air bombardment will show greater relative results against Japan than against Germany. One thousand tons of bombs dropped on Japanese cities will have a comparatively greater effect than the same number dropped on German cities. But Japan is better protected by long distances than Germany and, by using the mainland, has much vaster possibilities of relocating its industries.

To carry out destruction from the air we need air bases closer to Japan. Getting them will be a chief objective of our landing operations.

It will be approximately another year before we can concentrate our full forces in the Pacific, and another twelve to eighteen months before the decisive operations against Japan can be waged. In 1945 and the first half of 1946 great events may be expected in the last war theater of World War II. We can envision how Japan will succumb.

Japanese aviation will grow increasingly weak and incapable of supporting and protecting ground and sea forces and of staving off the Allied air fleets.

Japan's Navy will be unable to maintain communications with outlying strategic positions and raw-material regions. The Japanese Army will be crushed by the combination of crack Anglo-American troops and the masses of the Chinese Army.

Above all, the Japanese fighting forces will become overextended and incapable of maneuver. War in the Pacific puts the defender at a disadvantage, while the attacker holds the odds. The defender, who wants to cling to positions, scatters his forces. The attacker, if he is able to rally large mobile masses for maneuver, is able to effect a deep break-through. We shall win because we shall have a motorized mass force available on the water, in the air, and on the ground. The Japanese defense lines will be ripped and Japanese fighting forces will be unable to ward off break-throughs in depth.

When the Japanese Islands are cut off from the southern colonial area and the Japanese Army is beaten on the Asiatic mainland, the defense of the Japanese Islands will become a hopeless undertaking. The Allies, in possession of the Chinese coast as a land base, will be in a position to carry out landings on the Japanese Islands.

Admiral Nomura put it very succinctly when he said that Japan as a military power cannot exist if its Empire is smashed.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A Westlake, Louisiana, Negro appeared before a notary public.

"Boss! I wants to git a moggage made."

"Going to borrow some money, Buck?"

"No, sah! Ise gwine to buy a piece of land."

"You want a deed, not a mortgage!"

"No, sah." The old Negro stuck to his guns. "De last time I had a piece of land, I had a deed. De bank had a moggage. Now de bank's got de land!"

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CITY STATE

I'LL GO MY WAY

Continued from Page 17

things that were wrong with them, and she told me that if you had that much sense about her stories, she might sell more of them more often."

That had gotten the job for her at thirty-five dollars a week, which had seemed a perfectly magnificent salary. Now she received seventy-five dollars a week, and every once in a while Mr. Bower talked vaguely about a raise.

Yes, she had grown to love this place. There was her office, neat and snug and waiting for her. There was Jerry's picture with yesterday's rose looking somewhat faded. Miss Corliss took it out and slipped a fresh one into the vase. For the last time, she thought, and again a feeling of nostalgia swept over her. It was like saying good-by to everything. A thought was evoked that she instantly stifled. *Was* she saying good-by to everything?

"It will be very touching," Bennett Rider had told her over cocktails at Twenty-one, "to see you as the Little Wife in the suburbs, making the beds and setting the clock on the oven to have the dinner just right by six o'clock, while you trot off for your weekly session with the Wednesday Bridge Club."

"I don't play bridge," Casey had said shortly, "and I'll have a maid."

"How much did you say Jerry made before he went into the Army?"

"I don't know. He didn't make anything. I mean, he didn't work. Oh, for heaven's sake, Ben! He owned a ranch in San Antonio, Texas. Or his father owned it. And Jerry—I don't know"—she tried to remember, helplessly—"he studied to be a lawyer, but before he could do anything about practicing, the war came along."

Ben had smiled. "Let's have another old-fashioned," he had said softly, "and drink to the returning hero, shall we?"

SHE glanced at her calendar. The luncheon at the Stork Club would be dull, but she had to do it. It was Stevie's idea, and Stevie had been quite sentimental about it.

"It's really your last day as one of the Girls. Your luncheon and cocktail hours," Stevie had remarked with vitriol, "always seem to be well taken care of. And now Jerry will be home to take care of the evenings, so the girls want to give you a sort of farewell luncheon."

All this talk of farewell this and that was beginning to grate a little on her nerves. Mag had said, "I want to give you a farewell party before you kiss our little snuggery good-by. I hope I'll find some one who'll take over your share of the lease."

Mag read blueprints at an airplane factory and spurned all offers of marriage. "I don't object to supporting myself, nor do I propose to give up a job which delights me."

Miss Monaghan appeared, to whisper that Mr. Bower would like Miss Corliss to read that manuscript this morning if she could possibly fit it into her busy day.

"Why, of course I'll fit it in!" Casey frowned. "I hope you didn't let Mr. Bower think for a minute that I wouldn't. That is, after all, what I'm paid for."

"Well," Miss Monaghan returned defensively, "he knew that your mind wouldn't really be on your work today."

Something was happening inside of Miss Corliss. Something that she didn't care to analyze but which she found disturbing. It was a feeling that her plans were being made for her, decided upon without any suggestions from her. Miss Monaghan and Mag and Stevie and Mr. Bower and Bennett were all pushing her firmly out the door of the Bower Literary Agency. And she was remembering that one of Jerry's letters had said:

"And, honey, when I get back we'll go down and find a ranch in Texas and we'll just fish and ride and work as little as we have to."

She had smiled tenderly over the letter, paying no attention to the fact that she hated riding, loathed fishing, and really loved working. Besides, she had a neat little mind that liked to open a bankbook and see a comfortable balance. Debts terrified her, and insecurity of any kind, and she had an enormous impatience with people who wanted to loaf through life.

Mr. Bower said, "Well, well!" He said, "I guess it feels like your wedding day all over again." And then, not quite liking the sound of that, he said, "What do you think about the new Price serial? It seems to me she's still writing about the wrong war. My Lord, people don't *talk* like that any more."

"Kitty talks like that," Casey pointed out sensibly.

"I know. I know. I don't know what I'll do with her when you're gone, Casey." His voice was querulous.

That queer little feeling quivered through her again.

"I'll write a report on that novel before I go out to lunch." At the door of Harry's office she turned back to say. "And I haven't handed in my resignation yet, Harry. I don't want you to go leaping to conclusions." She smiled and nodded, and across the room Harry stared at her pensively.

A LADIES' luncheon at the Stork Club was not noticeably different from a ladies' luncheon in Scarsdale, New York. All the pretty little matrons chatting in all their pretty little voices were exactly the same as Casey remembered them. She hadn't seen them *en masse* like this since before she had married and shaken the dust of suburbia from her feet forever.

Stevie Wilson saw her and waved frantically, and Casey smiled and lifted a hand in fleeting greeting as she made her way toward the table for eight. These were girls Casey had gone to school with and grown up with, and she knew fairly accurately how they felt about their homes, husbands, and children.

Stevie said, before Casey was completely seated, "What a *darling* suit, Casey! But isn't it awfully *business*-

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like? I mean, now that Jerry's coming home—"

Casey smiled indulgently. "What would you like me to appear in at luncheon, darling? A dressing gown?"

"Now, Casey, you know perfectly well what I mean. Don't you want to be *terribly* feminine for Jerry?"

"Of course. But not at luncheon or the office."

"How could you *bear* to go to the office today? If Bill were coming home—" She stopped, and her wide soft blue eyes filled with tears. Bill wasn't coming home. No one knew when he'd come home, or if he'd come home. He was a prisoner of the Japs.

"Now, Stevie, *please!*" Anne Acheson said softly.

Stevie looked like a little girl instead of a grown woman of twenty-three. No wonder Bill had worried about her.

He had written Casey asking her to take care of Stevie for him. But what could any one do for Stevie except bring Bill back to her?

"Let's have champagne cocktails today, girls, in honor of the occasion," Loretta Macy suggested. Her dark eyes went to the flowers on Casey's shoulder. "You look like a bride today, Casey, honestly you do. I guess you feel like one, too, don't you?"

"It's even better than that, Loretta. It's getting Jerry home again for good."

LORETTA had been living with her husband's family while Jim was at war. She had been simply wonderful about it, feeling that getting along with Jim's parents was really the very least she could do for Jim. He had been discharged from the Army several months ago after having been badly wounded. Now he was recovered, his sight as good as ever. But Casey knew from her parents that Jim Macy's wounds had been deeper than that. He couldn't seem to find his way back into the world. He sat on the Macys' front porch and talked of some tomorrow when he'd get his old job back and when they'd move into a home of their own.

And now Loretta said, "I hope he *really* comes home, Casey—" And there was a brief silence around the table.

"Jerry will find you more beautiful than ever," Anne said smilingly. "He really will, Casey."

There was a mirror beyond the table and Casey lifted her eyes to it. The black suit was smart and expensive, but when you worked you had to look well dressed and well groomed. If Stevie and Loretta had jobs to live up to, they would have taken better care of their appearance. Casey looked different from any of them. She looked bright and alert and alive. You couldn't mistake her. She was a smart, clever, independent young woman.

Over cocktails Eileen Andrews asked, "Do you think you and Jerry might come to Scarsdale to live?"

"Goodness, I haven't thought that far ahead!"

"Your mother would adore having you out there."

Yes, Casey thought, but she wouldn't adore not getting the help I can give her. Not even Tom Corliss knew about those checks that found their way discreetly to Mrs. Corliss. The Corlisses had lost a son, Peter, at Pearl Harbor, and Mr. Corliss hadn't seemed to be able to put his mind on much of anything since then. The small Corliss real-estate office had grown drearier and dustier and quieter, and the desk at which Peter used to sit was just as he had left it.

"Your father would die if he knew I was taking money from you," Mrs. Corliss had sobbed.

"Well, he never has to know, and meanwhile it's the very least I can do for you both. Goodness, if you just had the money that put me through college, you wouldn't have to be taking help from me now."

And on that sensible condition Mrs. Corliss had become a partner to the occasional checks that arrived in care of General Delivery at the post office.

"You were wonderful," Loretta said, "to go out and get a job the way you did."

"Well, it just seemed more sensible than sitting around moping, or being a burden to Jerry's parents."

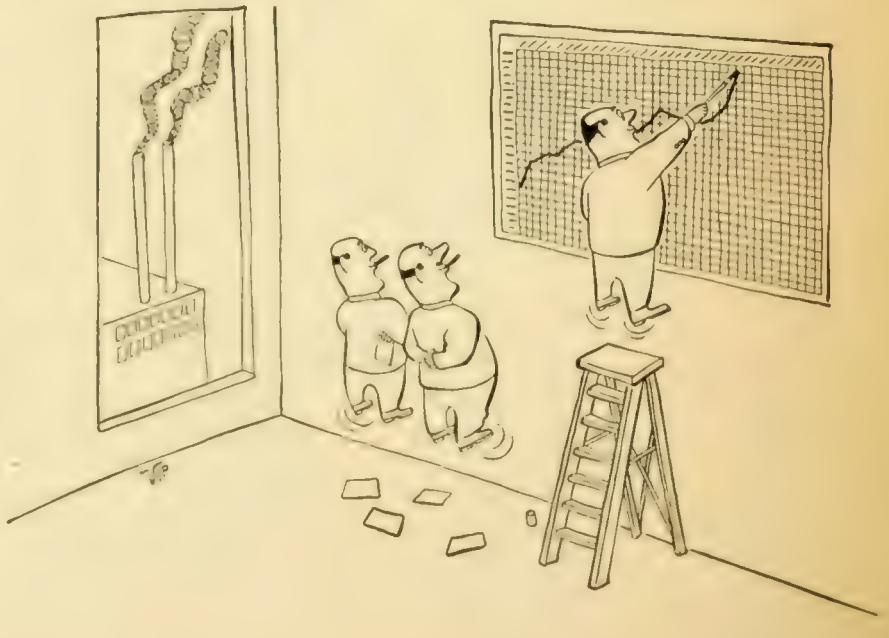
"I don't think it was wonderful of her not to go to Jerry's camp and see him before he sailed," Stevie said. "I think you're hard," Stevie said, "that's what I think. And I don't even think you're glad that Jerry's coming home!"

"Stevie!" Loretta said, shocked.

"That's all right, Loretta," Casey said. "I understand how Stevie feels. I care just as much, but I just feel differently about things. I'm cursed with good sense or something, that's all."

"Well," Eileen Andrews smiled down

(*Continued on page 62*)



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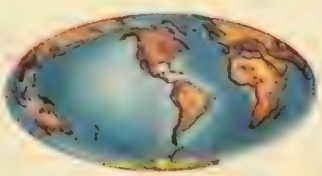

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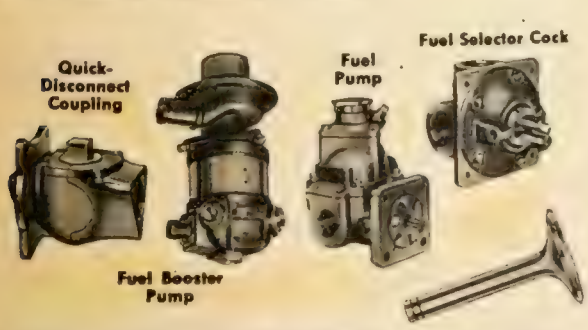

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(Continued from page 60)

the table at her, "Jerry's home now. I do hope you come back to Scarsdale, Casey, and join our bridge club and the junior section of the Woman's Club."

Casey smiled around the table at them. "It sounds lovely," she told them.

After luncheon the girls were all going shopping. "We don't get to New York very often, you know—" And Eileen had to call home to be sure the baby was all right, and Loretta called home to tell Mrs. Macy that she wouldn't be home before six and was that all right?

Casey, listening to them, felt a cold little band tightening around her heart. Was that marriage? she wondered.

Going out, a girl seated at the bar called out, "Hello, Casey."

She paused. The girl had a lovely, beautifully tanned thin face and bright hair and too much blue mascara on her eyelashes. A sable jacket hung precariously on one slim shoulder and she wore a blue dress that was almost the exact color of her eyes. If the word was still in use at all, Casey decided, the word for this girl was "glamorous." She had met her somewhere but she couldn't imagine where.

"I hear Jerry's coming home tonight."

Casey looked startled, and then she remembered. She'd met the girl twice at Fort Dix. She was Elaine Duryea, Colonel Duryea's daughter, and Fort Dix rumor had it that she had carried the torch for Jerry quite a while.

Casey said, "How did you know?"

A bored young naval lieutenant beside Elaine spoke up:

"She knows troop movements better than the generals do."

"Now, darling, don't be nasty," Elaine chided him agreeably. "Jerry and I have been keeping up quite a correspondence," Elaine said lazily. "We're old friends, you know, and soldiers love mail, so-o-o . . ."

"That was very nice of you," Casey said coldly.

"I'd like to see him," Elaine offered.

"Then I'd suggest you call him and make a date!"

The lieutenant said mildly, "Oh, my!" And Elaine said, "Thanks. I'll do that."

Outside, while they waited for taxis, Stevie asked, "Who *was* that, anyway?"

"Elaine Duryea. She's the daughter of a colonel out at Fort Dix and I guess she had quite a case on Jerry. She's quite a golden child, taking pretty much anything she wants out of life as she goes by."

"But did you know she was writing to Jerry?"

"Oh, yes. Jerry mentioned it, but I'd forgotten it."

Jerry had not mentioned it, but Casey would, the minute she laid eyes on him. The day kept getting out of control. The wonderful fact of Jerry's return kept getting blurred by a lot of things that weren't very pleasant.

Well, while she was getting her facial, she'd just lie there and not think of a thing except the fact that Jerry was coming home. She wouldn't let herself think about Elaine or Texas or Mr. Bower or any of the things that had disturbed her. She'd just think of herself and Jerry together again.

THE doorman nodded and smiled. "Good afternoon, Miss Corliss. Home early today, aren't you?"

The neat colored maid nodded and smiled. "Good afternoon, Miss Corliss. Ain't you gittin' home a little early?"

It was wonderful to be getting home like this, rested and aglow with health and happiness, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The apartment was lovely with the afternoon sun streaming through Venetian blinds and pretty drapes. The kitchen was neat and shining and would be taken over by the caterers at five o'clock.

She had asked only her most intimate friends to come tonight. Mag had suggested that perhaps Jerry would rather have Casey to himself, his first night at home; but Casey didn't think so. Jerry had always adored parties and mobs of people and gaiety of every sort. His letters had talked, more than anything else, of the loneliness of the Army.

Poor darling, Casey thought now. Whatever she had been through these past two years was nothing compared to what Jerry had gone through. And standing there in the middle of the large living room, she dedicated herself in her heart to making up to Jerry everything he had missed or been through. Everything. He was coming back into a world that, for a while, he had lost completely. She must help him to find his place in it again.

And it seemed simple as she stood there in the glow of late afternoon sunlight. It never occurred to her that Jerry was returning with a full set of plans of his own.

Bennett Rider suggested the thought to her mildly when he stopped by unexpectedly at half past five for a drink.

Casey was furious with him.

"You know perfectly well that I haven't any time to hover over dry Martinis for you with Jerry getting here practically any minute, and a dozen people arriving, and the caterers busy in the kitchen."

Ben settled himself comfortably in his favorite chair.

"You know," he remarked, "I'd like to meet this husband to whom you have been faithful lo, these many years!"

Casey began to perceive that the offer of a cocktail was almost superfluous since Ben had already found several at some more hospitable bar. With several dry Martinis his expression became owlish, his red hair seemed more unruly than ever, and he developed a quiet dogged persistence which could seldom be shaken. Casey began to feel a little nervous.

"Now, look, darling. Be a good boy and go home."

Bennett Rider was an actor turned playwright and he was moderately successful. He'd had one play that ran almost a year, and several that closed before they opened, and one this season that had died, as Casey said, right in her lap as she sat there in the front row. When Ben ran out of money, he would sit down and write another one. He had helped run the New York office of OWI and had done a really first-class job, and Elmer Davis himself had told Ben so, and that made him feel a little better about the fact that he hadn't been in the Army.

Ben looked now as though he might be in one of his recitative moods. Casey had just emerged from a shower and her hair was piled on top of her head and she still had cold cream thinly on her face and was wrapped unglamorously in a white robe.

"There was many an evening when you welcomed my company," Ben told her in tones of deepest hurt. "I don't think it's very nice of you to turn me out this way."

The waiters were talking excitedly in French in the kitchen and there was an awful lot of noise. Ben reached over and switched on the radio at his elbow and leaned back and closed his eyes.

CASEY felt a rising panicked tide of helplessness. She might call for the superintendent, except that the superintendent was a woman and rarely sober. She might ask the caterers to throw Ben out, but they were little men, and Ben was six feet one and had played star football at Yale.

She certainly didn't want Jerry coming home from war to find a strange man in her apartment. She thought wildly of all the pains she had gone to for this party, asking only the people she was sure Jerry would like and approve of. She had even talked Mag into staying at a friend's house tonight because Mag had a talent for saying the wrong thing at the right time.

She had asked the Renaldos, who were a radio comedy team, he playing the piano and ad libbing and she trying to sing against his interruptions. She had asked Chuck and Marion Carter because they were sweet and Marion rode and Chuck was a major in the Marine Corps. She had asked the Warrens, who came from Texas, and the Nesbits, who were currently dancing at the St. Regis. They were all going to arrive very soon.

Meanwhile here was Ben, and here

was the slowly dawning realization, coming to her with a faint sense of horror, that all this while—all these two years of luncheons and pleasant innocent evenings—Ben had been in love with her! Such a catastrophe had simply never occurred to Casey.

She leaned toward him and put both hands on the arms of his chair and her face softened and her voice dropped a note to become one of gentle feminine appeal.

The radio was playing and the waiters were shrieking now, and she didn't hear the door opening down the foyer. It was usually locked, but when she admitted Ben, she had been so certain that he would be taking his immediate departure, she had left the door ajar.

Young Captain Jerry Hayes, returning from war after two bitter years, his arms filled with presents for his wife, stood there looking at the touching scene that met his interested dark eyes. There was his charming wife bending low over a very attractive man wearing the hated mufti, and his wife was saying pleadingly:

"Ben darling, please—" And Captain Hayes, being a gentleman as well as an officer, coughed politely before she went any further.

Casey uttered a small scream and the redheaded man leaped out of the chair as though he had been burned by it, and two little men with aprons tied around their middles appeared briefly out of the kitchen, shook their heads, and went back in again.

Casey stared in frozen horror at the lean handsome man who confronted her. His chest was strung with campaign ribbons and he wore his peaked cap at the remembered jaunty angle that was strictly against regulations. Jerry's eyes rested on Ben speculatively as though he were considering whether or not to hit him.

Casey began to cry.

"Oh, dear," she said, "this is awful. Jerry, you told me you couldn't possibly get here before seven."

JERRY walked over to the sofa and dropped the gaily wrapped packages. "Well," he said, "I caught a plane and I thought I'd just walk in and surprise you. I must admit I didn't expect any surprise like this one."

"Jerry!" Casey said. "Jerry darling, really, you know perfectly well that I—"

"Now, look, old man," Ben began, and then he looked at Jerry's eyes and reached for his hat instead. "I just dropped by for a drink. Casey was trying to throw me out when you came in. Well, she was! You don't appreciate what a wonderful wife you have. Why, she hasn't even looked at another man all the while you've been gone. Casey's devotion to you has become a saga. A New York legend. That's why I wanted to stay. I wanted to meet the man that could inspire such devotion in a beautiful girl like Casey."

Jerry's gaze lingered speculatively and almost fondly on the point of Ben's jaw. "Well," Ben offered lamely, "I guess I'd better be going."

"That," Jerry assured him, "sounds like a very sound observation."

When he had departed, Casey sank somewhat limply onto the nearest sofa.

"Oh, Jerry, this is awful. I had everything planned so nicely. I had a new dress, and I was going to look so beautiful for you."

He said quietly, "I guess you'll always look beautiful to me, Casey. I was afraid you'd be different. I just didn't dare to believe you could be as wonderful as I'd remembered you. That's what we're all afraid of when we've been away so long—that every-

thing will be different when we come back."

"Jerry, you don't honestly think, even for a minute, that Ben—that I—"

The gray eyes with the thick black lashes met his. They were very wide. She always looked like a little girl when she was contrite and sorry.

"Of course I don't," he told her now. "If I thought that, I'd have killed him. And then," he said, "I'd have killed you." He grinned down at her—the quick smile that creased the corners of his eyes and showed his nice strong, not quite even teeth—and she smiled back at him and he took her hands in his and he had come home.

"I don't even want to kiss you," he said. "I just want to look at you."

She laughed. It was a giggle, really. She felt younger and sillier than she had dared to feel in years.

"Not like this!" she said. "You can't want to look at me like this."

"I might as well get used to it," he said, "because where we're going, there won't be much time—or money—for glamour."

HER heart stood still. "Where're we going?" she repeated. "Where *are* we going?"

"Why," he said, "we're going home. To Texas."

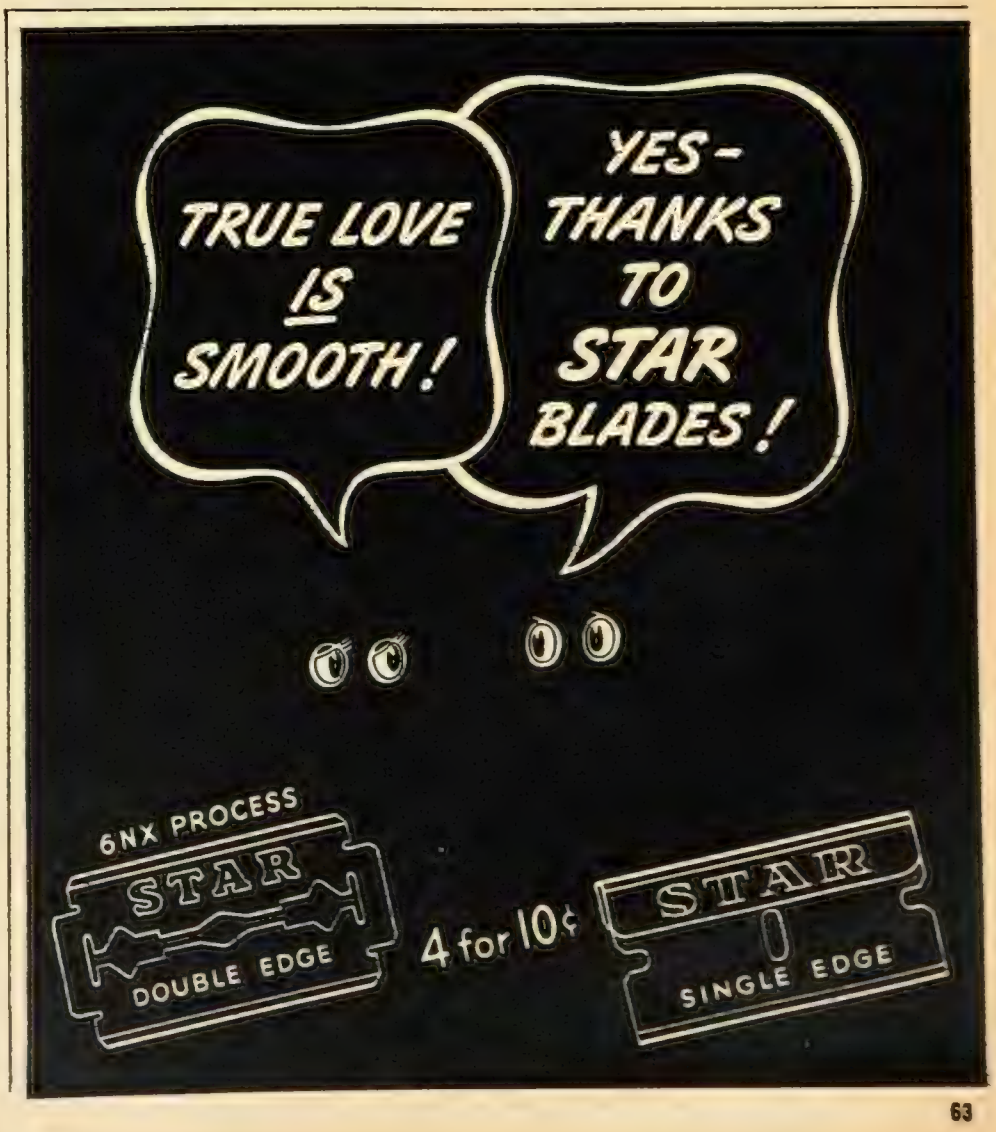
Casey sat very still. Her heart was pounding. She felt weak, limp.

"Why," she said, "that's just fine, Jerry."

Her voice sounded weak. Jerry didn't notice. He was holding her hands and looking out, beyond her, through the window, at sunset over in the west.

"It's what I've been dreaming about, Casey, in every slit trench and foxhole halfway across the world. I had that dream to come home to, with you in the middle of it. And now," he said—"now it's come true."

However Harry Bower may sneer at the problem of reunited soldier-husbands and their wives, there is a problem, as clever, affectionate Casey and much-in-love Jerry discover.



YOU'RE A JINX, JOE

Continued from Page 26

enty dollars, and he thought, What can I do? Where can the kid and me go? And then the answer came to him: As a boy on a Georgia farm he'd had a startling knack with bird dogs. If he could set himself up somewhere as a trainer, he and the kid could be together. So he and Ellen drifted south by bus until they came to Beulahville, which he somehow liked instantly. He rented the cottage and they moved in and, with the help of Cass and Laura Pendleton, he got a few dogs to train.

Yes, he'd had a few dogs that first season and he'd made out somehow, he and the kid. This season he had more dogs to train. Best of all, Dr. Giles had sent him the two unruly setters, and Dr. Giles was a big shot in gun-dog circles. But now he had to make a fresh start somewhere else. You got to where you could begin to see your way clear and something smacked you down. It had happened before.

IN the kitchen he set about fixing lunch. Ellen helped.

"You know," he said, when they sat down to the table, "maybe we might go somewhere else, Ellen. Some place where there'd be more room to train the dogs. While I'm getting started in this new place, maybe you'll go and stay with Uncle Ben and Aunt Edna again. Remember how you stayed with them when I was sick?"

"You aren't going to be sick again, are you, pop?"

"No. Oh, no. I'll just be busy."

Leaving Ellen to do the dishes, he walked out into the yard, and he was standing there, silent and lost, when the big car rolled to a stop at his gate. For a long moment he refused to believe his eyes. Then he saw his sister and her husband get out of the car, and he thought instantly, They want something. They'd never come to see me if they didn't. But what under the sun can they want from me?

Mechanically he kissed Edna and shook Ben Woodley's hand. Afterward he could not remember what the three of them said at first, but finally they were in the cottage, with Ben and Edna making a fuss over Ellen.

And then Edna, with what for her amounted to a tremendous burst of enthusiasm, was asking Ellen to show her the dogs and chickens. Edna looked good, Joe reflected; but then, she ought to. Things had broken fine for Edna. She'd married a hustler who'd given her everything she'd ever asked for.

Joe waved Ben to a seat in the miniature living room. Ben took out a cigar and lit it lovingly. Perhaps it was his last cigar or possibly he simply forgot to offer Joe one.

"How are things, Joe?"

"Things are shot to hell," Joe answered frankly. There was no point in beating about the bush. "It's a break for me that you came to see me. It'll save me time."

"We're driving south," Ben said casually, a little too casually. "Thought we'd look in on you. So things are bad?"

Joe told him how bad they were. He didn't, however, mention Laura Pendleton.

"So I was going to write and ask if you and Edna would take Ellen again for a while."

A curious gleam flickered in Ben Woodley's eyes. "You made good money in baseball, Joe. What in hell did you do with it?"

"I don't regret it," Joe growled. "The doctors and the hospital got the last of it. The other I spent on May. When —when I realized she wasn't happy with me, I bought her everything I could think of. I did all I could to keep us together. I don't regret that."

"She ran out on you."

"I still don't regret it."

"What are you going to do?"

"If you and Edna will take Ellen, I'm going back to Georgia. There's a trainer there will give me a job. Won't be much money in it, but I guess I'd better work for somebody else until I get on my feet. Then I'm going to start again just as I started here, but I'm going to know what I'm doing the next time."

"All right," Ben said. "We'll take Ellen. But she doesn't come to us just for a while. She comes to us for always, Joe."

While his brain was still reeling, Joe saw Edna and the kid return. Edna flung her husband a searching look. Ben nodded.

"Run into your bedroom, darling," Edna said to Ellen, "and try on the new dresses Aunt Edna brought you."

She started to ask a question as the door closed on the kid, but Ben waved her silent.

"That's why we came to see you, Joe," said Ben. "Having no children of our own, we're pretty lonely. We feel, too, that we have everything to offer a child. With us there's no advantage she won't have. With you—well, frankly, you know the odds. Things don't seem to break right for you, Joe, do they?"

Joe stared at his sister and her husband. Ben sat at ease, his features composed, his gray eyes direct. But Edna twisted and untwisted her hands and in her undistinguished brown eyes a kind of hunger throbbed. Looking at her, Joe realized that, after all, she hadn't got all the breaks. She'd missed out on some things.

"You can come to see her any time you like, Joe," she said now. "Oh, please, Joe. Try—try to think of all—"

"Of all the things you and Ben can give her? Sure." He got up and hit the little reading table with his fist. "You damned leeches!"

"I guess it's only natural to feel that way," Ben offered gravely. "Sit down, Joe. That's better. Take your time, man, and think it out. Here's an angle: What reasonable assurance have you got that the coming years will be one bit better than the two years since you got out of the hospital? Say you get on your feet again, as you call it, even then how much, comparatively speaking, will you have to offer? Still another angle: She's beginning to grow up. Now is the time she needs the things we can give her. But we don't want her on any part-time basis. This has to be for keeps, Joe."

"We'll be good to her," Edna put in half tearfully.

Joe found himself on his feet again. He could, if he wanted to, throw them out. He could take Ellen on to Georgia with him. Somehow they'd get by. But suddenly that wasn't the point at all. These two hadn't pulled their punches; they'd showed him starkly what really was the point.

"Tell the kid I had to go to town a minute."

"Sure," Ben said comfortably. "A man can always think better alone. Take your time, Joe."

As he left, Joe heard Ellen humming in the bedroom and he could imagine her wriggling her slim little body excitedly into one of the ten-dollar frocks Edna had brought.

GOING down the hill toward Beulahville, he discovered that he still couldn't think coherently. The past kept getting tangled up in his thoughts —odds and ends of the past, drifting willfully into his mind.

May's hard-bitten old father saying they were fools to get married so young. Those long years of minor-league ball. May's fretfulness when a sore arm cost him his first chance at the big leagues. Her hysteria when she became pregnant. The way she'd called him Hard-luck Joe and Joe the Jinx after he broke his leg in spring training and lost his second chance at the majors.

May should have stuck around a year longer. He made it then. Won seventeen games as a freshman. But May hadn't stuck around. He recalled vividly their last exchange. She'd come in briskly and wasted no words. "I'm leaving you and your hoodoo, Joe, and I'm taking Ellen."

HARDTACK

"All right—I'll get you a new spring suit. But that's blackmail!"

"O. K.," he'd said. "You're leaving me—but you've touched the kid your last time."

He didn't ask her the name of the other man. He didn't want to know. Which was a good thing, because later, in the hospital, he'd got delirious, so the doctor said, and begged for a gun so he could go out and shoot a dog.

The spring after May divorced him, the Cardinals tried him out again and he made it that time. He got a lot of bitterness out of his system throwing that rock past enemy hitters. But at the end of the season, after he'd gone fifteen innings in Chicago on a damp cold day, his arm went dead suddenly, and the bitterness came back.

He remembered walking in the rain and getting chilled to the bone. He remembered waves of faintness. The next thing he knew, he was in the hospital, where they told him he was a very sick man.

HE cracked up then and he was sick a long time. Once every four weeks Edna would bring Ellen from Pennsylvania. The kid would sit by his bed and he'd look at her and swear silently that he wasn't going to fold up, that he was going to get well and with his own hands fashion a bright new world for Ellen and himself. . . .

I can still make it, he argued silently now. We started from scratch once before.

But another thought came thievishly into his mind. Hard-luck Joe, May had called him. And it was as if from wherever she was now May spoke to him, saying, "Give the kid a break, Joe. You're a jinx."

When he came to himself he was walking down Main Street in Beulahville and Laura Pendleton had just said hello to him. In the distance he saw old Cass Pendleton, but he didn't give a damn now. He said, "Walk across the bridge and back with me, will you, Laura?"

If he had been in a rational frame of mind, he would have noticed the way she didn't even look at her father but took his arm and went walking down the street with him. He might have noticed, too, the excitement in her eyes when they stopped on the bridge. But instead he leaned his elbows on the railing and stared down into the indolent sullen waters of the narrow little river.

"Was there—something special you wanted, Joe?"

"Yeh. Ben and Edna came this afternoon." He hesitated only a moment and then his decision came to him like a flash of lightning. "I'm giving Ellen to them."

"Joe! But, Joe, she's yours! You can't just give her up."

"Easy for you to say that," he retorted, without looking at her. "You've never been down. Me, I keep thinking of her in fine clothes, going to the best schools, taking music and stuff like that. Ben and Edna can give her—"

"Can they give her the love you've got, Joe?"

"Who expects 'em to? It's a fair trade."

"Oh!" she said, her voice suddenly small and muffled.

He stared at the river a while longer, and when he turned she was no longer beside him. She was a slim shape at the end of the bridge, moving decisively toward the town. He watched until she disappeared up Pendleton Street. Then, with the weight of his decision and the rightness of it still fresh upon him, he, too, went walking toward the town, and through it, and up the hill to the cottage. . . .

Edna, Ben, and Ellen sat in the living room. Ellen wore one of the new dresses, a blue-gray frock combining in exactly the right proportions the qualities of smartness and simplicity, a frock with character to it. Beside it, Joe thought, a dress of his choosing would look like a last year's bird nest.

The bright flattered smile the kid gave him was a soft-nosed bullet mushrooming in his heart. But he didn't weaken. He said, "Ellen, why don't you run out and gather up the eggs?"

All the time she was in the bedroom changing back into the slacks and shirt she called her work clothes he sat staring out the window. He wouldn't look at Ben and Edna. But when Ellen slammed the back door behind her, he jerked around and met their eyes.

He said, "Sometimes she has bad dreams and kind of—kind of hollers out. If you'll hold her hand and talk to her low and gentle, she'll go back to sleep."

A sigh escaped his sister and he saw the tension go out of her. Ben smiled and did his best to make the smile warm and spontaneous. Even Joe realized that.

"Of course we'll want it legal," Ben said. "Legal and binding, Joe. There'll be papers for you to sign."

Edna said breathlessly, "We were so afraid you wouldn't be sensible, Joe."

"You'll never regret it," Ben told him. "You'll never regret it, Joe."

"So you've just sold me an insurance policy!" Joe said, and then wished he hadn't spoken, because Ben didn't understand his sarcasm and Edna did understand and was hurt by it.

Wheeling, he walked to a window, leaned his hands against the sill, and gazed sightlessly down the valley toward the town. Down at the kennels the dogs were barking and snarling. He should go down there, see what the rumpus was, and put a stop to it; but he was suddenly too tired to budge. . . .

In the back yard Ellen dropped the egg basket and stared angrily. The brindle-and-white cur had returned. He was leaping against the kennel fence, tearing at the wire with his teeth. Inside the enclosure Dr. Giles' black-ticked setter bounded to meet his charge.

Ellen shouted at the cur and then ran toward him. On the way she picked up a stick and, when she was ten feet from him, threw it at him with all her young might. The stick slammed against the cur's ribs. He whirled on his hind feet and came down on all fours facing her.

Petrified, she saw his hackles rise even higher and froth spew from his jaws. He took two stiff-legged steps toward her and crouched. She saw the greenish glitter of his eyes and she tried to run and could not.

The scream wrenched Joe Townsend away from his window. He ran against Ben, who had sprung to his feet, and he hurled Ben aside. Racing through the kitchen, he heard Ben and Edna at his heels. At the back steps his jinx caught up with him one last time, because in his anguished hurry he tripped and fell headlong and heavily and for a moment lay stunned.

Ben and Edna clattered past him. He surged up, groggy and panicky, blood streaming from a gash on his temple. Lunging forward, he saw Ellen and the dog. The cur was still crouched. Joe saw Edna stumble and fall. He saw Ben rush on and with a wild burst of hope he realized Ben would reach the child in time. And then he saw Ben freeze.

The cur charged. His blocky shoulders struck Ellen in the chest and smashed her down. And Ben Woodley screamed as Joe thundered past him.

JOE threw himself against the dog. One hand fastened in the loose skin of the neck. With his free hand he seized Ellen by the waist of her slacks and hurled her ten feet behind him. Then he and the dog were down on the ground together and the dog's fangs were clicking at his throat.

He stood up at last, fell to his knees, and stood up again. Sweat ran down his face and mingled with the blood. For a while he stared at the lifeless thing at his feet and finally it came to him that with his bare hands he had broken the cur's neck.

Behind him Ellen's sobbing became high-pitched and utterly uncontrolled. He took her out of Edna's arms. He said, "Buck up now, kid. He never touched you with his teeth. Never touched me, either. This blood came from when I fell down."

"That child's hysterical and no wonder!" Ben cried. "I'm going to call a doctor."

"Wait," Joe said. He looked at Ben and he tried to make his eyes compassionate. Better men than Ben Woodley might have frozen when the cur launched his vicious charge. In other circumstances he himself might have lost his nerve, might have hesitated one precious moment. He guessed it was the circumstances that counted.

"But she *needs* a doctor!" Ben Woodley shouted.

"No," Joe said. "See? She's quieter now. She just needs—me."

IT was cozy in the kitchen at supper-time. They had quail and Joe ate three. He felt fine again. Making a fresh start no longer terrified him. There was a way, there *had* to be a way, and he would find it.

"Me for the dishes, pop," Ellen said. "You sit down and rest. You've done enough for today."

So he went into the living room. Then he stepped outside for a breath of fresh air.

He was standing on his front steps when a car came to a violent stop at his gate. He peered angrily. If Ben and Edna were fools enough to come back—but it was Laura Pendleton and her old man who walked toward him in the windy wintry twilight.

Cass Pendleton stalked behind his daughter. But he did not look like Cass Pendleton. He looked as old as the hills and as dried up as one of last year's pea pods.

"So they've gone," Laura said. "They've gone—and taken her with them. I—I came over here to tell you what I think of you, Joe." She gestured impatiently at her father. "I don't know why he tagged along."

The old man met her challenge. "I came to tell him, if it's any satisfaction to him, that I couldn't feel any worse than I do now. I—I just didn't know."

Joe let him have both barrels. "Folks like you never bother to know."

Cass Pendleton's weathered ruddy face whitened. "Maybe so," he said. "But folks like me generally find out—and then we'll go to hell and back to undo any trouble we've caused. I drove forty miles one night in a snowstorm to ask a man's pardon. Didn't have to come that far to ask yours. But here I am!"

"So they took her," Laura broke in. "I hate you, Joe Townsend. That's what I came to tell you!"

Joe watched her anger blaze higher and still higher. He remembered another angry woman in his life. But May's anger had left her tawdry, while Laura's was clean and elemental and inspiring.

"Cass," he said, using the old man's first name shamelessly and half affectionately, "Ellen's always liked you. If you'll step around the back way to the kitchen you'll find her doing the dishes."

Something happened to Cass Pendleton's face then. A sudden thankful brightness suffused it. He started around the house at a crisp trot.

"You mean she's really there?" Laura demanded.

"I don't mean she's in Alaska."

He reached down with a big hand and drew Laura up on the step beside him, and in her eyes he found something then he had never seen before. A woman's sudden flaming pride in a man. And a hunger he had known all his life was gone forever. He caught her hand and led her gently out of the cold, out of the cold into his cottage, his castle.

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

FASHIONS IN FURS: A famous Fifth Avenue fur store gave an unusual party when it invited the press to a preview of rare furs in a velvet-lined steel vault. Among those present were the first specimens of American-bred chinchillas whose ancestors came from Chile, where the animal is almost extinct. Platinum mink skins, which cost about $265 each, were also on exhibition. A full-length coat of this luxury would run to around $20,000. It was pointed out that it took ten generations of controlled matings, over a period of eight years, for American farmers and breeders to evolve this silver-blue aristocrat.

FASHIONS IN FISH: Twenty-two-year-old Ellen Gray, who graduated from college last June, has opened her own food shop (at 800 Madison Avenue in New York). Deviled crabs made from her grandmother's recipe are her specialty. A gala red awning on the shop front testifies to this, for letters more than a foot high say with forthright simplicity, DEVILED CRABS. The crab meat comes in fresh daily from that famous crab heaven, Crisfield, Maryland. Though the nine-by-twelve shop doesn't open until ten thirty, Miss Gray is there by eight to mix the gorgeous crab meat with the cream, butter, eggs, peppers, parsley, and California sherry that make her brand of poetry so popular. Another specialty is Russian caviar, which sells for about twenty dollars a pound. Business is brisk, and Miss Gray suspects it would be, even though the price were forty dollars a pound. She bought a large quantity of the caviar before Pearl Harbor and put it in storage, with a view to going into business when she finished college. Since last summer she has haunted food wholesalers and commercial kitchens in search of unusual foods. Her shelves, as a result, would dazzle an epicure.

VERY SPECIAL WOMEN: Dorothy E. Williams, twenty-three years old, started to work recently as the first woman motorman of a subway-elevated train in Philadelphia. She was formerly a platform guard, but the shortage of male operators made an opening for her. . . . Josephine Stein has drawn more than 1,000 portraits of servicemen since she offered her services in the autumn of 1942 to the New York City Defense Recreation Committee headquarters at 99 Park Avenue. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays she spends hours at her pleasant job of making sketches for the men to send to mothers, wives, best girls, and other deserving pals. There is no charge, but if a man wants additional copies, he can get the portrait photostated for a quarter. Miss Stein says her subjects are wonderful, and that "there aren't any ugly servicemen." While she sketches, the men, often homesick for family and friends, get a chance to talk about their work, their homes, their parents, their babies, and their schooldays. It seems to do them a lot of good, and she intends to keep on drawing for the duration. . . . Betty Schecter is a receiving clerk at a large department store in Brooklyn. Working with a man-size hand truck, she accepts packages from delivery trucks, shoves them on her own Rolls-Royce, wheels it to the freight elevator, shoots upstairs, and unloads. She told the men with whom she works to forget that she is a girl, since she is doing a man's job. She's thirty-two years old, has a nine-year-old son, is divorced, weighs 145 pounds, and is five feet five inches tall. Before taking on this job of heaving 100-pound boxes and such, she was, by turns, a sales clerk, waitress, and assistant to the returned goods manager of the store. She likes her work—thinks it's great to be doing something that gives her a whiff of fresh air and a chance to see the street and the sunshine. Once she worked in a basement and never knew whether it was raining or snowing outdoors. She has donated blood to the Red Cross eight times—during her lunchtime—then back to work. What a woman!

SPRING TONIC

Hats are definitely nice;
Hats contrive to break the ice.
Hats can set the spirit humming
Even when they're not becoming.
Who can blame us, then, for wearing
Hats that are a shade too daring?

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG: One morning a lady in a fashionable Washington apartment hotel phoned her order to the grocer, and asked at what time approximately it would be delivered.

She had meetings to attend, and couldn't sit around all day waiting for her groceries. (The hotel won't allow orders to be left outside the door for fear of spoilage.)

The grocer couldn't say when, as he had seventy-five orders to fill and send. He finished with the usual "Don't you know there's a war going on?"

The lady exploded.

"*You're* telling *me* there's a war going on!"

You can hardly blame her. She was Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower!

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FOOD FOR '44

Continued from Page 10

that's why we'll have to eat more potatoes, sweet and plain, more dried beans and cereals, more chicken and fish.

Meat consumption in '44 will average 132 pounds per person. Last year it was 131 pounds. That's only a slight increase, but it's a lot of meat compared with any other Allied country. Beef will be scarce this spring, should ease up by summer, and should be more plentiful by fall, WFA predicts. We are two million head of beef cattle to the good this year, compared with the 1943 herd. Pork will taper off by the end of spring and will be in only fair supply from there on, although a bit more bacon will be on hand than last year. Veal and lamb supply will be about the same as 1943—only fair.

We do have plenty of meat substitutes. The hens promise forty-five billion eggs for civilians, come what may, barring some unforeseen chicken epidemic. We'll have almost as much poultry meat as in '43, a little more fresh fish, and carloads more of peanuts. Soya flour and grits for household use will up the protein allowance further. You'd better get to like these products, for there will be three to four times as much of them available for use in flour, pancake, waffle, and muffin mixes.

In all, we stand a good chance of having half again as much protein per person as the National Research Council says we need for good health. Even if the protein can't be in T-bone steaks, it's nourishin'. Through such measures as in-factory feeding and, if necessary, differential rationing, the government is going to see to it that workers in heavy industries get all the calories needed to keep them on the job.

Butter isn't going to be any more plentiful, but it looks as if it may hold its own. We'll probably continue to average a quarter of a pound each per week (when we can find it!). There will be less lard, less of the other shortenings, very little olive oil, and about the same amount of margarines. Totaled up, this leaves each of us about three pounds less of all fats and oils than we got in '43. But there's always peanut butter.

MILK may have to be rationed. Production and shipment of it have added up to one of our worst wartime problems. There are more cows on our farms than ever before in history, but they're lying down on the job somewhat because beef cattle, hogs, and poultry are competing with them for the needed high-protein foods. More than a fourth of the milk trucks in use are more than ten years old and deteriorating fast. We'll do well, WFA says, if our 1944 supply of milk is no more than a billion and a half quarts short of 1943's supply, or fifty-seven and a half billion quarts, as against fifty-nine billion.

Bad news is the report that we'll have at least 25 per cent less cheese than in 1943. Ration points on processed cheeses have been raised to discourage their consumption here and to send more milk into Cheddar cheese for relief feeding of people in liberated countries.

"Why ship cheese abroad when it's scarce here and we need it, too?" is a question many are asking. The government has a logical answer: "It is cheaper in lives and manpower to feed those who have been under control of the Axis than to police them. We have promised them food. That promise must be kept. And 'scarce' foods like cheese and dried milk have more balanced food value per cubic foot of shipping space than any other products we could send."

Canned fruits will be scarce. There will be a good supply, however, of canned grapefruit juice. And the crop of fresh citrus fruits is up about 10 per cent over 1943. Fresh vegetables will be plentiful only for those foresighted enough (and lucky enough to have the ground) to plant Victory gardens. Canned and frozen vegetables will be in only fair supply, and even this limited amount depends upon whether the manpower, weather, and machinery can hold out. More alcohol-base synthetic tires mean that sugar rations won't be eased, but there will still be extra allotments available for home canning.

THERE are other food possibilities that have not been taken into account in estimating the 1944 supply. Americans, as producers and families, are still wasteful, and much of this waste can be salvaged. Brewers' yeast, for example, contains excellent proteins and is the richest known source of the B-complex vitamins. Yet much of it still goes down the drains. The industry is now developing a program for recovering more of it for animal feed and for human food uses. More drying equipment is needed, but production increase is planned. Larger quantities of brewers' yeast will be used in foods sent to the liberated areas.

Sodium glutamate, found in the residue when wheat is distilled for alcohol, is another good protein wasted in huge quantities. Plans are being made to increase its use to give protein content and a chicken flavor to foods being developed for liberated areas. A lot of potential chicken broth is also thrown away in factories where chickens are boned. Experiments are now being made in dehydrating and quick-freezing this by-product, and one macaroni factory has come up with an idea for using it in making a new "chicken noodle." Guava, one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, is another food being considered as a fortifier for jams and jellies.

One of the greatest wastes goes on in the American home—in improper cooking, failure to use leftovers, throwing away of odds and ends. And shoppers continue to pinch and bruise fruits and vegetables on market stands, causing an appalling amount of spoilage.

There are a number of encouraging features in this whole wartime food situation. As a nation, we aren't the sissies we once were about taking up new and "strange" dishes. We're getting used to margarines and meat substitutes. We're going in for "odd," but nourishing, dishes like stewed rabbit and squirrel, shark steaks, mussel chowder, squid, carp, buffalo fish, and even, in some brave communities, *whaleburgers*. Withal, Roy F. Hendrickson of War Food Administration assures us that in the past two years our civilian food supply per capita has not gone below prewar levels in any of the commonly measured food nutrients. In most of the nutrients slight advances have been made, and in some of them distinct advances. Best of all is the government report that, with wider distribution of earnings and the dividing up made necessary by rationing, there are less malnutrition and hunger in the United States today than ever before in its history.

THE END

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

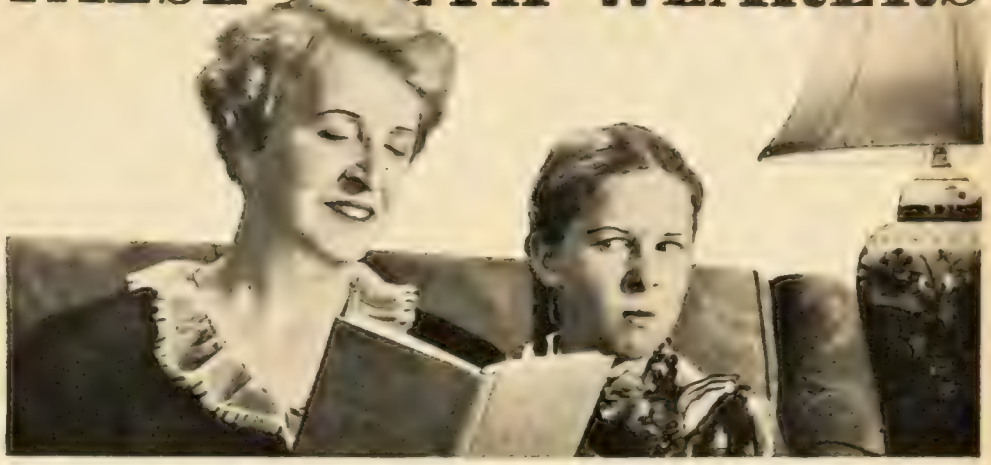
LAST APRIL she gave us It's Time to Say Good-by, and this April it's I'll Go My Way, which opens in this issue. Isabel Moore can be counted on to play on your heartstrings with the touch of an artist. Before developing that touch, she was told by a leading magazine editor to "forget trying to write stories and think about being a good secretary"—and was his face red when he came to buy a novel of hers as the result of her not taking his advice! "But I worked at every conceivable job," she smiles, "including being the girl on the flying trapeze at a Sells-Floto circus at the tender age of fourteen, until my horrified parent discovered where I was spending my evenings." Nine to four are her office hours at her typewriter, daily, including Sundays and holidays.

"SORRY RESULTS in both cases," says John Randolph Phillips of his attempts at selling flour and soft drinks. But when he invaded New York from Virginia, where he was born, he landed a job in a publishing house that suited him to a T. "However," he confides, "my grand passion is turkey hunting." He also loves to send telegrams but hates to telephone, and also shudders from forelock to toe when any one calls his story "sweet." So, ladies, when you read his You're a Jinx, Joe, say anything but that.

HERE IS A YOUNG man who has crammed the adventures of a long lifetime into his twenty-eight years—Merrill Mueller—who is NBC's "most blitzed" American war correspondent. He has survived more than 1,000 air raids, nearly 700 of them in London and 72 in Malta. Last June he received the Order of the Purple Heart from President Roosevelt for injuries received in the Tunisian campaign. He has the knack—if you can call it that—of being on the spot where the war is hottest. May his charmed life continue.

THE EDITORS.

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

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VOICE IN THE WIND *(United Artists)* *Francis Lederer, Sigrid Gurie, J. Carroll Naish*

IN the language of Hollywood, Voice in the Wind is a sleeper. Made on a shoestring budget and without benefit of a super-terrific all-star cast, it has turned out to be one of the outstanding films of the year. It's the story that counts in Voice in the Wind and this story is told so convincingly that you won't even miss the fancy trappings of the usual "A" production.

The picture goes back to the time when hundreds of frantic Europeans were burned and bombed out of their homes by the Nazis. A lot of them tried to reach America—and safety. This is the story of some of the unfortunate ones who never reached America—or any kind of safety.

Most of the film takes place on the melancholy island of Guadeloupe, where refugees sometimes stopped en route to America. But while the wanderers come and go, one man (Francis Lederer) stays. He is known simply as El Hombre, "the man," because he doesn't know his own name or who he is. But it's easy to see that sometime in the past El Hombre was an important and vivid personality. When he is not working on one of the boats that smuggle in the refugees, he plays the piano in a water-front saloon. And though he occasionally fumbles over the music, the people who listen to him are always stirred.

Even a young refugee (Sigrid Gurie) who lies ill in a dingy apartment across the street is roused momentarily from her lethargy by his playing—as if she too had once known happier times. In a flashback you see El Hombre and the girl when their days actually were filled with contentment and their future seemed secure. Despite this glimpse into a tranquil past, the tragedy of the present overshadows everything and the movie thunders to a grim climax.

Voice in the Wind isn't just another "underground" movie filled with heel-clicking Nazis and narrow escapes. These familiar props are here, but always in their proper proportion. Francis Lederer and Sigrid Gurie handle the roles of El Hombre and the girl with taste and skill, and the supporting players, including J. Edward Bromberg, Alexander Granach, J. Carroll Naish, and Luis Alberni, all sink their teeth into their parts with evident relish. The musical score deserves special credit. Featuring the patriotic Czech symphony, The Moldau, it binds the picture together and helps to sustain the troubled atmosphere that is one of the outstanding features of Voice in the Wind.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
LIFEBOAT (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
NONE SHALL ESCAPE (Columbia). Marsha Hunt, Henry Travers. Drama.
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warners). Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan. Drama.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
TENDER COMRADE (RKO). Ginger Rogers, Ruth Hussey, Robert Ryan. Drama.
THE SULLIVANS (20th Cent.-Fox). Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle. Drama.
THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. Mystery drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.

BUFFALO BILL is the rootin', tootin' history of the most famous pistol-packin' poppa of the Wild West. Joel McCrea plays the lanky slow-spoken Westerner who tries to persuade money-mad Easterners not to exploit the Indians and their vast territory. His words, of course, fall on deaf ears. In the battles that follow, Buffalo Bill becomes a nation-wide hero. Romance enters in the shape of Maureen O'Hara, a lovely Easterner, who sets her cap for Bill as soon as she lays eyes on him.

The movie is filmed in Technicolor and some of the outdoor shots are breath-taking. However, there's a definite air of unreality about the whole thing. The Indian tribes, for instance, have never looked phonier—dressed to kill in their Technicolored finery. More dirt and less doeskin would have given the movie something of that rough lusty atmosphere that was part and parcel of Buffalo Bill's colorful era. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

GET set for a good-sized jolt when you see The Negro Soldier, because you'll see things that you probably never knew about before. For the first time on any screen, the historical war record of the Negro American soldier is brought to life. The movie tells of the part Negro patriots have played in all our wars—right up to Robert Brooks, first American soldier of the armored forces to die in the present war. Most of the picture deals with the Negro soldier today, from the time he enlists until he is a full-fledged fighting man.

Though The Negro Soldier is a documentary film it's not dry and stuffy. It's a superb story told in a simple, honest manner. An outstanding figure is the Negro minister, portrayed by Carlton Moss, who also wrote the script. Here is a story that needed urgently to be told. And the Negro Soldier tells it in just forty minutes. It's a remarkably successful attempt to promote greater racial unity in the United States. (U. S. Signal Corps.)

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker.

★ ★ ★ ★

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome. ★ ★ ★ ★

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.

For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a clamour of applause.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

★ ★ ★ ★

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power. ★ ★ ★ ★

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of "Gaslight".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the kind of direction you'd expect from the man who guided "Philadelphia Story", and many other MGM triumphs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty's performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she's luscious but *not* angelic).

★ ★ ★ ★

While we're laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Gaslight" holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

★ ★ ★ ★

The undercurrents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...

—*Leo*

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

"OH, the Army's full of tripe,
And we fellows like to gripe,
Love to bellyache at anything at all.
No, we don't like pin-up girls
With their bathing suits and curls—
We'd rather hang the sergeant on the wall!"

That, lads, is a bit of a refrain which one of my readers, Leon de Costa, a veteran of World War I, has written and sent in. He's got a point. There's

They itch!

nothing like a good gripe session, and the Army and Navy would be mighty dull places without 'em. So here's a few gripes from the week's mail:

"I really am a D. I. T. D. P. (Down in the Dumps Private)," writes Private J. D. R. from Brooks Field, Texas. "I've applied for Officer Candidate School and passed the necessary tests with flying colors. But nothing happens.

"If I were a moron I would know the answer, or is it because I have no pull? I've been in this man's Army over two years and I can't even rate another stripe. All I ever get is my name in the K. P. roster and the Fatigue List. I'm not only fed up, I'm disgusted."

From R. K., Seaman 2/c in the Navy, comes this gripe:

"Sarge, why do we have to wear these pants? I look like a chimpanzee in my sailor suit, at least from the waist down. And to think I was once the Beau Brummell of Flatbush!"

Here's one from a nineteen-year-old girl in Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

"It's a known fact that girls mature at an earlier age than fellows, so why can't eighteen- and nineteen-year-old girls join the WACs and Waves? C'mon, Sarge, tell them to get wise to themselves and open the doors to the best she-warriors in the country!"

Pfc. C. E. S. gripes from Camp Fannin, Texas:

"In the last few months I have had to make several long railroad trips, with two nights or more in transit. I had Pullman certificates attached to my ticket, but in every case all Pullman berths were filled—but not by servicemen.

"It's not pleasant for us on active duty to sit up night and day in a coach. But the real gripe is, I've seen plenty of servicemen wearing the Purple Heart ribbon (indicating they had been wounded) sitting up all night in day coaches, while civilians, many of them on pleasure trips or nonessential business, slumbered in Pullman berths."

An Army corporal writes from somewhere overseas:

"What about these Red Cross sweaters we have been issued? Why can't they be worn as an outer garment like a field jacket? It's a darned nuisance wearing them under the shirt—what's more, they itch! Oh, well, anything to make life a little tougher for G. I. Joe."

That's the gripe quota for today. Keep 'em coming, but don't forget that granddaddy of all gripes, our gripe against the Nips and Nazis!

OLD SARGE.

* * *

When I entered the Army on February 10, 1941, I had more than sixteen years' prior service in the Iowa National Guard. I understand this entitles me to 25 per cent over base pay, but could you give me the authority for it so I can make my claim?

M/Sgt. A. M., Kelly Field, Tex.

The authority is AR 35-1680, paragraph 1-B. Your sixteen years constitute five fogeys, each giving you 5 per cent longevity pay, or, as you say, a total of 25 per cent over base pay.

* * *

Sarge, why is the evening ceremony at Army posts known as "Retreat"? Where are we retreating from?

Pvt. J. McD., Camp Crowder, Mo.

It doesn't mean retreat in that sense. The term comes from the French word *retraite*, which means simply to retire from the duties of the day, or to knock off work. It also has the meaning of "taking to quarters." The British Army first borrowed the term from the French. Old British Army regulations state that "The Retreat is to sound or beat at sunset, after which no trumpet is to sound, or drum to beat, in the garrison except at watch setting and Tattoo, and in case of fire or other alarm."

* * *

Can a serviceman make his National Service Life Insurance payable to two people, say $5,000 to a wife and the same amount to his mother?

P. W. L., Tacoma, Wash.

Yes. You may name two people as beneficiaries as long as they are both in the authorized group of beneficiaries, which includes the immediate family.

* * *

Can a lad of eighteen be sent overseas before having a year's Army training in the United States?

Mrs. R. W., Napa, Calif.

There is no age restriction on the shipment of troops overseas. Any man in the Army can be sent overseas, regardless of age or amount of training. A good many seventeen-year-old servicemen in the Navy, Coast Guard, and Marines have seen overseas duty and rolled up proud records.

* * *

There are some Naval Aviation Cadets stationed here and we girls are encouraged to meet them. Without being too forward, how can we strike up an acquaintance with them? We aren't in favor of pick-ups, and most of the cadets are too well bred for that, too.

"Perplexed," Las Vegas, N. M.

Of course, you could sneak up behind the guys, hit 'em over the head with a baseball bat, and say, "Hi-ya, bub!" Or, then again, you could walk around with sandwich boards saying, "Nice girl wants to meet nice boy." Or you could lasso 'em. However, I'm inclined to think the above advertisement by Miss "Perplexed" ought to solve the problem. If the Aviation Cadets in Las Vegas can't take the hint, just let your Old (Dorothy Dix) Sarge know about it, and we'll figure out another strategy.

* * *

Discussing the Army Good Conduct ribbon, you recently said that an enlisted man with a clean record who has completed one year of service since Pearl Harbor may be awarded this ribbon upon recommendation of his commanding officer. Does this also apply to the Marine Corps?

R. F. H., Marine Detachment, Portsmouth, N. H.

No. In the Marine Corps, the requirement for the Good Conduct Medal, and ribbon, is four years of exemplary service and the recommendation of the commanding officer.

* * *

Is it possible for a noncitizen to serve in the Merchant Marine?

B. H., Mill Valley, Calif.

No. Only American citizens are permitted to serve aboard ships of our Merchant Marine.

"Hi-ya, bub!"

Is it true that the Army allows a pilot to take his wife up with him for a thirty-minute ride?

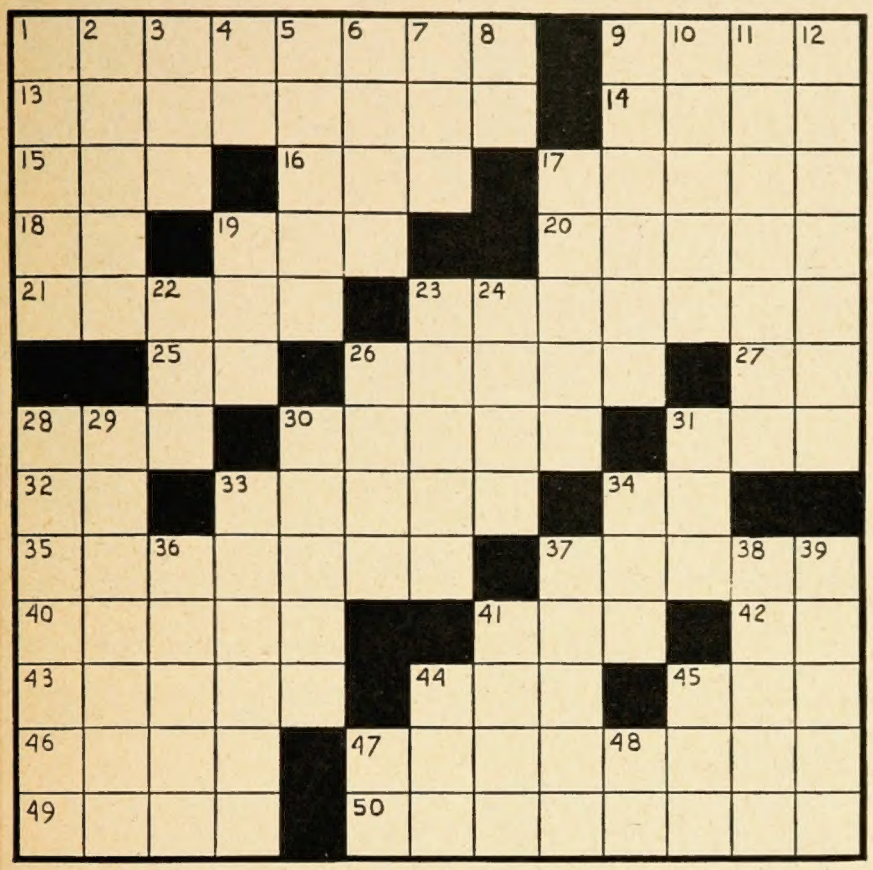
Mrs. V. M. I., Los Angeles, Calif.

That is pure and simple scuttlebutt, which means a phony rumor. A fine air force we'd have, with wives joy-riding all over the place! Then, too, there'd always be the guy who insisted on showing his wife the loop-the-loop in a B-17.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

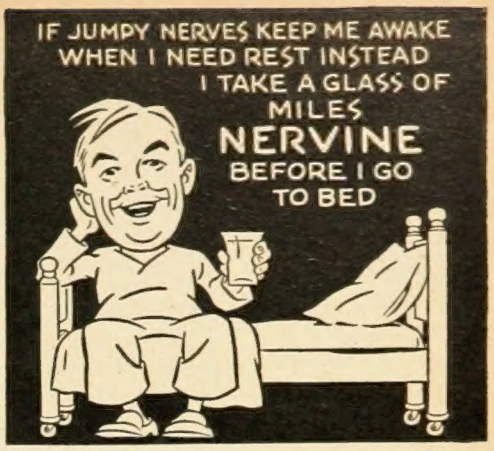
1 What Wagnerian opera's about the Holy Grail?
9 What's slang for the heart?
13 What's a fancy word for a chink?
14 Mouthy
15 An N. B. to a P. S. would be a what? (abbr.)
16 Uncle Sam's Boys abroad (abbr.)
17 First name of a world-famed nurse?
18 The New York subway at some points becomes a what?
19 Cockneys 'ate wot 'otspot?
20 A soldier wishing to rest his dogs does what?
21 What's the hardest thing to do to 25c and 50c loans?
23 Complete: Sic —— gloria mundi
25 What was Caesar's most popular little connection?
26 If a Westerner referred to an equine tattoo he'd mean a what?
27 Nasturtium Inhalers (abbr.)
28 First name of former prexy of the American League (last name, Johnson)?
30 Are battleships "she" because they're coated with this?
31 What's a spiritual burp?
32 What do the Russians call Lendleasograd? (abbr.)
33 Skinned
34 The main Nazi defense line in Italy's in what valley?
35 Whose ideas recently seem radically altered to the conservative side?
37 What game requires a big brain and bottom to excel at?
40 What Irishman, nicknamed Shanty, is known for his alley?
41 Mohammed's boy
42 Ce in French'd be what in English?
43 Reine is an anagram for what femme name?
44 What's gold in Spanish?
45 Chemical suffix
46 Complete: "And when I ——, I always dine with Billy"
47 Name the Pilgrim Father who was The elder in the Plymouth Colony
49 What food is concealed in "mairzy doats and dozey doats"?
50 What's a nickname for Boston?

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Name a serious shortage
2 What fruit has had the most important effect on history?
3 Latin thing
4 Big Jr.
5 What boot changed hands in '43 without a shoe coupon?
6 Complete: There's no —— like an oil ——
7 What's a dog's bark in comic strips?
8 French the
9 Where's the Curzon Line?
10 The Caviar Mountains are really the whats?
11 In what cocktail is an olive dropped?
12 Coffee beans are used to make what modern material?
17 What music do you associate with Gregorian?
19 The letters of what verb rearranged make its past tense?
22 The sword has temporarily superseded what instrument?
23 What are shots at the goal in hockey called?
24 What name's associated with a bubble?
26 Where did Count Fleet go after the Kentucky Derby?
28 What code has Japan violated foully?
29 In what part of New York was Lou Gehrig born?
30 Who was the revolutionary American Revolution writer?
31 What's the most patriotic home-front weapon you can wield this summer?
33 Alexander de Seversky is synonymous with whats?
34 Name a Greek letter
36 A Hollywood flesh peddler is a what?
37 Funnyface
38 Charles Atlas is known for his what?
39 If you were sent aft on a boat, you'd go toward its what?
41 What was the only thing Hitler conquered in Russia?
44 What gold-filled thing would you like quartz and quartz of?
45 Who's the famed Jap of Crosswords?
47 What kind of gun shoots lead caviar?
48 Christopher is the famous what of travel? (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



DON'T try to force sleep. This often makes your nerves even more tense. Instead, try

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Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now to have it handy when you want it. Buy it at your drug store on our money-back guarantee. Read directions and use only as directed. Handy-to-carry Effervescent Tablets. **35c and 75c;** Liquid, **25c and $1.00.** Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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APRIL 1, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO

These men, fighting a few hours earlier, rest at a Red Cross recreation hut on a South Pacific island.

THE RED CROSS— A PEOPLE'S PARTNERSHIP

THIS month the American Red Cross is engaged in a drive to raise $200,000,000 for its 1944 War Fund.

The services and accomplishments of the Red Cross in this most terrible of all wars are too endless to permit detailed repetition here. Its responsibilities are great and varied, ranging all the way from collecting blood plasma to save the lives of wounded men to the rehabilitation of these same men as useful and self-reliant citizens. In almost every spot around the world where American servicemen are stationed the Red Cross performs its function of guide, comforter, and friend.

Every dollar it can get its hands on works overtime to help not only those actually fighting but the ones that have fallen into the hands of the enemy and the destitute and starving citizens of the lands we fight to liberate.

In addition, the Red Cross still keeps up its domestic activities. It collects blood plasma, recruits nurses for the Army and Navy, trains nurses' aides, produces surgical dressings, garments, and kitbags, teaches first aid and operates highway first-aid units. It is always first on the scene when disaster strikes, to save lives and ease the lot of survivors. In the twelve months prior to June 30, 1943, it gave disaster aid in forty-seven states.

The Red Cross is set up under an act of Congress to provide succor wherever needed. The extent to which it can carry on its work is limited only by the funds available.

The $200,000,000 the Red Cross needs for 1944 is only a drop in the bucket compared to total war expenditures, yet it is safe to say that no other sum of money even ten times as great will mean as much to the comfort and well-being of the average G. I. Joe.

In these days of high taxes and bond buying we all have a tendency to duck further financial responsibility in the war effort. We feel we are doing enough financially to help win. But this can only be gauged in relation to the amount of money at our disposal. One has only to walk down any Main Street in America on Saturday night to realize that the financial burden being borne by the people as a whole is not backbreaking by any means.

Americans have always contributed generously to the Red Cross because they realize this is one agency which has no need to build a case for itself. We know its value and we heartily approve of it, but sometimes we fail to realize the extent of the services are only as great as the funds American generosity provides.

So, instead of that extra night out, stay home in your own living room. Call it your Red Cross party and give the money you would have spent to the 1944 War Fund. You'll never regret it.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

From Civil War still camera shots to
On-the-Spot Battle Movies

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1863 **THIS PHOTOGRAPHER'S** outfit followed the Northern armies in the Civil War. Cameras required time exposure, action pictures were impossible, and newspapers could not print photos in this 5th year of Corby's fame as a whiskey name.

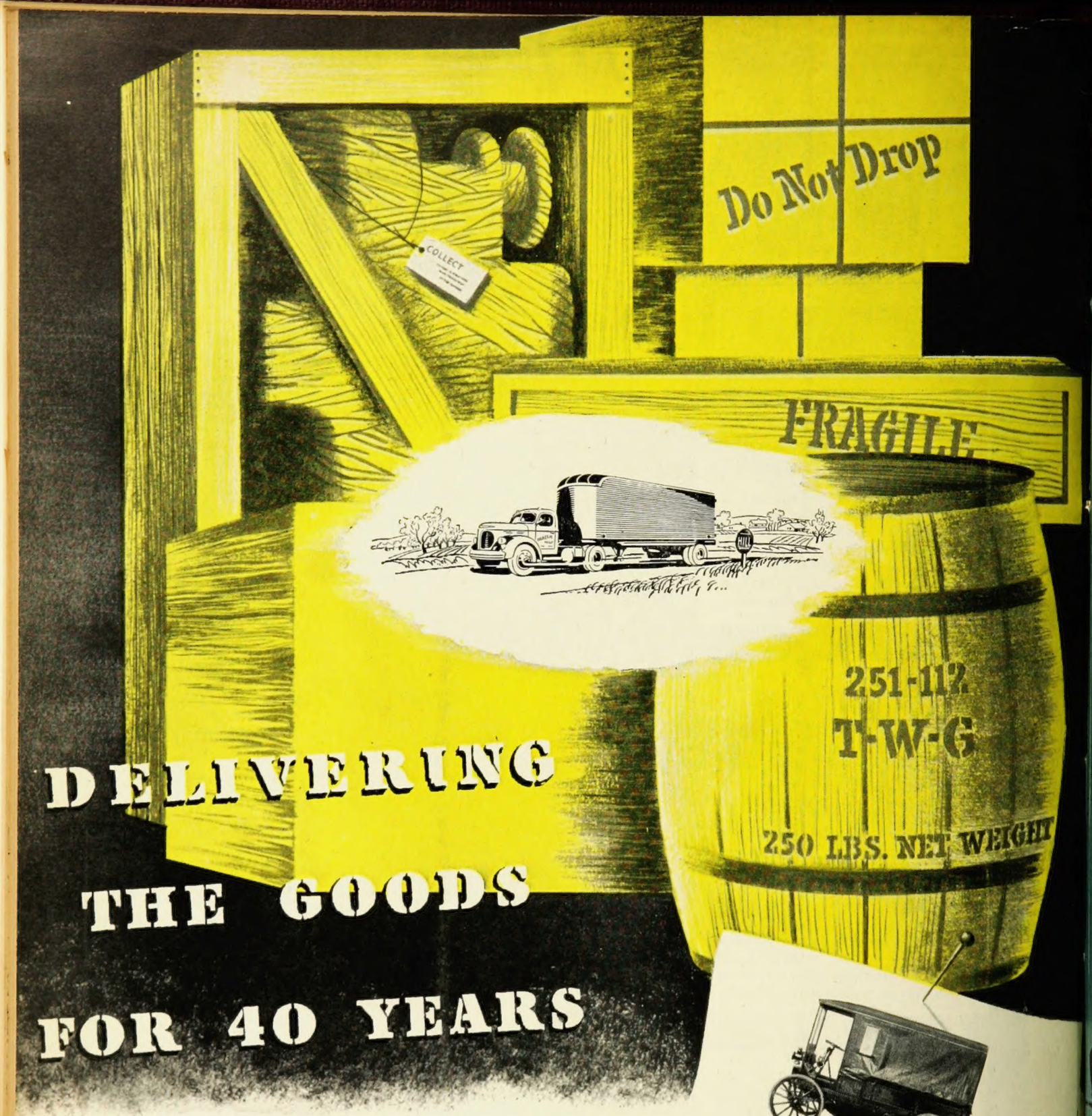
1915 **WORLD WAR I** produced a few great battle action photos, taken on instantaneous exposure, printed in many publications. The camera brought home some of the realities of war in Corby's 57th year as a great whiskey name.

1944 **CAMERAMEN UNDER FIRE** "shoot" on-the-spot battle movies to record American heroism for every movie audience. And Corby's reaches its 86th year with its distilleries devoted to war alcohol.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

As war conditions limit your whiskey selections, here is a suggestion: Watch for your chance to buy a "sample" pint of Corby's. Available supplies of this whiskey with the grand old Canadian name are being spread evenly. You should be able to try this light, sociable blend from time to time *And when you do, you may very likely decide you have discovered your first choice for after victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.



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War production officials have released a limited quota of medium and heavy-duty Reo trucks for 1944 civilian use. Your nearest Reo dealer can give you full information.

The 1911 Reo "closed express body" model illustrated above was a leader in its day. Through the years Reo pioneered such enduring truck features as electric lights and starter, the dry disc clutch, internal hydraulic brakes, and pneumatic tires which made possible the Reo Speedwagon and a whole new era of fast and efficient motor truck transportation.

Buy War Bonds . . . Reo Motors, Inc., Lansing, Mich.

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